00060399

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018

A TRIP TO BARBARY.

A

TRIP TO BARBARY

BY

A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE.

60399
ac

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

K+e30

LONDON:
TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.
1866.

[*The Right of Translation is reserved.*]

916·1
Sal/Tri
60399

LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	A FALSE START	1
II.	AU SULTAN	15
III.	STATE OF THE CASE	22
IV.	AT LYONS	54
V.	MARSEILLES.—IN THE CANNEBIÈRE	71
VI.	ONE'S BOAT IS ON THE SHORE	102
VII.	MESSAGERIES IMPÉRIALES.—THE ARETHUSA	113
VIII.	MONSEIGNEUR	135
IX.	EL DJEZZAÏR	143
X.	ALGIERS IN ECSTASY	162
XI.	THE FEAST OF BAÏRAM	183
XII.	BY RAIL TO BOU FARIK	207
XIII.	BOU FARIK.—AGRICULTURAL SHOW	220
XIV.	ON THINGS IN GENERAL, AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS IN PARTICULAR	247
XV.	AT ORLÉANSVILLE.—POSTING UP THE LEDGER	275
XVI.	OLD SPAIN IN AFRICA	299

CHAP. PAGE

XVII.—ORAN.—HOW A BARBARY LION HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A FRENCH POODLE 316

XVIII.—CÆSAR AT ORAN 334

XIX.—ENVIRONS OF ORAN 354

XX.—FRENCH OCCUPATION.—A DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT 376

A TRIP TO BARBARY.

I.

A FALSE START.

Lord Batemanne was a Noble Lord,
A Noble Lord of hyghe degree;
He shypped hymselfe all aboarde of a shyppe,
Some foraigne countries for to see.

He sayléd Easte, he sayléd Weste,
Untille he cum to Barbarye,
When the Dey of Algeirs putte hym in prisinne,
Untille of lyfe he grewe wearye.*

The loving ballad of Lord Bateman.

It was in the present year, and, (if I remember right,) on a lovely spring morning, and, (unless I am mistaken,) in the middle of a common sewer, that the notion of taking a trip to Barbary

* In some editions you may read:—

"Until he came *to famed Turkeye*,
Where he was cotched and put in prison," &c., &c.

first entered my head. You remember the day when the Prince of Wales "inaugurated"—that, I believe, is the proper term to use at present—the great sanitary work with which the names of Bazalgette and Thwaites will be imperishably connected, and when we poor newspaper scribes were put to such terrible straits to get anything in the way of fine writing out of the Main Drainage. Many cultivated and sentimental writers made, the next morning, their first appearance in print as mudlarks; and the amount of erudition poured forth in long primer respecting the "ædility" of the Augustan age and the architecture of the Cloaca Maxima spoke volumes in favour of the industry of the gentlemen of the press and the accessibility of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

It is not, ordinarily, in the bowels of the earth that resolutions are formed: although I once had the honour to be acquainted with a most atrocious scoundrel, who told me that he made up his mind to lead a good life while being whirled in a Parliamentary train through the Box Tunnel. On emerging into daylight, however, he repented the wrong way, and became a greater scoundrel than ever. It was in the sewer, nevertheless, that I said, "I will start for Algiers on the 16th of April, and abide in Africa forty days," and I arrived at this determination in manner following.

Most men have a class of friends or acquaintances whom they meet, and meet only, on particular and exceptional

occasions. There are people you know who only turn up at funerals; others whom you have only met in the pit of the Opera; others whom you are sure to come across at Ascot races; others from whom you may be severed for years, but whose beaming countenances you are sure to see whenever you are bidden to a public dinner. I am favoured with the friendship of a select body of gentlemen with whom I seldom come in contact save when Royalty is about. Nor they nor I are courtiers,—far from it; but our periodical meetings are almost invariably connected with the movements of the rulers of the earth. If Royalty presides over, or "inaugurates" anything, to the flourishing of trumpets and the chanting of the Hallelujah Chorus; if Royalty reviews its armies or its fleets, or makes a progress through its provinces, or visits one of its chief cities; if Royalty is crowned, or Royalty is married, you may be tolerably certain that my friends and the writer of this are not far off. And when Royalty dies, as it must do sometimes, and it is expedient to bury It, there are we also, taking stock of Garter King-at-Arms, and noting the Dead March in Saul. Royalty doesn't ask us to dinner—we do not even partake of beer with the golden footmen in the buttery; we kiss no hands, we make no bows, we wear no stars and no collars, save the ordinary linen ones of civil life, and the *Court Circular* makes no allusion to our appearance at Court. In fact, I have a dim kind of suspicion that Royalty looks, not

unfrequently, on our presence as a nuisance, and on ourselves as impertinent intruders: licensed spies and chartered eavesdroppers, as it were. But a power that is greater than Royalty, the public:—the greedy, despotic, peremptory public—insist that we shall go to Court at stated times, and record what we have seen there. The public refuse to be satisfied with the court newsman's meagre mention of how Royalty has walked on the slopes, taken driving or riding exercise, or accorded an audience to the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Queen of Madagascar. We are compelled to obey the behests of the public, because the public enable us to earn our bread; and Royalty, which likewise derives its livelihood from the Public Treasury, is fain, *nolens volens*, to tolerate the presence of the public representatives at its stateliest ceremonials. For were Royalty to keep itself so very private and confidential that the public were not permitted to gain any inkling of its doings, that same Public—an arrogant, exigent, unreasoning animal at the best—might come, some fine morning, to the conclusion that it would be a cheap and sensible thing to do without Royalty altogether.

We were all in the Sewer: a friendly knot, obscure and happy:—by the tacit consent of the great in the receipt of a kind of moral fern-seed which enabled us to walk invisible. Round about us, in the Sewer, were all manner of famous people. Princes and philosophers, antiquaries and ambassadors, engineers

and Indian Nabobs, Fellows of the Royal Society and French savants, peers and professors, and aldermen, but without the aldermanesses; for there were no ladies present, else Tom Ingoldsby's picture of the procession at the Coronation would have been complete: the "Boord o' Works" being in full strength, with King Thwaites at their head.

The admirable ventilation of the Sewer, and the odour of the fresh sawdust with which its brick pavement was strewn, were not unfavourable to the growth of appetite, and I was beginning to think about lunch, when the cheery voice of one of my confrères, Mr. Lignumvitæ (the last time I had met him was at Cardinal Wiseman's funeral, and the time before that at the marriage of the Prince of Wales), became audible.

"Going to the Dublin Exhibition?"

"I think not," I replied. "Exhibition openings have become cut-and-dried ceremonials, and somewhat monotonous. Police to clear the way. Members of the Executive Committee two and two, contractors, foreign exhibitors, a flourish of trumpets, the Old Hundredth, God save the Queen, and then a loyal rush to touch the arm-chair where Royalty has reposed while the Chairman of the Commissioners read the address. The only thing left to describe is the Exhibition itself, and I don't know anything about raw produce, hardware, ceramic manufactures, and textile fabrics. No; I think I shall leave the Dublin Exhibition alone."

"Going out in the 'Great Eastern' with the Atlantic Cable?"

"I have the highest admiration and reverence for the marvel of naval architecture designed by the illustrious and lamented Brunel; but of the 'Great Eastern' I may say *quantum suff.*: I have had enough of her, and to spare. I was on board the great ship—and so were you, Lignumvitæ—during that terrible explosion in the Channel during her trip to Portland. I can see the dead men with the flesh scalded off their bones, in my mind's eye, now. My cabin and my portmanteau were both blown up, and I never saw any salvage. The burnt child dreads the fire. I am superstitious. Her lines must have been laid on a Friday. No more Great Easterns for me. Besides, I have been to America already; and I am not quite certain about a complimentary dinner being given to me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by the Loyal League, with Benjamin Franklin Butler in the chair, and Colonel Lafayette Baker in the vice. I think the Americans have had enough of British correspondents."

"Where is your next trip to be, then? You must be getting rusty?"

"Do you think I am the Wandering Jew, that I must be always on the move? Am I never to retire into private life? Why, I have only been at home four months."

"Quite long enough; it is time to be off again."

"They say the Russian Epidemic is really the Plague. I

think I should like a run to St. Petersburg to see whether it is really the Old Original, or only the Cholera or some Typhoid affair brought on by a diet of rye-bread, pickled cucumbers, and grass. Besides, I left a quarter of a pound of scented tea in a tin-foil package, and a picture of Saint Sergius, in some lodgings at Wassili-Ostrow nine years ago, and I should like to call for them."

"The epidemic is on the wane. You had better go to the opening of the Suez Canal."

"I don't believe it will ever be opened, and I don't see Egypt. The P. and O. steamers are too luxurious, and spoil a man. Malta has been worn threadbare. Alexandria and Cairo are as stale as the Sphynx. Dust, sand, ophthalmia, donkey-boys, the Nile, Shepherd's Hotel, and M. de Lesseps talking about the perfidy of Albion. The land of Egypt has no charms for me."

"Well; there is Algiers; the Emperor positively leaves Paris in a week's time, and purposes remaining in Africa a month or six weeks."

"Algiers!" I repeated excitedly; "that sounds better. I should like to go to Algiers. I have read Charles Sumner on 'White Slavery in the Barbary States.' I have read Ormsby's book on Algeria, and a capital book it is. And Jules Gérard, and Bonbonnel, and Fromentin, and Ernest Feydeau, and General Daumas, to say nothing of Miss Amelia B. Edwards's

"Life of Cervantes," and the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Algiers must be a capital place. Lions and Bedouins, absinthe and dromedaries, camels and *kouscoussou;* two opposite poles of civilisation:—Mahomet and the Mossoo. But is the Emperor really going?"

"They say his departure is irrevocably fixed for the eighteenth."

"Then, please the pigs, and my proprietors, I will be in Paris by the sixteenth, and be off to Marseilles as rapidly as though I were the Overland Mail."

Just then there was a tremendous rush out of the Sewer into a shed to hear Mr. Bazalgette (in the presence of Royalty) deliver a lecture on nasty smells; and then we all went to lunch, and after that the train took us back to Charing Cross, and our friendly knot was dissolved. Good-bye, Lignumvitæ, good-bye old companions and gossips: when shall we meet again, I wonder? Perhaps not until John Bright is executed for High Treason on Tower Hill (the porter of the Carlton Club officiating as Man in the Mask), or Victor Emmanuel is crowned King of Italy in St. Peter's, Rome, by Pope Innocent the Fiftieth (now Dr. Manning, sometime Anglican Archdeacon of Chichester), or the Sultan Abdul Aźiz invites the European sovereigns to a hot pork-sausage and whisky-punch supper at the old Seraglio. It is a strange age, and stranger things even than these may come about.

The pigs—that is to say, the Destinies—made no opposition

to my departure, and my proprietors were rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of my proceeding to Algeria, a feeling in which, in a greatly increased degree, I shared. It is such a charming thing to be going away on a long journey—to know that you are about to put so many degrees of latitude,—a sea, an ocean, a continent, between yourself and the "shameless tergiversation of the noble Lord," and the "high-handed measures of the parish authorities of St. Pancras," with dissertations upon which, or, worse still, with the consciousness that he will have to write dissertations upon them, the breakfast-tables of every man who has any connection, even to the humblest, with public affairs, is embittered. Little does the noble and tergiversating Lord trouble you when you are in your berth in a "norther," trying chloroform or walnut catsup as a remedy for sea-sickness. Scant is your heed for the wrongs of casual paupers or the dietary of workhouse infirmaries when you are lounging under quarter deck awning, bathing your eyes in the tints of a Mediterranean sunset, and wondering which of those two purple strips of headland is Majorca and which Minorca. You don't care about the latest news. You don't want to know how the world wags. Let it wag its head off, and leave you in peace.

Of all travelling compatriots to be avoided abroad, is the Englishman who is provided with the latest copies of the English papers. He comes towards you, friendly soul—confound him!—with beaming face, and offers you

the Second Edition—he always has the Second Edition—of the last *Times* or *Post* obtainable. Often, determined to be thoroughly "posted up" in intelligence, he has the *Globe*. What do you want with the *Times* or *Post* or *Globe?* The dingiest *Börsenhalle*, the flimsiest *Courrier*, the most attenuated *Gaçeta*, will serve your turn. "*On écrit de Londres*"—is quite enough until you get to some hotel where they take Galignani; and then, at your leisure, you can dawdle through that pleasant hodge-podge of British and Continental politics, that impartial salmagundi of all the opinions of the press at home—Conservative, Liberal, and Radical—the whole conveying to your mind the conviction that "whatsoever king shall reign," Monsieur A. W. Galignani will be the "Vicar of Bray still," and own allegiance to him who is uppermost. Galignani is an all-sufficing journal for me abroad. I was recommended to a gentleman at Algiers, who told me that he took the *Saturday Review* regularly, and that it was very much at my service. I called on him no more. I didn't care about the *Saturday* in Africa. I can more fully appreciate the longing for home news of a worthy friend I had once, who was Recorder of the Red River Settlement, and who (he was of a sporting turn) declared that he should have died of *ennui* but for the arrival, every three months, of a file of *Bell's Life*. "I received a dozen of them at a time," he remarked, "I read a number every morning, and *I used to make my Indian*

servant damp it for me half-an-hour before breakfast to give it a feeling of freshness. By these means it always appeared like Sunday morning."

So I took the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway on the night of Easter Sunday, for choosing which day for my departure I should incur most terrible anathemas among the "unco' guid" in Scotland, and the next morning I found myself in Paris. My Algerian kit was all duly prepared, and I purchased a volume of the *Guides Joanne*, particularly referring to Barbary; but my start was to be a false one, after all. The Emperor didn't go, as the official papers had vehemently promised that he should go, and the non-official, that is to say, the opposition press, ever anxious to put a spoke in the governmental wheel, began to twit the organs of authority with being false prophets, and to predict on their part that his Majesty wouldn't go to Algeria at all. This last Easter Paris was crazy about the proximate production of "L'Africaine," which for all the puffs preliminary and posthumous which heralded and followed it, and all the superb and scientific instrumentation which it doubtless contains, appears to me on the whole to have been a thundering *fiasco*. So at least it seems when judged by the standard which old Dragonetti the violoncellist was wont to set up. "He one dam bad opera," he used to say, speaking of some work which had failed to take the town. "De little blackguard boy, he no not can sing him in de street." People

in Paris seemed to be as sceptical concerning the production of "L'Africaine," as about Cæsar's starting for Africa. The first night of Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre* was postponed, they said, until the completion of the new grand Opera House, or until the Greek Kalends. The scenery had all been burnt through the oversetting of a can of turpentine in a heap of shavings. Mademoiselle X. had declined to play any part in which she could not wear cream-coloured tights, and the Africaine herself was unable to make up her mind as to whether she should stain her face and arms with walnut juice or with Spanish liquorice. Madame Meyerbeer had had "a few words" with Madame Scribe relative to the respective superiority of the libretto and the score, and the "ladies' battle" had not been put down without the intervention of the *Sapeurs Pompiers* on duty in the Rue Lepelletier. Finally the illustrious maestro Rossini had told M. Blaise de Bury, in strict confidence, that "L'Africaine," "*ne valait pas quinze sous*," whereupon M. Fétis had gone stark staring mad, and had been conveyed to the *Maison de Santé* of Dr. Blanche. These were the kind of *cancans* with which we were amused in the great metropolis of gossip and scanmag, and where every inhabitant vomits, every day of his life, thrice three black crows. To the writer the gossip was not amusing—it was agony: for everybody—by whom I mean the quidnuncs who gather every night round the marble tables under the crystal roof of the Grand Hotel Court-yard—

were unanimous on one point—that the Emperor would not think of stirring from Paris until "L'Africaine" had made her curtsey before the footlights of the Academy of Music. "He won't go, sir," said to me old Colonel Chubbstick, who entered Paris an ensign in a marching regiment with the late Duke of Wellington in July, 1815, and has remained in the Champs Elysées, where he first encamped, ever since. "He won't go, and he never meant going. The Empress is dead against it. The Ministers won't let him go. Fould is furious in opposition. I tell you, sir, that there are seven marabouts in green turbans who have all sworn on the tomb of the Prophet to stab him directly he lands at Algiers. He will be killed, sir, and Abd-el-Kader will be at once proclaimed Sultan of Tunis, Fez, Algeria, and Morocco. We should have the Sallee Rovers bombarding Malta in less than a month. No, sir, he will stay at home. He can't move. I know the marabouts well. Wasn't there that black fellow who killed Kleber, and was impaled for it? They've got his skin at the Jardin des Plantes. *He* was a Marabout. But there are other conspirators to be feared. Do you know that the police have turned up nine new ramifications of the 'Marianne' within the last week, that fifty-two domiciliary visits have taken place in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and that three hundredweight of the 'Propos de Labienus' were seized the day before yesterday at the Octroi, concealed in Strasbourg pies? I'll be hanged if he goes to Algeria, and he'll be shot if

he does." This was all the consolation I got from Colonel Chubbstick; but I am bound to state that when it was definitively known that Cæsar was really going, and that he would start on a certain day and at a certain hour, the Colonel was heard to declare to three intimates at the Café du Helder, that he was always sure about his going, that he was bound to go, and that the Empress had gone on her knees to her lord, and entreated him not to defer his journey. "Never mind me," cried her Majesty; "never mind the Prince Imperial: think of France;" and that the people who doubted his going were a confounded set of mischief-making busybodies. I need scarcely say that consistency is not one of the characteristics of your gossip who deals in circumstantial and dogmatic assertion.

II.

AU SULTAN.

"When the Sultan goes to Ispahan,
Laraälee!
He leaves his wives at Teheran,
Laraälee!
And they invite a strange young man
To come to tea at their divan,
While the Sultan is at Ispahan,
Laraälee!

When the Sultan comes from Ispahan,
Laraälee!
He's told of all the rigs they ran,
Laraälee!
Whereat his wives he strangles, an'
D decapitates that strange young man,
Who took so unworthy and unmanly an advantage of
his Majesty's absence at Ispahan,—
Laraälee!"

Les Orientales: a little altered.

AND this could not have been a sultan after all, for the Sovereign of Ispahan and Teheran is surely Shah of Persia. Nor could the gentleman in the Rue de Rivoli, before whose

oriental-kiosque looking shop I halted, attracted by the sign "*Au Sultan*," have been the Sultan either, for to judge by his voice, his features, and his attire, he was manifestly a Jew.

"*Fousse acheter tes cholies choses à pon marché qui vient d'Alchérie*," said the gentleman, in persuasive tones.

I see him now, in his golden prime, not the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid, not in the great pavilion of the Caliphat, where,—

> Right to the carven cedarn doors,
> Flung inward over spangled floors,
> Broad baséd flights of marble stairs
> Ran up with golden balustrade,

but a most splendid Sheeny, standing at the door of a little shop crammed with curiosities.

I see him now, that radiant Smouch, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and full of recollections of the Arabian Nights. He told me his name was Ismaïl-bou-Maza. He informed me that his wares were seventy-five per cent. cheaper than those vended by the rival Sultans on the boulevards. He offered me a burnouse, warranted Algerian, for forty francs. He would have sold me, I think, so obliging was he, a dish of kabobs, a caïque, an odalisque, or a Sheikh-ul-Islam. You see I had been cramming hard at *couleur locale* during my enforced stay in Paris, waiting for Cæsar to go away.

I see him now,—his hookèd beak, his coal black beard, his twisted turban, his embroidered caftan, the folded shawl of many hues round his loins, his baggy silk breeches, his clean white hose, and shiny shoes. I began to hate him, for that he had been to Algeria, and that I was kept waiting on the brink of Barbary in a state of dire uncertainty. I say that I hated him, and regarded him as a Humbug who had no right to wear that sumptuous masquerade dress. The Israelites of Stamboul wear seedy gaberdines and have foul yellow kerchiefs twisted round their heads; the Polish Jews are a red-headed, ragged bearded crew, deplorably pockmarked, and wrapped in greasy *schoubs* lined with catskin. But this was a handsome, shapely fellow of full inches—healthy, cleanly, bright—*l'œil vif, le poing sur la hanche, le nez au vent, le pied campé.* He did not look in the least like a child of an oppressed race. He was a Humbug, clearly, and I would have nothing to do with his *cholies choses.*

According to the veracious Arab mythologist, El Jahrez, commonly called 'Amr-ihn-Bahr, there are forty troops of Djinns, or evil spirits, each troop numbering six hundred thousand Djinnee. There are the Derhans, demoniacal animals, riding on ostriches, and the Pharrars and the Ghaddars; but chief among the Sheytans, children of Iblis, are the Kuturbs and the Ghoules. The Ghoule is a lady-fiend; and, in addition to her traditional partiality for human flesh as an article of food, she is con-

stitutionally "opposed to travel," and makes continual war on travellers by sea and land, biting them, tripping them up, and telling them all manner of naughty fibs, to deter them from voyaging. Yes, I see it all. I have fallen under the malignant influence of a Ghoule; and it is she who has laid so many stumbling-blocks in the way of the Feringhee Sultan.

I was kept mooning about Paris for many days. I returned to London, and then, excited by a rather false alarm of the Emperor's starting—he was really to go this time, on the 22nd—I rushed back to Paris. I exerted my "influence," and learnt from a friend that a high officer of state had declared to somebody else that his Majesty would positively quit Paris by the Lyons railway on the 23rd. But he didn't, and I believed in the machinations of the Ghoule-Sheytan, daughter of Iblis, more firmly than ever.

There was not the slightest excuse for my taking a holiday. It was the wrong time of the year for recreation, and, although April, excessively hot. I was brimming over with suppressed industry; but how could I sit to work? Imagine a war-steamer, duly victualled and manned. She has had her compasses swung, she has taken her powder on board, her fires are lighted, her steam is up, her engines pant to be free. Her captain only waits for the little word "go;" but the telegraph is silent, and the little word does not come.

I am sure had I taken to betting, or blind hooky, or other

vicious courses during this probation of enforced idleness, it would have been Cæsar and the Ghoule's fault, and not mine. As it was, I forsook the paths of virtue, giving way to gluttony by dining twice in the Rue Montorgueil, at Philippe's, and to the most frightful disrespect for the Mosaic ordinances, by going to see Verdi's Macbeth at the Théâtre Lyrique on Sunday evening. Then, to crown my misdeeds, I went on the turf. It was only to the extent of accepting the invitation of a kind Mexican friend to make one of a party of Hidalgos to the Bois de Boulogne races; but what right had I on a racecourse when I should have been ploughing the briny main, or wading through the sandy deserts of Africa?

We went to the races in a four-in-hand, a faultless English drag, tooled in the most approved English style by a gentleman who spoke Spanish like a Spaniard and English like an Englishman, and who by birth, education, and residence, belonged to both those nations. The four blood-horses, the sable-clad grooms with their cockaded hats—for the Spanish-Englishman on the box had borne Queen Victoria's commission—with their folded arms, white cravats, and impassible faces, the whole exterior of the turn-out was, from a strap-buckle to an axle, thoroughly English; yet the crowds which thronged the Bois may have wondered somewhat at the spectacle of so many swarthy gentlemen with black moustaches, and smoking paper *cigaritos* on the roof of that "coach d'un Milord Anglais."

We saw the races and all the grand folks to boot. The Prince Imperial came, and then the Empress, and lastly Cæsar himself. I stood close by him in the paddock, as he walked gravely and slowly round inspecting the horses which were to start for the Grand Prix. He looked in capital health, and was loudly cheered; but why wasn't he in Africa?

I could stand it no longer, and determined to set off for Lyons. If Cæsar won't move, I argued, I will, at least. It was on the memorable Friday night when "L'Africaine" was really brought out at the Grand Opera. Paris had been invaded since the previous day by the musical critics attached to the English press. There was a grand gathering of these gentlemen, my worthy *confrères*, although in another department of journalism, at the Café Cardinal. We all dined there in great glee: the critics in full evening dress, your servant in travelling suit and wideawake. The wines were exquisite. There was a *mayonnaise* which brought tears into one's eyes, and joy into one's heart. Life without a *mayonnaise de saumon* would be indeed a dreary waste. That pale and thoughtful head waiter with the blacking-brush whiskers thought so, evidently. "*Encore un tout petit brin*," he whispered to me softly,—after a second help, too. Who was to withstand his seduction, or reject the proffered spoonful? A mortal man? Scarcely.

They took a stirrup-cup—was it in *Clos Vougeot?*—ere they

parted. "To the success of the 'Africaine!'" cried beaming Sutherland. We drank it religiously, critics and non-critics. "To the African travellers," cried good-natured 'Gus, filling the glass again. *They* drank that. I blushed and ordered a cab. And so we parted, they to see the new Opera, I to see the new and strange land. It was the pleasantest of dinners, although we were all in such a tremendous hurry—they to be in time for their stalls in the Rue Lepelletier, I to make my way *vid* Lyons to the foot of Mount Atlas. A gay dinner! Charles Lewis G——, founder of the feast and staunchest of Conservatives, *your* health.

So, into the railway, and the roar and the rattle of the night, and at last, after troubled dreams of being poisoned by a *mayonnaise de saumon* by Mademoiselle Sax, at the base of a upas-tree, in strict accordance with the law of Java, (Vasco de Gama dancing a saraband, meanwhile, with Ismaïl-bou-Maza from the Rue de Rivoli,) the testy Frenchman in the pink silk night-cap, who throughout the night had objected to the window being opened, let down the sash. The hot air rushed out like a troop of goblins, the raw keen morning breeze flew in straight and sharp as an arrow from a Tartar's bow, and we were at Lyons.

III.

STATE OF THE CASE.

"What I want," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is Facts."

Hard Times.

AND you shall have them, Mr. Gradgrind. Let us clear the course, warn the public, and chase the little dogs off it; and ere we start for the Barbary state, essay to measure the length and breadth of the ground. "Photographs," the Federals assert, giving you a *carte de visite* of a poor wretch in the last stage of atrophy as the ordinary type of a soldier just released from the Libby Prison:—"Photographs cannot lie." By a parity of reasoning figures cannot err. Let us, then, be statistical for a few moments, and examine the state of the case in Africa.

The French colony of Algeria is situated opposite the coast of France, and is comprised within the 32nd and 37th degrees of north latitude. The French possessions are bounded on the north by the Mediterranean Sea; on the east by the Regency of Tunis; on the west by the Empire of Morocco; and on the south by the Great Desert of Sahara. After that is Nomans-

land—*Terra Incognita*—the great blank of Central Africa, in a word. "And this country," Sir John Mandeville would say, "is all full of divells." We do not know much more about Africa at the present writing. The total area of Algeria may be stated, approximatively, at 390,000 kilometres. Its greatest length along the coast is 1000 kilometres. The climate is, as a rule, mild and salubrious, although during May, June, and July, the heat is often intense. In uncultivated districts agues and marsh fevers are rife, but they can be extirpated precisely as the frogs of the marshes and the adders of the jungles can be extirpated. The plague has been unknown in Algeria since the expulsion of the Turks. The mosquitoes are not half so troublesome as those in America and the West Indies. The fleas are numerous and indefatigable, but cheerful,—and will hearken to reason; that is to say, to the arguments of soap, water, and the scrubbing-brush, which, since the French occupation, and especially since the establishment of the Second Empire, have been freely introduced. The lower classes of the natives wash rarely, and do not change their clothes more than once a year, if so frequently. They are consequently more-flea-bitless than the Christians. The direst local nuisance in Algeria is the sirocco, or hot wind, blowing in from the Desert, and is laden with "lily-white sand." The mean temperature on the coast during January, February, and March, is 12° above zero; in April, May, and June, it may rise to 16° or 18°; in July it is

ordinarily from 20° to 30°; and in the last months of the year it falls to 15° or 16°—all Réaumur. In the interior the temperature is higher, save on the high table-lands of Kabylia, where (as on the Mexican plateaux) it is often very cold, and you may wear woollen clothes all the year round.

The coast abounds with excellent harbours, such as the bays of Oran, Arzef, Algiers, Bougia, Stova (comprising the port of Philippeville), and Bona. The islands on the littoral are very few. Rachgoun, near the mouth of the river Tafna; the Habibas Isles, to the east of Cape Figalo; and Colombi, east of Tinès, are nearly all that can be mentioned.

Algeria is divided into three distinct parts (*Gallia est omnia divisa in partes tres*): 1st, the Tell; 2nd, the Highlands; 3rd, the Sahara.

The Tell (*Tellus*) is comprised between the seashore (*Sahel*) and the northern slope of the Highlands. The Highlands are neither more nor less than the summits of the Atlas range of mountains; the Sahara or Bled-el-Djerid (Plain of Dates) extends from the southern slope of the Atlas towards the Great Desert. There are three chains of mountains traversing Algeria from west to east—the Little Atlas, the Middle Atlas, and the Big Atlas. I do not consider it expedient to worry you with the Arabic names of particular mountains and peaks, which you would never remember, and which (the mountains themselves) you will probably never see.

From a vegetable point of view, Algeria may be divided into three belts or zones. In the first, fringing the coast, you meet with little beyond shrubs rarely exceeding ten or twelve feet in height. The second belt, between the Sahel and the Tell, is more thickly wooded; and in the third enormous forests cover the slopes of the mountains stretching from Morocco eastward. In the province of Constantine the wooded districts come nearer to the coast; and in the neighbourhood of Philippeville there are enormous cork forests now being worked by English enterprise (the London and Lisbon Cork Company). Fire is the great scourge of all the sylvan regions: the same scourge which ravages the "oak openings" of Canada and the States; only, there, conflagrations are generally due to flying sparks from the funnels of locomotives; whereas in Algeria it is the Arabs who fire the forests in order to encourage the French in their attempts at colonisation. I don't know whether incendiarism is inculcated by Al Koran; but it is certain that the true believers are inveterate followers of Irving. Altogether (I am using throughout the decimal system) there are 1,300,000 hectares of wooded land in the three provinces. Want of camels and communication renders the major part of this lumber unavailable. A camel will carry almost anything; still, you cannot load the "ship of the desert" with logs, staves, and deals (the Canadian £. *s.* *d.*) as though he were a voyageur's barge from Ottawa. And there is no St. Lawrence to float your

lumber down. Consequently, Algeria is a country in which the houses are mainly built of stone, or of a peculiar cement of rubble and lime called *pisi*, which becomes in time a good deal harder, they say, than some stone.

I won't trouble you with the Linnæan nomenclature, and indeed I should get into pretty trouble were I to begin to talk about the *Juniperus phœnicea* or the *Callitris quadrivalvis*. I will just mention that the principal trees in Algeria are the cypress, the beautiful Barbary Thúya, the cedar, the pine, and the maritime pine (Turner's), the oak, the cork-tree, the chestnut, the mulberry, the platane, the poplar, the willow, the date palm, the desert palm, the laurel, the tamarind, the orange, the walnut. In the Garden of Acclimatisation at Algiers I have seen the banana, the cocoa-nut, the tallow- and an attempt at the bread-fruit tree. After all, I think I might as well quote Spenser:

> And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
> Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
> Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
> Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
> Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
> The sailing pine; the poplar never dry;
> The builder-oak, sole king of forests all:
> The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral;
>
> The laurel meed of mighty conquerors
> And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
> The willow worn of forlorn paramours;

> The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
> The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
> The myrtle, sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
> The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
> The fruitful olive, and the plantain round;
> The carver-holm; the maple seldom inward sound.

But it is full of sugar, nevertheless, that "seldom inward sound" maple. "He who hath a sweet tooth shall ofttimes find it decayed." Was Edmund ever in Africa, I wonder. Setting aside the birch and the beech, which I never saw in Africa, these two stanzas from the "Fairy Queen" afford an admirable summary of the Fauna of Algeria. But shall I tell you the reason of my thus dilating on the *Sylva Sylvarum?* There was a little Spaniard at Milliana, who was a "wood-monger," as Captain Fluellen told Ancient Pistol he should be, and I bought nothing of him but cudgels. I had a great many friends in London and Paris who expected that, on my return home, I should bring each and every one of them a "trifle from Africa,"—a thing more easily expected than accomplished. You need be as wealthy as Soliman-ben-Daoud (Mr. Ruskin's "Jewish Merchant," and the Arab Crœsus) to make all your acquaintance a present of a *souvenir* from Barbary in the shape of a burnouse, a yataghan, a pair of damascened pistols, an arabesque lantern, a silver-mounted mirror, or even a chibouk or a pair of 'broidered babouches. The happy expedient occurred to me at Milliana of laying in a stock of walking-

sticks of the country for distribution in Europe. The little Spaniard was a most expert stick-maker, and he bound up for me a fascicular bundle of canes of which a Roman lictor might have been proud. I stuck an ivory-handled umbrella in the midst in lieu of an axe. So, there was an olive for A., and an orange for B., a Thúya for C., and a desert palm for D., and so on to the end of the alphabet. Algerian tourist of the future don't despise my little hint about walking-sticks. They will even serve as presents for the fair sex; for in this wonderful epoch of "frisky matrons" and "down the road" young ladies, do I not hear of the fashionable bathers at Brighton and Biarritz tripping over the sands with gold-headed canes resembling the bamboos which the flunkies of the great bear proudly on their golden splashboards? A wonderful epoch! Why, at Margate they have adopted the "Zouave costume" as a bathing dress, and the ladies and gentlemen can mingle as freely in the water as though they were on the parade, and absolutely dance quadrilles in the water. *Cavalier seul* and the Ladies' chain in the briny ocean! They do it, and there is no handwriting visible on the wall of the bathing machines.

But Facts, cries Mr. Gradgrind impatiently, Facts. Let me tell you, then, Mr. G., that I omitted to mention the wild cherry as one of the principal trees to be met with in Algeria; that the mulberry is copiously cultivated with a view to the sustentation of silk worms; and the production of olive oil and

the pickling of olives themselves as condiment are carried on to a large extent. The Algerian oranges are of two kinds. Those of Blidah are large, soft, and luscious, like the Cuban oranges. Those of the Mitidja are smaller, compacter, and *stronger*—little cricket-ball oranges, like the St. Michaels. Before the Conquest the vine was only cultivated for the sale of grapes to eat, but the European colonists have tried vine-growing for wine-making purposes with great success. The soil is said to be eminently favourable for the imitation of some of the best crûs of the *Côte d'Or*. Medea, Mostagenim, Maskara, and Cleman are surrounded by vineyards which, in 1854, produced 11,800 hectolitres of wine and 18,000 quintaux of edible grapes. By this time it is calculated the yield has doubled. Several very satisfactory experiments have been made in the manufacture of *vins de liqueur*—like the rich strong dessert wines of Spain and Portugal. The French, however, are more ambitious to produce wines resembling their national clarets and burgundies.

Touching cereals: everybody knows that Algeria was once the granary of Rome, and that Rome was a corn consumer whom a thrifty housekeeper would sooner keep a week than a fortnight. Prior to the Conquest the Arabs only grew hard barley, beans, maize, or Indian corn, and *beetsessa*, or millet, with a kind of wheat. The French have introduced the culture of fine wheat, rye, and oats. The Europeans continue, however, to

grow the hard wheat, which is much used in the manufacture of vermicelli and other "pastes" for soup. In 1854, Mr. Gradgrind, the grand total of grain produced in Algeria amounted to 9,371,640 hectolitres, grown on 761,470 hectares of land, and representing a money value of 137,743,847 francs, or about five millions and a half sterling. Thus you see that if the Emperor Napoleon has, as some people sneeringly say, won a white elephant in a raffle, there is plenty of provender to feed the monster withal. Remember, too, that these statistics were calculated ten years ago.

In 1848 Algeria, "*cette terre fromenteuse par excellence*," was compelled, for all its corn-growing capacity, to import twenty-three millions of francs worth of grain and flour. Since 1851, when the Custom House absurdities were slightly relaxed, Algeria was able to feed herself, and to begin to export corn. In 1855 this exportation rose to a value of seventy-four millions of francs. According to M. Cardin, if Free Trade became fully recognised, and all the resources of Algeria developed, the three provinces ought to produce and export twenty times more corn than they do at present; to say nothing of the cotton, the indigo, the oil, and the dye-woods, which should properly make her, as a Minister of War once prophesied she would be, the "India of France." Algeria is not far from the coast of Spain. They build the prettiest *châteaux* there you can possibly conceive.

The greener market gardening stuff of Algeria is amazingly

abundant, and of the biggest growth I ever saw. The asparagus is tremendous. The melons might strike envy into the heart of M. Alphonse Karr, as the cabbages would delight any good housewife in a porter's lodge who desired the leafiest vegetables for her *pot au feu*. With every other kind of vegetable known in Europe, and with a great many to be met with only in tropical climates, the tables at the hotels in Algeria are always plentifully supplied. Both vegetables and fruit seem to be very cheap—thirty or forty per cent. cheaper than they are in France. The Arabs, however, though to a great extent vegetarians, are not great consumers of green stuff. They are now addicted to dried pulse; and are rarely seen to eat boiled vegetables. With an enormous surplus of green meat on its hands the colony naturally throws itself into export market gardening. The celerity of communication now existing by means of railways and steamers favours this trade, and seventy hours do not take much from the good quality of vegetables. Half the monstrous asparagus you see at Chevet's and Pohl's and Chabot's comes from Algeria.

Let us now turn to the article of tobacco, of which not so much as a "screw of bird's-eye" or a "penny Pickwick," manufactured or unmanufactured, was exported in 1840. The exports of the weed had reached, in 1864, the value of 5,500,000 francs: more than a million sterling. The Algerian tobacco is light, aromatic, and agreeable: not so vapid as Latakia, but

with all its delightful fragrance, and a pungent quality recalling, now the best kind of Bessabarian, and now that capital tobacco grown in the Lebanon. It certainly equals Maryland, of which next to Caporal the French are, for pipe-smoking purposes, most fond. In Algeria, however, it is unfashionable among the European colonists to smoke a pipe. The settlement is a military one, and the garrison must needs puff cigars. They do puff them, with a vengeance. Given a permanent force of eighty thousand men. Allow each man six cigars per diem—a very moderate computation: that will give you a quota of 240,000 cigars a day, or 87,600,000 cigars to be supplied every year. The tobacco manufacture is, of course, a government monopoly. Cigars are wonderfully cheap, and a common soldier gets them at the rate of three for a penny, and a discount off; nor does a staff officer think it beneath his dignity to smoke halfpenny cigars. Were there a large English or American commercial or banking community at Algiers, you might expect to find genuine Havanas at high prices; as it is, your only choice lies between the light and fragrant Algerines at a sou a-piece, and the abominable productions of the French *régie*, which may be obtained as at high a price as you please, and which are simply unsmokable.

Touching live stock, the statists put down the number of horned beasts at one million, and of sheep at ten millions. The first calculation is probably below the mark, the Kabyles, who

are the great proprietors of cattle, entertaining as great an aversion as did Rob Roy of old to having their cows counted; while the Sheikhs even of the plains systematically falsify the returns of live stock exacted from them by the *Bureaux Arabes*. It is difficult to get out of the Arab head the notion that if he tells you how much property he possesses, you, the Frank, will want to take some of it away. He can't bury his cows and oxen in the ground as he does his money; so he says that he hasn't got any, or that those browsing about the *douar* belong to his uncle or his father-in-law. The Arab abhors statistics. He won't be tabulated if he could help it; and were you to go to Algeria, Dr. Colenso, you would find a deeply rooted objection among the people to the reckoning, or "footing up," as the Americans call it, of anything animate or inanimate. I call *your* attention to this curious fact, Dr. C., for the reason that it might assist you in your researches when you come to inquire into the causes of the terrible trouble into which King David got for "numbering the people,"—a task which is undertaken by every Christian government about once in every ten years.

The mineral wealth of Algeria is said to be extraordinary. Mercury, copper, and lead abound in the three provinces. Up to this time fifteen "concessions" for working mines have been granted by the government, but only four have as yet been "exploited." I don't think there is much to grieve about if so much metallic treasure really does lie dormant. What does it

matter? There is more precious stuff in the earth than ever came out of it: that is certain. Somebody will get at it some of these days, unless, in the course of revolving ages, it all turns into oyster shells, or flint hatchets, or plaster of Paris, or the hind legs of mastodons. I could never understand that continual carking anxiety which seems to beset some men, because there are a lot of marine stores in the bowels of the earth which, just now, cannot be got at. An American has told me, with tears in his eyes, that there is enough gold and silver in Arizona, Nevada, and Sonora, to pay the Federal debt three times over. Is mineral wealth the only "resource" which is not yet "developed?" Why, forty-six per cent. of the entire area of Spain is still destitute of cultivation—primeval *sierra* or *tierra* "incult and horride." Why, we haven't grown the slopes of our railway embankments and cuttings in England with coin yet. Why, we haven't even allowed poor Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson —the most maligned Baronet of this or any other period—to get that little Finchley Road Bill of his through parliament, and enclose a slice of Hampstead Heath. If all the mines in all the world were worked, and all the commons enclosed, and all the herrings on the north-west coast of Ireland caught and cured, and trundled about in barrows for sale, and all the window-sills covered with flower-pots growing mustard and cress, and all our house-tops planted, like so many hanging gardens of Babylon, but with potatoes and onions—in a word

were all our "resources developed" to their utmost, do you think the millenium would come? I am afraid it would not. I am afraid we should still continue to commit adultery, get drunk, hoard up wealth for others to squander, or squander our own and go in rags. I am afraid we should not leave off telling lies, and robbing and murdering one another, in a public and heroic, or private and Old Bailey fashion, as we have been doing—do you know how many thousands of years, Doctor? Pison compasseth the land of Havilah, where there is gold. "The gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx-stone." But those are among the mines which have not been "exploited" by financial enterprise, limited or otherwise.

The Arabs are not the less sons of Jabal, whom Adah bore, and who was the "father of such as dwell in tents and have cattle." Ten millions of sheep! Prince Esterhazy might be jealous; unless the proud Hungarian chose to cap Mr. Caird's statistics by asserting that he had ten millions of shepherds. The Algerian pastoral allowance is more moderate, one shepherd to every thousand sheep. The sheep never require extraneous fodder. The ten millions are feeding like one, and find enough to nibble as they browse. The only care they require is shelter from the sun during the hot months of June, July, and August.

Stone abounds. Every seaport town in Algeria looks, so white

is its sheen and massive its sweep, as though it had been hewn out of a quarry. The lithographic stones of Dellys and the grey marble of Cape Matifou are famous. Bona is surrounded by *carrières*, producing stone for building rivalling that of Franconia. The Filfillas marble, quarried near Philippeville, is little inferior to that of Carrara. Of course, as marble it will not command the Carrara price in the market. Who believes in Crimean and Californian and South Australian champagné, exquisite specimens as they are? The public will only place credence in the products of Epernay; so the wine-merchants, in their own defence (for even wine-merchants must live), palm the Crimean, Californian, and Australian upon us as véritable Moet and Chandon, or Veuve Cliquot, and we, the public, pay our money and brag about our cellars accordingly. Then, from the province of Oran and the mines of Aïn-Ouïn-Kel, near Arzero, comes a beautiful marble veined with pink and rich brown, of which the makers of *articles de Paris* know how to make such excellent use in vases and statuettes. Finally, in 1852, there was discovered at Tleman a fine quarry of onyx marble, conjectured to be the translucid alabaster of the Romans. There are likewise, scattered through the country, a number of mineral sources and hotsprings, suited for thermal purposes: notably the baths of Hammam-Melveran, on the river Arrack; and a few miles from Algiers, much renowned among the natives, the hot waters of Hammam-Rhira, near Milliana.

These are salt, and are said to be capital for the rheumatism and all nervous affections. Near the same town, among some old Roman ruins (the *Aquæ Calidæ*) is a ferruginous source of a very high temperature: sixty-five degrees. The government have established, at Millianah, a sanitorium and thermal hospital for the use of the army, just as, seventeen hundred years ago, the Romans sent their invalid legionaries to the *Aquæ Calidæ*. Rheumatism, *tic douloureux*, and ague, are the scourges of the French Zouave. His pluck is indomitable, his moral powers of endurance inexhaustible; but it is not always with impunity that he gaily bivouacs in the midst of a bog, or spends half a day, waiting to pounce on an enemy, in a creek up to his arm-pits in water. His light and airy costume is admirably suited to preserve him against *coups de soleil;* but the moon has likewise shafts in her quiver which strike quite as fatally as General Phœbus' red-hot bolts.

> The rising moon hath hid the stars;
> Her level rays, like golden bars,
> Lie on the landscape green,
> With shadows brown between.
>
> And silver white the river gleams,
> As if Diana, in her dreams,
> Had laid her silver bow
> Upon the meadows low.

Vastly pretty is such a picture poetised by Mr. Longfellow;

but an Algerian *clair de lune* is the bugbear of the Zouave or the Chasseur d'Afrique. Diana kisses them as she kissed Endymion, but kills them too, with her "silver bow," sometimes.

The Algerian baths are very "old Hummums" indeed. They have no pump and assembly-rooms, conversation-houses, or kursaals. Visitors don't go there to flirt, buy nicknacks, dance, eat, drink, or play trente et quarante. They go to wash and pray. The wells are all holy, and a Marabout's shrine is sure to be close at hand, just as in Mexico the baths of the Peñon are stuck all over with puppet-saints and doll-virgins. To hold a hot sulphur or iron spring sacred is part of Pagan, Mahometan, and Roman Catholic civilisation, or religion, or superstition, call it which you will. Miracles have been (supposititiously) performed at the Hammam-bou-Hadjar, near Aïn-Temouchent, just as in old times they were performed at St. Winifred's well—Tumblay-les-Sources. The modern watering-places—your Scarboroughs, Saratogas, Spas, Baden-Badens, Hombourgs—are not troubled with any religion at all. Saints and Marabouts would be out of place there. 'Tis quite another personage who has taken *les villes d'eaux* under his patronage:—a personage with horns, and hoofs, and a tail.

The cultivation of cotton is making rapid strides in Algeria. In the space of ten years it has progressed in the proportion of 4 to 159. In 1851 the cotton crop was of only 8000 lbs,

(4000 kilogrammes) weight; but in 1861, nearly 318,000 lbs. were picked. The American collapse—a collapse from which the South cannot be expected to "recuperate" for many years to come—has awakened even more extended hopes among the Algerian cotton-growers. So recently as 1862 there were but forty hectares of land under cotton cultivation in the province of Algiers; in 1863 there were six hundred, and at present there are over a thousand. Each hectare is calculated to give an average net profit of 4000 francs.

Besides grain, vines, tobacco, cotton, flax and hemp, there is a considerable cultivation of odoriferous, aromatic, and medicinal plants—of indigo, prickly pear (the Mexican *nopal*), *garance*, of which I don't know the English name, but it is the tincture with which the trousers of the French army are dyed red; *sergho*, a kind of sugar-cane, and poppies for opium-making.

From the vegetable come we to the animal kingdom. Don't expect a burst of eloquence from me about the Arab steed. I know nothing about horses. I refer you to General Daumas. But, in the way of facts, Mr. Gradgrind, I may tell you that, in 1857, statistics showed that there were in Algeria 7119 horses belonging to the Europeans, and 195,985 the property of the natives. The Europeans also possessed 3983 mules, and the Arabs 150,612. The French owned 3649 donkeys; but the statists are silent as to the number possessed by the

indigènes. As one out of every three Bedouins you meet in the country is mounted on a meek little "moke," which, combined with the long legs, towering body, and flowing robes of the rider, produces a wonderfully ludicrous impression on the mind of the spectator, I should put down the number of Arab asses at about one million.

Put down 18,218 pigs belonging to French farmers. The Kabyles, they say, keep pigs; but the Arab farmers rarely, if ever, breed the prohibited grunter.

The number of camels held by the Arabs is estimated at 256,555, and this is probably below the mark. The camel, or rather the *dromedary,* is the most characteristic animal in the country, although the ugly, strong, serviceable, and *not* patient beast is rarely seen in Algiers itself. The dromedary is called, generically, in Arabic *djemel;* the male is a *beir,* the female a *naga.* A stud of a hundred dromedaries is termed an *ibel.*

Persistently averse as they are to statistics, the Arabs will condescend to count their camels. It is not said of a man that he has so much money, or so many asses, but that he has so many dromedaries. The camel is the most domesticated of all their live stock. The Arabs treat him very kindly, and he lives to be from thirty to forty years old. The *naga* bears but one foal, and the foal is fit to travel almost as soon as he is born. He bears no heavy burdens, however, until he is five

years old; at least a native satirist, abusing a certain tribe of avarice and meanness, accuses them of "weighing down the four-year-old with heavy packs." The stories of the last straw breaking his back, or of his uttering a peculiar cry when he thinks that enough has been placed on his back, are, it is scarcely necessary to say, nonsense. He will bear as much as you are brutal enough to put on his hump; and, when he can't bear any more, he will tumble down, worn out with weariness, as a horse or an ass, under similar circumstances, would do. For a long journey, if he be a robust beast, they give him a load of six hundredweight. This he will carry for many days, with proper night rest and tolerable rations, without much distress. General Yussaff (whose career has been more adventurous and romantic than could be set down in ten ordinary sensational novels of the highest spiciness) has made great use of the dromedary in carrying troops, and General Carbuceira even found him useful for dragging artillery. Not for the first time has the *djemel* been so utilised. In the Syrian campaign, Napoleon I. traversed the desert from Cairo to St. Jean d'Acre with fifteen hundred men all on camel-back. In British India, I believe, the dromedary has not risen in military economy above the status of a bât animal. Was there not a General once, long before the days of the mutiny, who excused himself for not earlier beginning a battle on the ground that the "soda water camels hadn't come up?"

Without soda and B. the envenomed strife could not possibly commence.

The Algerian dromedary will plod—which is strictly his mode of locomotion—from twelve to fifteen leagues, say forty miles a day. The famous *Mehari* or post-courier camel, and whom you may see in M. Vernet's pictures with a bearer of despatches on his back, and scudding across the desert at a tremendous rate, is bigger than the pack dromedary, and has longer legs, although his hump is smaller. The Arabs say that the *Mehari* goes like the wind; but this is an exaggeration. He is, it is said, to the pack dromedary as the racer is to the cart horse. He will break into a prodigious trot, it is true, and keep it up for nine hours on a stretch. Courier *Meharis* have been known to do forty leagues, or a hundred and twenty miles a day. He does not consume more provender than his brother of burden, but it is the custom to give him when on duty a ration of dates mingled with barley.

When the dromedary is twenty years old he is no longer fit to bear burdens. Then the Arabs fatten him, and, I am ashamed to say, eat him. A beef-dromedary, aged, is worth forty francs. His flesh is said to be as wholesome and nourishing as that of the ox, but it has a slight musky flavour. Camel's hump has been declared as great a delicacy as buffalo's hump; but the hairy beasts of the prairies don't bear fardels, and the *djemels* of the Tell do. The hump, in an old camel,

from the continual pressure on the muscles by superposed weights, is, in truth, tougher than any other part save the thigh. It therefore requires nice cooking; but the flavour—to those who like it—is delicious. I have eaten bear, and buffalo, and parrot, and (I dare say) unconsciously, cat, but have never partaken of camel. My esteemed friend Mr. Church, the admired painter of Chimborazo and the Heart of the Andes, told me that he once made a very succulent luncheon off monkey, and that if the friendly Indians, who regaled him with that simious stew, had only dispensed with serving up the monkey's head—which had an unpleasant resemblance to that of a baby—the dish would have been perfect.

Young dromedary is as tender as veal. The skin of the slaughtered animal sells in Algeria for twenty francs. Out of camels' hair the Arabs weave tent coverings, burnouses, kaicks, and other tissues. The French have also taken to making textile fabrics from it, and a M. Davin has a spinning-mill for camels' hair, which he afterwards has woven into cloth, and of a very fine glossy quality, too, at Sedan.

The "harmless necessary cat" is one of the domestic animals in Africa, and enjoys as much quiet consideration among the Muslim as she does among Christians. A Moorish house is nothing without a fountain; but it is not very Alhambresque to see, as you often do, a placid tabby couchant on its marble brim.

Algiers is full of lap-dogs and poodles, learned and unlearned, and, in accordance with the last hideous caprice of the French, the poor little beasts are dyed all manner of colours. I suppose the pigments used are, like quack pills, "purely vegetable," and that it does not hurt to be painted rose-pink or sky-blue; but you can't help pitying these chromatic poodles, shivering in their coats of many colours, like modest little Josephs led in silken strings by Mrs. Potiphars from the Chaussée d'Antin, and hanging their ears and tails as though they were conscious and ashamed of the grotesque appearance they presented. I advised a shoddy millionaire in New York once to give his carriage horses a coat of size, and then cover them all over with gold-leaf, and he regarded the idea in anything but an unfavourable light. I don't think a gilt horse in the flesh (we have him in plaster in the chemists' shops) would be an absurder sight than a sky-blue poodle. When I left Algiers the dogs were still unmuzzled, although the days were to all intents and purposes canicular; but it is on the 1st of July, I think, that the inexorable gagging decrees of the administration are put in force. After that date any dog, be he a butcher's cur or *le carlin de la Marquise*, is doomed to death. Morning and night the fatal tumbril, the dog-cart, goes its rounds. It is a kind of wooden sarcophagus on wheels drawn by a weedy mule, and conducted by a couple of blackguard Arabs. They are armed with hooks at the end of long poles,

and literally fish for stray dogs, catching them up anyhow, and often in a very barbarous manner. It would be much more merciful to lasso them, South-American fashion. The hooked dog is swung high in air, a sliding trap in the sarcophagus opens, he is pitched into the midst of a group of other jowling victims, and, at the end of the horrid tumbril's rounds, is conveyed to the shambles and knocked on the head. This is the end of poor Dog Tray. The Arabs are paid so much a head for the dogs they kidnap, and the capitation fee being liberal, few unmuzzled bow-wows escape the fatal hook. A similar search for and massacre of dogs used to take place, I remember, every morning during the summer on a bridge over the Fontanta canal at St. Petersburg.

Of native dogs, the two chief varieties are the tawny, meagre, smooth-skinned wretches—own brothers to those canine vagabonds and loafers which have been so long the pests of Pera and Stamboul—which bark at your heels, and will bite, unless you have a stock of stones to fling at their heads, in the outskirts of the *douars*, or villages. A stick is of little use in keeping them at a distance; but a few well-aimed pebbles (under the ear is the best place to hit them) soon send the varlets scampering. A friend who has just returned from a pedestrian tour on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle, tells me that the German villages are infested by vagrant dogs

to the full as savage as those of Turkey and Algeria. The aristocratic dog, however, of the latter country is the celebrated *slougui*, or greyhound. The *slougui* of the Sahara are said to be much superior to those of the Tell:—the only one I saw. Those of the Ouhd-sidi-Cheikh are famous throughout Barbary. They are tall as Scottish deerhounds; the nose is very pointed; the barrel very slender; the ears short; the forehead broad; the hair soft; the tongue and palate black; the teeth exceedingly tender, as is fitting for sporting dogs who, like "well-bred spaniels," should

> "———— civilly delight
> In mumbling of the game they dare not bite."

General Daumas, the great horse and dog Saharan authority, tells us that the tip of a well-grown greyhound's tail, passed under his thigh, ought to touch the exterior condyle of the femur, neither more nor less.

Among birds Algeria can boast the eagle, the falcon—the "swell" Arabs are great falconers—the crow, the red beak, the pigeon, the turtle, the Carthaginian fowl, the quail, the ortolan, the "demoiselle" of Numidia, and the rest of the feathery fellows familiar to us in Europe. As for the Algerian ostrich (*strutho camelus* of Linnæus, Mr. Gradgrind) you know all about him. I never saw one alive, save at the Zoological Gardens, in London; but he abounds in Algeria, as you have

been informed by more adventurous travellers than I am; and I know that ostrich eggs are worth four francs a piece in Algiers. What the Algerines do with the eggs besides eating them, I shall tell you in a subsequent page. The male ostrich is called *delim*, the female *remda*, the chicks—fancy an ostrich chicken! a young Garagantua!—are termed *cherata*. The Arabs believe that the ostrich is a cross between the fabulous roe and a dromedary. Thus, frequently they speak of the ostrich as the "camel bird."

Game of all kinds abounds, and the pheasants are magnificent.

They are "some, too," to use a Yankeeism, at reptiles and insects. There is a pretty little land-tortoise, like the terrapin of Maryland, and like him convertible into capital soup. You mustn't look, however, at his fingers and toes as you eat him. Those digits are not pretty. There is a fresh-water turtle; a toad, which attains enormous dimensions, but is quite stupid, harmless, and good-natured as other toads all over the world (the poor, maligned, spade-snubbed fellows); a cameleon, a tarantula spider, and a viper. Likewise is there to be found a big lizard, called *dib*, eighteen inches long—quite a pony-crocodile, but as innocuous as a hedgehog. The Arabs say that the lizard never sleeps and never drinks—he is, in fact, a dry-looking, wide-awake customer enough—they roast his flesh and eat him, and proclaim him toothsome. M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire

has heard rumours of an Algerian land-alligator, savage and voracious as his Nilotic kinsman, and called the *ouaran*. Doctor Larger saw one in the Sahara two yards long. No ouarans came my way; but in Algerian fancy-ware shops you may buy plenty of purses and tobacco pouches made of terrestrial alligator's skin, which is shiny and corrugated, like shagreen, and a dusky brown in hue. The vipers are troublesome, but not deadly. A sand-bath is the most esteemed cure for a male bite. Among the insects there are the tarantulas mentioned above; grasshoppers, which swoop down on the field sometimes by myriads, and destroy everything green,—fruit, grain, and vegetables indiscriminately; and scorpions, which last I never saw in Africa, but which from the brief acquaintance I made with them in Cuba and Mexico, struck me as resembling flying lobsters seen through minifying glasses. The silk-worm is an importation from Italy, but has thriven wonderfully. The Arabs are good bee-masters, and believe all kinds of superstitious and legendary rubbish about those useful little creatures. Rubbish? well, that is as you choose to take it. Bees may be, after all, of a much higher order of intellect than we imagine; and perhaps, had they the gift of speech, would not talk so much nonsense, in the way of prophecy, as the great apiarian, Dr. Cumming, does.

The Algerian leech is known to all European chemists and druggists. He is a tremendous fellow, and laughs the leech of

Asia Minor to scorn, yet, for a long period, he was classed at Apothecaries' Hall among the inferior blood-suckers, but of late years he has been estimated as highly as the terrific *sangsue* of the Bordelais. His principal fault is that he is too greedy, gorges himself quickly, and does not hang on long enough. Round about Algiers there are numerous leech preserves; and a leech pond is generally one of the chief attractions in the gardens of the *café restaurants* which abound in the environs of El Djezzair. To try and push one another into the leech pond is a favourite amusement with the sportive shop-boys of Algiers. I heard a horrible story (which I did not believe) of a German waiter at one of these cafés, who, overtaken in beer, fell in among the leeches one night. Nothing but his pipe—a handsome meerschaum—was found in the pond the next morning, a fact leading one to conjecture that perhaps it was the pipe and not the waiter that fell into the pond. The sea-fish are almost as plentiful and various as those in the Gulf of Mexico—that piscatorial Tom Tiddler's ground—and comprise many fish of which we seldom hear in Europe, such as the Saint-Pierre (*not* a haddock, its name notwithstanding: there must be *two* fish sacredly thumb-marked); the wolf-fish, the tunny (a meaty fish, between salmon and sturgeon, but of a delicate flavour, and delicious *en marinade* as a *hors d'œuvre*), the mituna of the Romans; the dorado, the bonito, the sardine (which is no more a sprat, as has been recently ignorantly asserted, than a flea is

a lobster: *vide* in Pindar, Sir Joseph Banks), and the Mediterranean *langouste*.

I have told you of the domestic animals of Algeria; but the wild creatures of Barbary claim a passing word. The colony is rich in Wombwelliana. There are, if you choose to go in search of them, lions, panthers, hyænas, ounces, tiger cats, lynxes, caracals, servals, ichneumons, weasels, porcupines, foxes, jackals, tiger- or brindled cats (forming, I suppose, a kind of coalition-ministry of all the Talent in the jungle); monkeys of two varieties—those of Kabylia, and those of Chiffa, which last are the small and frolicsome pugs, usually termed Barbary Apes. There is nothing to be said about the Algerian lion after that which Jules Gerard and Bonbonnel have written concerning him: the last-named Nimrod has taken up the lion-hunter's mantle dropped by poor J. G.; but while the indomitable Lieutenant of Spahis was alive, the specialty of Bonbonnel tended more towards panthers. Bonbonnel I have seen. A little man, alert and crisp, vulgar, but modest, and with a face all morticed in cicatrices of continual clawing by non-Ephesian wild beasts.

The jackal, known to the Arabs under the name of *Dib*, is much respected by the Arabs, who believe him to be a kind of subdevil. The howls of the jackals and the sardonic merriment of the hyænas may be heard any fine night in the outskirts of any Algerian town, with the exception of Algiers. It is not bad

to go to bed with the hyæna's cynical chuckle for a lullaby. If he is supping off your neighbour's sheep, or his shepherd, or your neighbour himself, what is that to you? "There is something in the misfortunes of our friends"——for the remainder see M. de la Rochefoucauld.

Wild boars used to be exceedingly numerous in the underbrush, right along the coast, and close down to Algiers; but they are only to be found now up the country, and the sport of pig-sticking, once the favourite recreation of the French officers, has become more extensive, and less safe. The ludicrous human individuality which the Arabs attribute to the wild boar, and the wonderful reports they circulate of his soliloquies—reports overheard by hunters who have lain in ambush for him—in which he swears by the beard of the Prophet, and curses everybody's grandmother, are most amazingly set forth in Drummond Hay's work on Morocco—a book which, on the head of piggery, has been unblushingly borrowed from by the compilers of twenty handbooks and Farmers' cyclopædias. I decline to be the twenty-first borrower, and refer the reader, for further information, to Drummond Hay.

There is a wild bull in the mountainous regions of the south, which would give fifty to a champion specimen of the Chillingham breed, and beat him easily. The Arabs call him *begueur-el-ourharh*: he is the *bubalis* of the Romans. He is a little beast, not bigger than a calf twelve months old, and is

distinguished among all other bovines by an anatomical peculiarity in the structure of his skull, from the parietal bone of which protrudes a kind of osseous coronet, from the extremities of which spring the horns. Then there is the *lirouï*, or "ornamented sheep," which some take to be the bearded sheep of Pennant. He is bigger and stronger than an ordinary ram, and, in addition to his beard, has long wiry ruffles round his ankle-bones. Finally, there is the gazelle, which darling abounds all over the country, and of whose horns and hoofs the prettiest conceivable ornaments are made for sale in the fancy shops.

And now, Mr. Gradgrind, having told you about the animal and the vegetable kingdom, suppose I give you a few facts concerning the *bipes implumis*—the Algerian man. I won't be very statistical, or at all ethnological. The entire population of Algeria, according to the census of 1861, was 2,999,124 souls. Of these, 592,745 were Frenchmen, Spaniards, and other foreigners, and sedentary Moors and Arabs; while of Arabs, Bedouins, and Kabyles belonging to wandering tribes, or living beyond the military boundaries fixed for the colonists, there were no less than two millions four hundred and six thousand three hundred and seventy-nine. Eighty thousand French soldiers must be added to the six hundred thousand of careful and law-worthy subjects of France first enumerated; which leaves just two millions and a half of wild Arabs, bigoted

Mahometans, and moderate haters of the Frank for the Emperor Napoleon to deal with.

Such is the state of the case, Mr. Gradgrind; and the last fact I have troubled you with is, perhaps, the most important of all.

IV.

AT LYONS.

She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."—*Mariana.*

"SHE will come, she will come!" was the pathetic aspiration of poor old Monsieur Jacques in his garret, hoping against hope. "She will come!"—he nursed, he cherished the conviction, and it consoled him under all the privations which poverty could bring, and all the indignities which a sordid landlord and an unsympathetic washerwoman could heap upon his aged head. The long-looked-for "she" did not come, having died at Palermo; but her daughter came instead, and made the mournful musician happy.

For the best part of a week I had been muttering to myself, all day, and pretty nearly all night through—for the heat of the weather renders sleep difficult — the converse of Monsieur Jacques's *refrain.* "He will go, he will go!" I repeated audibly or mentally, with but very little cessation—the *com-*

plainte being only varied by self-assurances to the effect that "he must go;" "he is pledged to go;" "he ought to go;" and "he is sure to go." But, as you have seen, he *didn't* go when the whole Parisian public confidently expected his departure, and he continued *not* to go, day after day, with an alacrity of dilatoriness enough to drive one desperate. So I found myself stranded, like a barracouta on a dining-room table, at Lyons, frizzling in the sun, gasping in the shade, and waiting for the Emperor.

They say his Majesty will be here at six o'clock p.m.; but this may prove, after all, only a fond hallucination *à la Lyonnaise*. I have come round, now, to the exact complexion of Monsieur Jacques. It is no longer a question of "Will he go?"—for I have gone away from his Majesty—but "Will he come?" If he doesn't, it will be, so far as I am concerned, a very serious matter. Setting aside the public duty which I have engaged to perform, I have invested capital in the eventuality of Cæsar's progress to his great proconsulate. I have bought a sun umbrella, a bottle of chlorodyne (in view of possible cholera), a pair of green spectacles, as a preservative against ophthalmia, the Algerian Itinerary of M. Louis Piesse, and a patent "air-chamber hat," surmounted by an Indian puggree. I won't say anything of the six first letters of the Arabic alphabet which, after five days' painful study, I have acquired, for they may prove useful some of these days when I am despatched as Special Correspondent to the Khan of

Khiva, or to King Theodorus of Abyssinia. But my actual position is not the less serious. I can't go back without having been to Barbary. My acquaintances would cut me. My proprietors would scowl; my publisher would probably assassinate me. Sir John Falstaff avowed that he had misused the King's press damnably. I shrink from mis-using the press of the people. I can't walk down Piccadilly in that puggree, unless it be in a travel-stained state. The little boys would hoot me if I unfurled in Regent-street a white umbrella lined with green. As it is, I have lost caste with my friends in Paris by perambulating the Boulevard des Capucines in a tropical suit of blue flannel, of which, like a Catherine pear, "the side that's next the sun" turns red. I can't go back to England after having told everybody I was going to Algeria; and to describe Algeria without the Emperor would be, under present circumstances, very much like giving the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted. It is impossible to reach Alexandria in forty-eight hours, else I might hasten down to Marseilles, take shipping, levant to the sandy land of Egypt, and describe the opening of the Suez Canal on Monday next. They say it is really going to open, but I still disbelieve the assertion. It is with M. de Lesseps' big ditch as with the cry of "wolf" in the fable. Some of these days the Mediterranean and the Red Sea will really be united; but the fact will be swamped by general incredulity. The Suezides have cried "wolf" too often.

It is difficult to exaggerate the moral peril in which I am placed. If the Emperor throws me over, I don't see, as a conscientious Correspondent, any other way out of the dilemma save to drown myself in the River Saône, or to hang myself to one of the new and gorgeous lamp-irons in the Place Louis le Grand. It would be making, after all, a good exit. One might humbly hope for a niche in the Temple of Fame next to that occupied by the immortal Vattel, who fell upon his own sword —an operation the feasibility of which I could never realise in imagination—because the fish had not arrived in time to be dressed for his royal master's table. And a Correspondent, after all, is not unlike a cook. He is always at the fire, and not unfrequently burns his fingers. The public requires his dishes to be "spicy," and if the spice does not suit their palates they curse him.

The streets of Lyons on this present Saturday are abundantly hung with tricoloured flags, and everybody, from the head waiter at the Grand Hotel—a very fair imitation of its prototype in Paris—to the old lady in the vast straw hat who sits in a razeed cask and sells newspapers at the corner of the Rue de la Charité, says that the Emperor is really coming. After repeated disappointments, I have grown sceptical. The Lyons press, it is true, are unanimous in announcing the arrival of the Imperial party this evening. *Le Progrès*, corroborated by all its contemporaries, states that Napoleon III., accompanied by

three aides-de-camp, General Fleury, General Castelnau, and General Count Reille; by two *officiers d'ordonnance*, the Counts d'Espeuilles and De Ligneville; by M. Pietri, his Majesty's private secretary; and by Dr. Corvisart, his physician, will reach the railway terminus at Lyon-Vaise at six. A grand official dinner is to take place at the Hôtel de Ville at seven. To-morrow (Sunday), at eight a.m., there will be an official reception of the municipal body; the chief of the State will then proceed to the operatives' quarter and La Croix Rousse; he will hear mass in the chapel attached to the hospital of the *arrondissement*, and inspect the progress made towards the démolition of the walls which have so long separated La Croix Rousse from the other quarters of this splendid and populous city. At eleven the Emperor is expected to leave the Hôtel de Ville for the Lyon-Perrache station *en route* for Marseilles. He will pass the night on board the Imperial yacht l'Aigle, which on Monday, the 1st of May, at nine o'clock in the morning, will get her steam up for Algiers. May I be there to follow! The programme, you will perceive, is a sufficiently rapid one.

Whenever a French monarch makes a progress—however transitory it may be—through the departments, a deluge of petitions is sure to descend upon him. Every one, from M. le Maire down to Jacques Bonhomme in his blouse and sabots, wants something: promotion, the cross of the Légion, a pension,

a pardon, justice against a knavish lawyer, protection from the tyranny of a mother-in-law, funds to pay off a mortgage or to pursue a course of study tending to the discovery of the perpetual motion—anything you choose to mention. Centralisation has made of the Prince in France a kind of sublunary Providence, and all mortals pray to him. In England no one knows what becomes of the petitions showered upon Parliament every afternoon in the session. What, for instance, will be the future of that recent memorial of the gentlemen in the Isle of Dogs who want the British Museum to be opened on Sundays? I never saw a petition lining a trunk or encircling a pat of butter. I fancy that the blue books and the petitions must retire to some limbo of oblivion, as, according to Sam Weller, the old postboys and the old donkeys go off, in pairs, "an 'I niver hard narawun sey 'ded myoule,'" writes Mr. Josh Billings. As for petitions addressed directly to the sovereign, I should advise you in England not to attempt the presentation of one. Z 92 would take you into custody in a trice, and it might fare hard with you. In France, written supplications from the very meanest of the community are carefully read, and their prayer, if it be worth anything, is answered. The fact is, that the only possible appeal in this country is to Cæsar, and Cæsar must perforce incline his ear to the appellants. Some precautions are still necessary to guard against the chief magistrate's being absolutely suffocated as he passes, in his open carriage, by bolsters

of paper. Thus the multitudinous tribe of petitioners are warned this morning, by authority, to lodge their supplications at the Hôtel de Ville, a special bureau having been prepared for the reception of such documents; and the public are strongly "recommended to abstain" from casting bouquets or letters into the Emperor's carriage. To what altitude above the heads of the clerks in the special bureau the pile of petitions has by this time risen, I have not been informed. I don't know what high-water mark may be at the Pont de Serin; but I do most sincerely pity M. Pietri in view of the amount of work in opening envelopes and reading spider-like scrawls which his Majesty's private secretary will have to get through during the next twenty-four hours. And the petitions of Marseilles are yet to come. As for the classes who have no private or personal requisitions to make, they are banded together in a many-headed legion of expectants who are in hopes that Napoleon III. will at once take the tolls off all the bridges across the Saône! A Ministerial paper discreetly points out that if this act of grace were accorded, so many passengers would at once flock over the bridges, that these structures might give way beneath their weight—a hypothesis which strikes me as being, at the least, ingenious.

Special preparations have of course been made for the Imperial visit; but the city does not wear that all-pervading festive and holiday appearance which would be at once apparent

on the day of so momentous an event in an English town. An extra allowance of tricoloured flags apart, there is, in truth, no need to put any considerable place in la belle France in gala apparel. There is always a *fête*. *C'est le soleil et la gaieté nationale qui font les frais*—"Phœbus and a light-hearted people are always on hand to pay the pipers." The holidays seem to last all the year round. At the same trim little tables on the pavement, in front of the same handsome cafés, sit the same ten thousand people who have nothing to do. They are morning, noon, and night doing it:—playing cards and dominoes without gambling, smoking the strongest and worst cigars without tumbling over with paralysis of the brain, and sipping *petits verres* without getting tipsy. A strange people! I don't think the most temperate of Frenchmen could exist without a certain allowance of cognac in the course of every day; and yet who ever saw a Frenchman "tight?" What in England would a banker think of his clerk if he beheld him sitting in the street, outside a tavern, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, smoking a cigar as big as a black pudding, drinking raw brandy, and taking a hand at piquet? That banker would at once opine that his clerk was going to the dogs. Change the scene to France, and the banker will be regaling himself with absinthe at one table, while the subordinate finishes up with vermouth at another.

There is to be a grand Musical Festival this evening at the

principal theatre—one of the largest and handsomest in provincial France. Félicien David's *Desert*—a very appropriate *pièce de circonstance*, when it is remembered that the illustrious visitors to Lyons will so soon make a personal acquaintance with Sahara—is to be performed, and it is earnestly hoped that the Emperor will be present. The festival is for the benefit of the unemployed workmen of Lyons, of whom there are unhappily at present many thousands. For day labourers—masons and bricklayers, carpenters and painters—employment has been found on those public works which vie, and on no contemptible scale, with the colossal undertakings by means of which under the Imperial *régime* Paris has been all but entirely transformed. Lyons has undergone a kindred metamorphosis. On every side sumptuous buildings are rising—their dazzling façades of carved stone contrasting strangely with the crumbling and blackened walls of the few old buildings which have escaped the besom of municipal reform. Haussmanism is visible from end to end of lower Lyons. New quays, new bridges, new streets, among which the Rue de l'Impératrice is pre-eminent; broad foot-pavements, where before were only jagged stones and filthy gutters; the Hôtel de Ville—which, in point of size and splendour, ranks next to the Stadt House at Brussels—repaired and restored; the magnificent Bourse rebuilt; new boulevards, hotels, cafés, shops, and private houses innumerable —all attest the renovating zeal which the example

of Imperial Paris has instilled into the departments. There is scarcely a trace of provincialism in the Lyons of 1865. It has a thoroughly metropolitan appearance. It has drapers' shops which rival the "Magasins du Louvre" or the "Villes de France." It has a school of painting of its own, and the Société des Amis des Arts is said to be as wealthy and prosperous as our Art Union. Only now and then—in one of those crumbling and blackened tenements of which I have spoken, peeping through a bright perspective of bran-new six-storied mansions; or in a time-worn and weather-stained statue of the Virgin and Child in a niche at a street corner; or in a lowly little wooden stall clinging to the wall of a church, and displaying for sale clumsy wooden shoes, little saints and saintesses in coarse earthenware, street ballads of the rudest kind, flaring sheets of woodcuts setting forth the sufferings of the Wandering Jew, the adventures of Géneviève de Brabant, and the appalling tortures inflicted by Monsieur and Madame Croquemitaine upon naughty boys and girls—can you find aught to remind you that you are not in Paris. Everywhere else are traces of Imperialism—of the new, the splendid, and the sudden.

In the Croix Rousse, and elsewhere too in the working quarters of the city, there is much poverty and its inevitable attendant—sickness. Look through the broken casement into that poor dark room. There are the beams and threads, and

the sickly weaver, brooding. His face is very yellow-white. He has always a blue, bristly beard of four days' growth. He always wears a woollen nightcap in the daytime. God help you, sickly weaver: you have a bad time of it, though it is your business to array Solomon in all his glory, and to dress his multitudinous concubines in silken sheen. For how many hundred years have you been sickly and squalid, and half-starved:—you, and your twin-brethren in Spitalfields and Coventry? Good harvests or bad harvests, Palmerston or Derby uppermost, the weaver is always poor and pinched and sickly. The loom in Lyons, just now, does not move quickly enough. The shuttle is not thrown so often as it should be. The manufactures of Lyons have not recovered from the stagnation brought about by that horrible American war. The weavers are in a pitiable state; and in a state as pitiable they will continue, I fear, till weavers are no longer needed, or till kingdom come.

HE COMES.

We all started up from the *table d'hôte* at the news that Napoleon III. had really and truly arrived, and we reached the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville in time to hear the acclamations which greeted the ruler of the French people as, accompanied by a brilliant staff, and preceded by the prefect, M. Chevreau, he entered the municipal palace, and proceeded to the suite of apartments prepared for him. The Emperor looked in the best

of health and spirits, and was evidently well pleased with his reception. It was most enthusiastic. The working classes were very fully represented on the occasion, and especially conspicuous in awarding a cordial welcome to the man who has done so much for them; and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Napoléon III.!" from the blouses rent the air in all directions. The Grand Theatre of Lyons is within a few paces of the rear of the Hôtel de Ville, and the intervening space was closely packed with sight-seers, determined to catch a glimpse of the Emperor as, having dined, he crossed the *parvis* on his way to the theatre. Here, and in the adjoining Rues Impériale and de l'Impératrice, all Lyons seemed to be concentrated. Circulation was not impeded, thanks to the exertions of a number of very courteous gendarmes, who persuaded much more than they coerced; whose towering cocked hats appeared to act as a more powerful solvent on the masses than do the truncheons of our own somewhat too rough-and-ready police-constables; and who, while insisting that stationary groups should move on, did their spiriting most gently, as though conscious that their reputation for gallantry among the fair sex was at stake, and they were anxious not to imperil it by unnecessary harshness. The throng was, nevertheless, an enormous one. The ten thousand people with nothing to do became suddenly multiplied by twenty, and took up a stronger position than ever at the tables on the pavement. Shrill cries for *chartreuse verte*

and *parfait amour* resounded on every side, and the consumption of good coffee and bad cigars was unprecedented. At the door of every other shop were giggling and romping groups of *grisettes*. The Lyonnese *grisette* is a delightful fact. She is tall, shapely, and exceedingly handsome, and although not so picturesque in attire as her Bordelaise sister, is still charming and coquettish enough to drive the least excitable of males crazy. Her eyes are like those of a young antelope; and her hair is so dark and glossy that she can well afford to despise the last Parisian vanity of essaying, by means of ochres and unguents, to turn it red. It is only, indeed, as you penetrate south that you begin to see the French *grisette* in her true colours. To-morrow I shall see her at Avignon, at Montélimar, at Marseilles. The Parisian *grisette*—the racy little thing who was first introduced to polite society by the delightful Lafontaine, that large-hearted fabulist, "in wit a man, simplicity a child,"—the *grisette* whom Béranger sang, whom Charlet and Gavarni drew, whom Paul de Kock immortalised in prose—exists no longer. Either she is ugly, and nobody takes any notice of her save dissolute septuagenarians in the Marais, or medical students in their first term; or, being pretty, she ceases to be a *grisette*, and becomes a *cocotte*—the cold, calculating, rapacious creature with false hair, and a falser heart, and painted eyes, who rides in the Bois de Boulogne in a basket carriage, with postilions and outriders,—the barterer of smiles

for gold who is ever on the watch for Russian princes and South American diplomatists whom she can fascinate, enspare, and devour. But the *grisette* of the South has not yet begun to paint, or ceased to love.

Hark to that monotonous sing-song drawl in front of a *café*. Here is a whole "school" of "patterers"—the principal, the second, and the "stall"—close kinsmen to the Seven Dials' "death and fire hunters" who pervade West-end streets after nightfall, and cozen servant-maids sent out for the beer into buying halfpennyworths of apocryphal news. "*Demandez, demandez, messieurs et mesdames, le programme de l'arrivée dans sa bonne ville de Lyon de sa Majesté Napoléon Trois, Empereur des Français, le prix duquel est dix centimes.*" Such is the burden of the Lyons patterer's deep diapason.

It is well worth while expending two sous in the broadsheet which he sells; for, although the "programme" is but a reprint of the paragraph in *Le Progrès* of this morning, there is joined to it a document which is worth ten times ten cents—I mean the letter just addressed to the Minister of the Interior by the Emperor, relative to the improvements still necessary to perfect the complete "agglomeration" of the city of Lyons. This Napoleon III. proposes to do by relieving the bridges over the Saône, of which I spoke just now, of all tolls or dues; by demolishing the old bastions and casemates of La Croix Rousse; by clearing the approaches to the Archbishop's Palace; and finally

by the creation of two new "squarrs"—one in the suburb of La Guillotière, the other on the grounds just vacated by the displacement of the great Seminary of Lyons. The terms in which the Emperor announces his intention are significant. His Majesty points out that, as the bridges over the Rhône have already been enfranchised, a similar measure of liberality is essential to those which cross the Saône. This measure will cost nearly four millions and a half of francs, and the expense is to be chargeable equally to the budget of the city of Lyons and to that of the State. Fancy the frenzy of the county members at home, if it were proposed to make Waterloo Bridge toll-free at the cost and charges of the British Government! The Emperor proceeds to argue that the fortifications of the Croix Rousse are morally as well as materially obsolete—"*elles n'ont plus aucune raison d'être.*" They would be useless as a means of defence against a foreign foe, and the time has gone by when it was deemed necessary to raise barriers against internal revolt. "The industrial population of Lyons," remarks the Emperor, "are too intelligent, they know too well how much I have their interests at heart, to wish to compromise them by raising commotions. I desire, then, to replace the wall of *octroi*, the work of the suspicions and the misgivings of a bygone epoch, by a vast boulevard, planted with trees, which shall be an enduring testimony of my confidence in the good sense and the patriotism of the people of Lyons." In another portion of this remarkable

letter the Emperor specifies what has been done to prevent the recurrence of inundations, and what there yet remains to do to give "light and air" (*de l'air et du soleil*) to the populous quarters of the city. Surely these are very pregnant words to be heard in this great city, where, twenty years since, the rumblings of discontent were almost incessantly heard. The weavers were poor and sickly then as now; but it was at their rulers' doors that they laid their sickness and their poverty; and ever and anon they rose against them fiercely, and strove to rend them in pieces. In that admirable series of Tracts published by the Messrs. Chambers for the purpose of disseminating information among the people, there is not one more interesting in its theme, more graphic in its narrative, more mournful in the moral it points, than that which contains the account of the insurrections at Lyons in 1832 and 1835. There is scarcely a stone in the declivitous streets of the Croix Rousse but which might be cemented with the blood of Frenchmen slain there. Through the streets which Napoleon III. will traverse to-morrow in peace, and honour, and the midst of a shouting concourse, regiments of cavalry have charged till the hoofs of their horses were bloody. Every narrow lane has been choked by barricades; from every point of vantage the cannon have belched forth their messages of slaughter, or volleys of musketry have mown down men, women, and children. It is good to hear of the grim, stupid, unreasoning bastions, built to

keep down that ghastly chronic phantom of "*l'Emeute*," being laid low, and giving place to "a vast boulevard, planted with trees." It will be a long time, one may venture to predict, before the workmen of Lyons rise in revolt again. Why do men revolt? Because they are unhappy. I will go further still—why do they steal? Because they are poor and miserable, and were born hungry, and bred miserable and dirty. And the cure? It is the old story. The architect, and he who directs the architect, are the two great reformers. Pull down the filthy hovel and the frowning wall, let sunshine and air into the poor man's dwelling, give him water to wash with and books to read, and you may give the perpetual policeman an all but perpetual holiday.

Lyons is ablaze to-night with illuminations. There is scarcely a window without a loyal Chinese lantern, or at least a patriotic dip; and on the staircase of the Grand Hotel I have counted forty-seven elderly gentlemen, in white cravats and Gibus hats, and with the ribbon of the Legion at their button-holes, bound to the gala performance at the theatre.

V.

MARSEILLES.—IN THE CANNEBIÈRE.

" Mes enfants, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa.
V'là bien longtemps de ça ;
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
À pied grimpant le coteau,
Où, pour voir, je m'étais mise—
Il avait petit chapeau,
Avec redingote grise—
Auprès de lui je me troublai.
Il me dit, 'Bonjour, ma chère !
Bonjour, ma chère.'—
'Il vous a parlé, grand' mère ?—
Il vous a parlé !' "

BÉRANGER.—*Les Souvenirs du Peuple.*

THE rejoicings of Lyons, although on a very sumptuous and complete scale, and altogether of the most gratifying description, were eminently genteel, and not devoid of the solidity and gravity befitting a great manufacturing centre. Lyons, too, assumes to be a metropolitan rather than a provincial city, and may have been wishful to make strangers believe that she was

accustomed to emperors, and respected her own dignity too much to make any unnecessary fuss over them. Moreover, the *Agglomération Lyonnaise* has its *Rive Gauche* as Paris has—its certain proportion of politicians, not, I believe, among the working classes, but in the more elevated ranks of the community, who cannot be brought to think well of the existing Government, or any existing Government, and whose *nil admirari* disposition may have aided in repressing the effervescence of popular enthusiasm, very much as a finger placed on the rim of a champagne glass tends to keep the merry bubbles from racing down the sides, and so on to the table-cloth. In a word, the Emperor was received in Lyons much as he is generally received in Paris—with great and apparently genuine joy by the operatives for whose material well-being he has worked so steadily; with cordial courtesy by the *bourgeoisie*, who are not in any part of the South very demonstrative; and with calm good-breeding by the Upper Ten Thousand.

At Marseilles the case was very different. The reception swelled into a triumph, and that of the most colossal kind. There might have been reasons for such an outburst of popular jubilation as I saw on the last of April—an outburst certainly never surpassed in my experience of the entries of sovereigns into their cities. Marseilles could be, in the first place, under no apprehensions of compromising her dignity by being noisier in her demonstrations of gladness than Paris; for Paris is, in the

unanimously received Marseillais opinion, a very mean and contemptible little place when compared with *la grrrrrande ville de Marseille.* "If Paris had a Cannebière," they say, "Paris would be *oun petit Marseille.*" The Tuileries are all very well; so may be the Louvre; but what are both to the Château Impérial and the new marine villa which the Marseillais are building for their well-beloved sovereign, in order, to use their own *naïve* expression, that he may "always have his feet in the sea?" As for the Champs Elysées, bah! has not Marseilles her Prado? Can the Bois de Boulogne vie with the Chemin de la Corniche? Is not the Arche de l'Etoile a mere sentry-box by the side of the Porte d'Aix? Are the column in the Place Vendôme and the monument to Bishop Belzunce fit to be named in the same breath? How can Paris affect supremacy when she has no Quai de la Joliette, and no Bassin Napoléon, to say nothing of the Old Port? and, in fine, can the Château de Vincennes bear scrutiny by the side of the Château d'If? The Marseillais are firmly convinced that it cannot. They hold the comfortable and wholesome creed that their own city—and a very jolly, bustling, handsome city it is—is the most splendid on the face of the globe; and that Paris, London, St Petersburg, and the rest, are but so many obscure and "one-horse" capitals. I call this creed "wholesome." Is it not so? What could there be more salutary than for a man to believe that his own place, his own people, his own manners and customs,

are the very best in the whole world? Abstractedly, such a persuasion may look like egotism and vanity, but in reality it is *patriotism*. A Little Pedlingtonian has an immutable right to stand up for the superiority of Little Pedlington against the whole universe in arms. I remember once seeing in a Paris café a gentleman from the hot southern city I am now inhabiting, and who, having been overcharged some fifteen centimes by the waiter, flew into a violent passion (as is customary with his compatriots), foamed at the mouth, and proceeded to split a marble table in half, to demolish a pile of coffee-cups, bottles, and glasses, to half-strangle the offending *garçon* in his own white cravat, and, on the whole, to do about a hundred and fifty francs worth of damage. "*Ze le ferai connaître, le brigand!*" he exclaimed, panting, when the *sergents de ville* had gotten him under the armpits, "*que ze souis Marseillais!*"

And on this head I am reminded of a poor flower-girl on St. Mark's Place, who once offered a halfpenny bouquet to an English tourist. Like a *goujat bourru* as he was, he refused it. The flower-girl told him, smiling, as only the Venetians can smile, that she did not want any money: he still haughtily declined; but, as ill luck would have it, when he reached the Piazzetta, he, being again importuned, but by another flower-girl, *bought* a rose from her. Forthwith florist number one sprang towards him, and stabbed him under the fifth rib. Beyond the Alps, they have usually a knife handy, *en*

cas de nuit—ou de jour. The Spanish women carry their *cuchillos* in their garters; the Italians, I should fancy, in their corsets. When interrogated as to the motives of her crime, she answered proudly, "He despised me. What right had he to despise me? *Non son io Veneziana?* Am I not a Venetian?" And the raggedest gondolier on the Lido might brain you with his oar, now, if you were to tell him that there were more ships at Trieste than at Venice.

You will thus understand that "*la grrrrrande ville de Marseille*" is, in the estimation of the natives of the Department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, a city unsurpassed and incomparable. Held by the strongest of Trotman's anchors to this rock of faith, the old place, which claims, with what reason I know not, to have a Phœnician origin, but which was undeniably a Roman station of importance, determined to give the emperor a reception after her own fashion. Napoleon III. has done much for Marseilles, as he has for every other town in France. He has embellished it; he has enlarged it; he has replaced foul and filthy alleys by noble streets full of palaces; he has developed the industrial and commercial resources of the city—in a word, he has imbued with life and action that which was heretofore supine and inert. But beyond all these, he has another and a stronger claim to Marseillais gratitude. He has abrogated the unutterable abominations of the Old Port. He has constructed new and commodious docks. He has drained a city once the

unhealthiest in Europe. He has made Marseilles smell sweet. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*: look around upon broad foot-pavements instead of hideous kennels; upon wide windows in place of blinking casements; upon streams of fair water in lieu of heaps of ordure. The strong hand of Sanitary Reform in Marseilles has bound with links of iron the Old Devil of the Levant, who had his head in Cairo, his arms at Smyrna and Stamboul, his feet at Marseilles. Remember the Plague. The death-carts have lumbered up the Cannebière; Solomon Eagle has been heard in the Cours St. Louis; the plague-pits were on the road to Arles. That Belzunce monument I spoke of was erected to the memory of a good Catholic bishop who did his best to stay the ravages of disease in Marseilles in Louis the Fifteenth's time. Over and over again has the city been more than decimated by the most virulent form of Oriental pestilence. Marseilles was ever at war with the plague, as the Knights of Malta were ever at war with the Turks. Like a thief in the night the pestilence would creep into the port—now in a bale of goods, now in the rags of a ransomed captive from Algiers or Tunis, and swoop down upon the defenceless population. The sun and the mud, and the narrow streets and dirty houses, did the rest. Now, although we are prone enough to forget the benefits that have been conferred upon us, we generally preserve some decent kind of gratitude towards the doctor who has saved our life.

Napoleon III. has done, and is doing, his best towards doctoring his great Mediterranean seaport into health; and the gratitude felt by the southerners is enhanced by the reflection that the Imperial reforms have conduced not only towards purifying, but also towards beautifying, that which they hold dear as the apple of their eye—*La grrrrande ville de Marseille.**

And there remains another reason why a glorious welcome is ever rendered by this hospitable and impulsive population to any one who bears the name of Bonaparte. The Marseillais claim the first Emperor as one of themselves. He was born, it is true, in Corsica; but he belonged from early associations to the shores of Provence. His father sought health at Montpellier;

* Since this was written, the cholera has visited Marseilles; but we are entitled to assume that its progress would have been aggravated in severity but for the architectural and sanitary precautions which have been taken of late days in *la ggggrande ville*. Yet did I meet one inhabitant, who held the re-edification of the city in much disfavour, and prognosticated the direst results therefrom. The Cassandra in question was an old woman who kept a book-stall in a lane off the Rue St. Ferréol. "I should not wonder," she mumbled out, "if all this *va et vient*, this pulling down of good old streets and houses, were to bring the plague of 1721 back to Marseilles." On interrogating her I found her imbued with a prejudice—for the rest, deeply rooted among her country-people—that what is known as *le remuement des terres*, or digging up of old foundations, is sure to provoke the outbreak of infectious disease. Even in enlightened Paris a similar hypothesis prevails; and I have heard that the stonemasons and bricklayers employed on the new boulevards have christened by the name of "la Fièvre Haussmannique," a certain kind of low fever, which, they declare, is bred by stirring up the ruins of old buildings.

his brother Joseph married into a family of the Marseilles *bourgeoisie*. At Marseilles for years lived in poverty and obscurity that grandest of matrons, Letitia Ramolini, afterwards to become Madame Mère. Thither came her son, the young artillery officer out of employ—the artillery officer who could not go to Jerusalem for lack of a pair of boots, and remained at home to conquer Europe—to Marseilles he came, poor and under a cloud, to brood over the fallen fortunes of his house; to revolve strange schemes of ambition in his mind; to carve, perchance, "Imperio" on some garden-seat in the Allée des Capucines, as he afterwards carved "Battaglia" on the tree the night before Marengo. At Marseilles budded into matchless beauty the Three Graces of this wonderful family—Caroline, Eliza, and Pauline,* afterwards to bloom on the proudest thrones of the Continent. Marseilles has not forgotten these things. *La grrrrrande ville* hails the first Napoleon as an adopted son. *C'est un payse.* To her he is *L'homme du Midi*—the man of the South, who could speak Italian before he could speak French, and who, in familiar converse, even to the day of his death, used the *lingua franca* in preference to the Parisian of the boulevards; who, all sceptic as he was said to be, would in moments of agitation cross himself as the Southrons are wont

* I picked up, lately, a medal bearing the head of this beautiful and naughty woman. It is struck from a "dump" without a collar. Pauline's hair is arranged, *à la Grecque*, and the legend is ΠΑΥΛΙΝΑ ΣΕΒΑΣΤΟΥ ΑΔΕΛΦΗ;—what a trumpet-title: "Pauline the sister of Augustus!"

to do, and who once nearly killed himself by his addictedness to Provençal cookery. Yes; a mess of mutton and garlic —'tis said it was poisoned—very nearly cooked the goose of Achilles.

Can it then be matter for astonishment if Marseilles turned out *en masse*, in her very best clothes, and waited with festive impatience until sundown to greet the prevailing Bonaparte? His Majesty's reception was, it may be at once stated, of the most uproarious kind. There was nothing genteel about it. The Marseillais are the noisiest people in all Europe. The Marseillais himself very much resembles a roaring lion. He is like the Dougal Creature made swarthy in a Southern sun—like a Nottingham rough with a *gousse d'ail* in his button-hole. His big head is covered with a shock of tufted black hair; his large black eyes flash, his square white teeth gleam. He is always clenching his fists. He rages furiously, and continually imagines a vain thing. He swears awfully. Fortunately for the peace of the world, he rarely drinks anything stronger than thin wine or sugar and water. If he did, there would be murder every hour in the day. Pass a cabaret or a café, and the howling of Bedlam smites your tympanum. Innumerable bulls of Bashan seem to be lowing in disconcert. Look in and you will see scores of angry men, their eyes starting from their heads, shaking their fists at each other, and launching forth volleys of execrations. The rich sometimes smash the furniture, like

my friend in the café at Paris; the poor have an occasional tussle, in which they grasp one another by the tufts of black hair, but they do not stab. They are the best natured people in Europe, and are always falling out and falling in again.

When I arrived at Marseilles from Lyons, at half-past six in the morning, I thought by the prodigious row going on that an *émeute* had broken out, or that at least, to use the locution of the French penny-a-liners when one *gamin* kicks another under the chin in the exercise of *la savate*, that "the *rixe* had declared itself." The railway porters were running about, uttering wild cries; they almost threw your luggage at your head, instead of making you wait five-and-forty minutes for it; and the custom-house officer at the *octroi*, instead of asking whether I had any articles in my portmanteau liable to duty, overwhelmed me with questions relative to Lyons and the Emperor—"How did he look?—*avait-il le petit air content?*" I answered that he looked very well contented indeed. The hand of the functionary trembled so with excitement that he could scarcely hold his fiscal chalk, and made the customary cabalistic sign on the skirt of my coat, in lieu of my valise. The cab-driver swore at his horses in quite a jocund tone, and was in too good a temper to have overcharged me at all; but they have at Marseilles a very excellent system to prevent cab-extortion under any circumstances. An inspector surveys you ere you enter the vehicle; learns your destination; sees how

much baggage you have; takes stock of you generally; and then hands you a pink card on which is pencilled the precise amount you have to pay. If you like to give the driver a few sous by way of a *pourboire*, that is your own affair. He dares not ask you for any excess above his legal fare.

The Marseilles cabby, however, is not quite perfect. There occurred during the stay I made in the city, on returning from Algiers, one of the queerest cab accidents I ever remember. A young man came home from sea—from the coast of Brazil, I think—to visit his family, from whom he had been separated for years. He brought with him a friend, a creole, from Rio, with his pockets full of gold moidores, and anxious to find a French wife. Both son and friend were cordially received at the old home; there was a gala dinner; and in the evening the two young men, his mother, and his sister, a very pretty girl, who had already begun to look tenderly on the creole, must needs go to the Grand Theatre. They lived in one of the small houses on the old Port, and chartered a four-wheel cab from the rank there. Now the regular driver of this cab was away at a wine-shop drinking; but he had left his vehicle in charge of a kind of stable-helper, a raw lad of about fifteen. The boy was nothing loth to drive the pleasure-party to the theatre; but the night was dark; the gas-lamps on the old Port are few; the coachman was unsteady. The end of it was that the horses ran away, and that the entire machine was hurled into the sea.

The young girl, with rare presence of mind, contrived to smash one of the windows of the submerged cab, and to escape from that horrible prison. She rose to the surface, and was rescued. The boy-coachman, although he could not drive, was a good swimmer, and escaped, like the man in Maccabees, "by the skin of his teeth." But the sailor, his old mother, and the creole were drowned. Can you imagine anything wretcheder than the condition of that poor little half-drowned girl, saved only to find that she had lost her mother, her brother, and a sweetheart? The young stable-helper and the real driver were both put on their trial; the former for gross and wanton carelessness, the latter for confiding his carriage to a person under age, and for contravening, besides, the law by neglecting to make him wear his (the driver's) badge during his absence. Finally the boy's father was also tried for not taking better care of his son. The verdict was an odd mixture of red tape and pure equity. The boy was acquitted, as having acted "without discrimination;" the father was fined; and the official driver was sent to prison for a long period, and mulct in the costs of the trial.

When I reached the Grand Hôtel du Louvre de la Paix—not to be confounded with the Grand Hôtel de Marseille, for everything just now seems "grand" in France generally and in Marseilles especially—I found the staff and guests in a state of hysterical commotion. The bedroom they gave me was full of flags and streamers which workmen were hanging from the

balcony, and I was glad to see that, the hotel being much patronised by Overland Route passengers, a plentiful supply of union-jacks had been laid in. The house was crammed to suffocation, and the *salle-à-manger* overflowed with naval officers in the picturesque but somewhat melodramatic uniform patronised by the French Marine, and which reminds you equally of that of the Admiral in *Black-eyed Susan* and the riding-master at Astley's. Such a noise, too! Madame (stout, black-eyed, and rosy lipped) shrilly scolding waiters from her rocking-chair in the covered court; bells ringing; the electric telegraph clicking all over the house, like a legion of crickets; Marseillais gentlemen squabbling about nothing at all, in a torrent of "*enfins*," and "*quand je vous le dis;*" and British tourists shouting from the third loft, "*Antoine, moi besoin eau chaude pour rasy, savvy-vous? toute suite.*" The Grand Hôtel was the Tower of Babel, and *not* in miniature.

A very pretty young English lady in the reading-room, who was trying on a pair of primrose kids preparatory to going to church, told me that she took sevens in gloves, and that the hands of all her acquaintances being smaller, she was "glove-stretcher-general to the English colony at Marseilles"—than which I think I never heard a more artless and less vain confession.

As, amidst the absorbing preoccupation of the day, "*eau chaude pour rasy*" was an article more easily asked for than

obtained, I went into the shop of a "coiffeur de Paris," to be "barbed," as the Americans phrase the process of shaving. The shop was in a by-street, and not fashionable, of which I was glad, for it was full of genuine Marseilles life. Seven gentlemen, very hirsute, very swarthy, with gold rings in their ears, and looking very much like seven brigands or seven sworn foes to Il Signor Babbage, who had left their organs in the adjoining Cannebière, were sitting on seven chairs, awaiting their turn for barbing. I was the eighth, and sat down, too, pending the arrival of *my* turn. I never knew such a curious barber's. The customers were all Frenchmen, and they were all talking vehemently, but they did not speak a word I could understand. The *sound* of the Provençal patois is half French and half Italian, but verbally is like neither. The floor was covered thick with tufts of black hair. The Marseillais always has his hair cut on the morning of a *fête:* his head is so hot. It grows, however, I should imagine, before evening, hydra fashion. By-and-bye came in a ninth man, who spoke comprehensible French, and who had his hair *in paper*. Then there was a row. A dispute arose between him *en papillotes* and the barber—first, relative to the merits of a little black dog with a red collar, answering to the name of Biribi, and next on the moot point whether a little man looked best in a big hat, or a big man in a little one. "The *rixe* declared itself." They did not come to blows, but the storm of "*Troun di Dious*"

was awful. I was watching nervously for the flash of cold steel, when one of the brigand-looking gentlemen took down a guitar hanging by the side of the case full of false collars and *pommade hongroise*, and, striking up a plaintive air, began to sing a song in *patois* of which I could catch the title, "Lou Miracle." The rest joined in chorus, and there was a little dance :—the scene of hostile contention became an academy of the Gay Science. Add to this the fumes of many dreadful cigars and a spicy gale of garlic, impregnating everybody and everything, down to the very razor and shaving soap, and you may gain some notion of a barber's shop at Marseilles. The barber only charged me ten cents; but to me the experience of his establishment was worth ten francs.

The Grand Hôtel is situate in the Rue de Noailles, a grand new street, built by the Emperor in continuation of the Cannebière. The Marseillais, however, disdain to call it "De Noailles," and speak of it as *La Cannebière prolongée*. I cannot help fancying that they regard this protraction of their beloved thoroughfare as an attempt to paint the lily and gild refined gold. The Cannebière was perfection before; why strive to improve it? This often-mentioned street is, in truth, handsome enough, and as wide as the Rue de la Paix, in Paris, but not much longer. The best shops and hotels of Marseilles line its *trottoir*, and it leads directly down to the port and to

the sea. There are streets quite as noble in Lyons and in Bordeaux; but the chief charm of the Cannebière consists in its incessant and characteristic life and bustle, and the varied costumes of the people, who seem to have been culled indiscriminately from all the nations under the sun.

Venice used to be the most cosmopolitan-looking place in Europe; but in these, the sad days of her hopeless bondage, she has grown monotonous. Beyond the old Turk at the Caffè Aurora, in a fez cap and baggy brown silk breeches, clean white stockings, and carpet slippers, who sits puffing at his chibouck from morn to night, as though he expected blind Dandolo to come and conquer him again—beyond this antiquated fixture, with the bare-legged gondoliers, the white-coated Austrians, and the black-robed and veiled Venetian ladies, the picturesque has fled from the Queen of the Adriatic. But here in the Cannebière thousands are running to and fro, clothed in different habits, gabbling different tongues, knowing not, perchance, their right hand from their left. There are Greeks in roomy galligaskins and long-tasseled skull-caps—Greeks with small dark eyes and silky black moustaches like leeches, and who, if they are not rascals, might certainly bring actions for libel against their countenances.* There are Wallachs and Bulgares in sheepskin

* Marseilles swarms with public *cabinets de toilettes* at fifteen centimes, and wayfarers are directed to them by notices in every language. M. Victor Hugo makes a great deal of the word A'NA'ΓKH, which he found on the portal of

jackets and caps, all broiling as is the sun. There are Maltese sailors, suspicious-looking varlets with parti-coloured sashes of many folds about their loins—sashes in which I am very much mistaken if knives do not lurk. There are sunburnt sailors and engineers—many of them English—from the Mediterranean steamers in port, for Marseilles is the Southampton of France. There are Parisians, "dressed up to the nines," and regarding all things save the dark-eyed grisettes with supercilious glances. At the dark-eyed grisettes the Parisians direct amorous grins and lolling looks of admiration. There is the British paterfamilias and his wife, and his children, and his man-servant, and his maid-servant, inspecting everything with a stern air, as though it were, somehow or another, a humbug and "an infamous attempt at extortion, by Jove." And, finally, there are the Marseillais themselves, who are picturesque enough in look and gesture to satisfy the most sedulous disciples of Salvator Rosa, or the Spaniard Goya. Nobody can tell exactly who the Marseillais are. They have certainly very little either of the Gaul or the Frank in their composition. They say themselves that they are Romans; and the oldest families of the Provençal aristocracy claim to be descended from Pontius Pilate, who, as the legends tell, settled here and made a good end of it. Some

Nôtre Dame de Paris; what would he say to the Κοινοχσησία, or the Εὐχρησημα and similar Attico-Romaic inscriptions staring one in the face at Marseilles.

say they spring from a Phœnician colony; and others that in origin they are Greek. From a touch of "Yorkshire" in the midst or their ebullient temperament, I should opine that they are not quite five hundredth cousins to the Hellenes.

I will spare you a lengthened description of the manner in which the whole of the Emperor's route from the terminus to the port was hung with banners; how the balconies were festooned with velvet and gold and tapestry; and how the very lamp-posts were wreathed with flowers. This superb avenue closed at the end of the Cannebière, from which the two quays which line the Port branch off. At the head of this Port, or natural basin—and a very nasty and insalubrious basin it has always been—was a sumptuous pavilion, its canopy draped with crimson velvet and bullion fringe, its curtains looped up with cords of gold. At the corners the tricolor was arranged *en faisceaux*, and at the base were large vases of flowers and shrubs. The edge of the Port on either side was roped in, and laid out as a perfect garden, with a gravelled walk, flower-beds, and parterres. Here two marines—or rather two sailors doing duty as marines, cross-belts above their blue frocks, and on their arms shining muskets with sword bayonets—walked to and fro. Every one was free to come up to the crimson ropes and stare at the impromptu garden, and at the war steamer l'Aigle, which was to convey the Emperor to Algiers. No jetty was needed for his Majesty to embark. The

steamer—a handsome paddle-wheel one—had been moored with the stern close to the dock-head. There were just a few steps covered with rich carpeting leading from the gravelled walk to the gangway, and the Emperor could step on board. The quarter-deck of l'Aigle was covered with a permanent awning, which will prove, I hope, a comfort to his Majesty's staff. Napoleon III. himself must be by this time a pretty good sailor. He made the voyage to New York ere the Cunard line had her being, and it is just a quarter of a century since he made that memorable trip in the City of Edinburgh Boulogne steamer.

From broiling morn to scorching eve the concourse thinned not on the streets or in the Port. The cafés and wine-shops drove, literally, a "roaring" trade. On the quays, it may be hinted, any number of foreign sailors from the ships in harbour were disporting themselves, and these mariners had evidently been drinking something stronger than thin wine or sugar and water. Then the Port abounds with shops for the sale of singing-birds, even from the remote South American littoral and the far-off Indian scenes; thus, to the confusion of tongues was added the screeching of innumerable poll-parrots and mocking-birds. Again, it was Sunday, and the Sabbath is always a festival, and a very noisy one, in France. It is only in Paris that they are beginning to learn to shut up the shops one day out of the seven. The quacks and the mountebanks,

the jugglers and the hucksters, were doing a very thriving business in Marseilles yesterday. Mr. Dulcamara, red coat, top-boots, gig, white horse, negro servant, and all, was in full force on the Prado. Next door to the Grand Hotel a sort of mock auction was flourishing, with which was combined a lecture on popular science, illustrated by a drum which was beaten by electricity, and a *sapeur pompier*, who, being gratuitously galvanised, went into convulsions every five minutes. The itinerant sellers of sweetmeats dispensed most Oriental-looking confections, and, in proof that their goods were of the "pure grit," displayed entire sugar-loaves on their stalls. There was a great run on *pâte de guimauve*, of which the French seem to be as fond as the Americans are of plantation bitters, and which, in their opinion, is a sovereign remedy for all chest or bronchial diseases. I can remember *pâte de guimauve* even from my school days, but I was puzzled to recognise my old friend in the placard, of which I affix a copy:

ALLA RENOMEZ
DELLA PATTE DI GUIMOVE
ALLINSTAR DI LION
OUNSOULE BATONE

This mystic announcement stood, I infer, for "*A la renommée de la pâte de Guimauve, à l'instar de Lyon: un sou le bâton.*" The Marseilles version must by no means be taken as a sample

of bad spelling, but as a very high flight indeed of the Provençal muse, and the orthography of the *Langue d'Oc*. They have a newspaper published in patois here, called "*Lou Cassare*," and which is under the immediate patronage of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. It is a wonderful production, and should be bound up with Ὁ Βριτανικος Ἀστηρ, the programmes of the Eisteddfods, and the first number of the "Fonetic Nuz."

The hybrid status of Marseilles is shown, indeed, in a hundred different instances; the nationalities are not kept distinct, they blend in the oddest manner. The restaurants announce *tagliarinis* and *raviolis* in their cartes; the cabarets sell *schubach* and *vespetro*, and occasionally a money-changer makes a plunge into English on his door-jambs, by an inscription relative to "Cambio of foreign coink and notte of the Banco de Angland." All at Marseilles is a little mixed. The people are amusingly vain; but their vanity is of the most harmless and good-natured order. Thus, photography is a branch of the arts enjoying immense popularity in Marseilles. You may be photographed almost as large as life for a hundred francs, and you may obtain a single *carte de visite* at as low a rate as seventy-five centimes. There is a mine of drollery to be worked in the advertisements over the show-boards of the cheap photographers. "*Faites-vous faire comme ça pour un franc cinquante:*" "*Exactement pareil pour deux francs;*" and the like. Then comes a wondrous penny-plain-and-twopence-

coloured view of the interior of a studio, with a little man with a big beard levelling his camera at a lady in a flame-coloured moire and long ringlets, "*Salon de pose du photographe!! Monsieur Duviquet opérant lui-même!!!*" Thus runs the legend. Let not the accumulated notes of admiration be omitted. The Marseillais is always in the superlative. But why should not Duviquet operate himself? it may be asked. Is he such a very great Count, this Duviquet? Imagine a show-board hung out in Regent-street, or Parliament-street, with "Mr. Mayall, as he appeared adjusting the lens," or "Mr. John Watkins focussing the Lord High Chancellor." After all, the true secret of success in advertising is self-glorification. One cannot, somehow or another, get rid of the notion that Harper Twelvetrees is a friend of humanity, or that Mr. Miles has done much towards regenerating humanity by means of the sixteen-shilling trousers; and I have never ceased to look with admiration and respect on the self-commissioned and self-exhibited portrait of a pale, pensive, fat man in a West-end shop in London—now deceased, alas! but who has gone down to posterity as the inventor of the Somethingorium for boots and shoes.

This being Sunday, the theatres will of course be crammed. At the Gymnase they are playing *La Belle Helène*, a Paris Variétés burlesque opera, and at the Grand Theatre, which I know of old, and which is a very handsome house, the Italian

Opera Company from Nice are performing. I read in very big letters that, "in consequence of the solemnity of the occasion and the universally-expressed desire, M. Merly, *premier sujet* of the Académie Impériale of Paris and the great theatres of Milan and St. Petersburg, has delayed his departure in order to give one last representation of *Ernani*." This is very good of M. Merly, especially as the Emperor intends to dine and sleep on board l'Aigle, and does not go to the play to-night. I should like to enshrine Merly in the same show-board with Duviquet, who operates himself."

But it is three o'clock in the afternoon, and the crowd in the Cannebière is larger than ever. The country folks have come in from the environs, and to me they are charming to view. In the French provinces patriarchal manners still reign, and the fondness of every Frenchman for his mother is something quite pathetic. *Ma mère, oh, ma mère!* will always draw tears from a French audience. It has been suggested by a cynic that this excessive affection for the maternal parent is due to the fact that the son of Gaul is generally certain that his mother *is* his mother, whereas respecting his paternity there often arises a doubt which the wisest child cannot solve. Here, however, in front of the Grand Hotel gather group after group, containing three, and sometimes seemingly four, generations. There is great-grandmamma, who looks a hundred years old, and to judge by her white moustache might have served in the horse-grenadiers

under Marshal Saxe. There is grandmamma, in vast white apron and flaming head-kerchief. There is the peasant-proprietor, in waistcoat of astounding floral pattern, in bright blue coat with dwarfed tails, in striped pantaloons, in fluffy hat of amazing tallness, and with crimson umbrella tucked beneath his arms. Forget not his ear-rings, and his shirt-collar sticking up stiff on either cheek, in the form of an isosceles triangle. Then there is his wife, swarthy, black-eyed, black-haired, with a heavy gold chain round her neck, with sparkling rings in her ears and on her fingers, and with much snowy lace about her corsage and her sleeves. Multitudinous children in little striped bedgowns, padded puddings, cling to the knees of their progenitors. These are the real French peasantry in their holiday dress. Do you know where I saw their brothers and sisters last? Far, far away beyond the Atlantic Sea, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and in the little village of Charlebourg, over against Quebec, I beheld, one sunny summer Sunday, the self-same faces, the self-same caps, and waistcoats, and parti-coloured umbrellas.

These good folk were squatting, very comfortably, on the pavement; and having brought their provisions with them, were, with laudable light-heartedness, making merry. There was no one to say them nay. To "obstruct the thoroughfare" is not, save in times of *émeutes*, a crime on the continent. By and by one of the mighty men of the Grand Hotel du Louvre

et de la Paix good-naturedly caused half-a-dozen chairs to be brought out, and lent them to the rustic groups that, hitherto, had been camping on their Maker's footstools. The chairs were lent under solemn pledge that they were to be returned so soon as the Emperor had passed. Forthwith a nucleus was formed for a regular bivouac. The crowing of the children under the influence of the cane-bottoms, which could be climbed, and sprawled upon, and played bo-peep round, was charming. Let it be noted that in this part of France they grow the fattest babies that ever were seen. They are very brown and rich, and remind you of the glorious baked suet puddings, having plums in them, of youth. They are the kind of babies one would like to buy, if they did not charge so exorbitantly for luggage on the French railways, and if you only knew what the deuce to do with your purchases when you got them home. A similar dilemma deterred Mr. Victor Hugo from buying that pink sucking pig, of which he became enraptured at Mayence.

There was one little old man, in a long white coat, a broad-brimmed straw hat with a black ribbon round it, a scarlet waistcoat and knee breeches, who would suffer no one, juvenile or adult, to interfere with his chair. This being a land from which the sentiment of veneration for the aged has not yet departed, uninterrupted possession of the cane-bottom was conceded to him. Aloft he stood, for hours full twain, quite monumentally, so patient was he. He shouldered his red umbrella,

after the manner of a flag, and, from time to time, wiped the perspiration from his brow with a blue cotton handkerchief. He looked amazingly old; and his face, quaintly carved, and lovingly tinted by long sojourn under the sun, and in a vine-growing district, was suggestive, now of a brandy peach, and now of a Nuremberg nutcracker. Great deference was shown him by the bystanders, and he was evidently a patriarch *de bon aloi.*

They had postponed the hotel *table-d'hôte,* from six to seven o'clock, to give us time to see the show. I went out on to the pavement as the clock struck six, and stood by the side of the little old man with the nutcracker face. He was trembling with pleasurable excitement, and mopped his brow more assiduously than ever. The crowd filled the whole Cannebière. No attempt was made to keep a line by which the procession might pass. There were a few gendarmes, ostensibly to keep order, and a great many soldiers off duty; but nobody was under arms, or ordering anybody to stand back, and the Frenchmen in uniform were enjoying the show as hugely as their compatriots in broad-cloth and blouses. Show!—what show? Procession there turned out to be none. Only the Emperor coming among his own folk, and who was there to make him afraid? He has kept his promise to that country on the other side of Mont Cenis, and the ban of the Vehmgericht is taken off him. Italy is free, and the Carbonaro dagger sleeps in its bloody sheath.

The Cannebière was all alive; a double Gloucester overripe. Every window, every balcony, every housetop was thick with human life, and the hubbub was deafening. I am proud to say that I had given up my bedroom, which was on the third story of the Grand, to seven beautiful young ladies of Marseilles, who from the window thereof were surveying the scene. I took up a humble position among the mob. At a quarter past six the cannon from the ships began to thunder. The arrival of the Emperor at the railway terminus had been telegraphed to the dockhead. Then I could hear the greater roar of a distant multitude drowning the reverberations of the artillery. Looking up the Rue de Noailles, I could see the handkerchiefs waving and curling from the balconies like the surf on the breakers far out at sea. He was coming. He came at last in a very plain open carriage—the Senator-Prefect's, I think—with but two horses, and driven by a coachman in modest livery. The carriage moved at a walking pace; none other was possible, for it was girt all around by the mobile, just as when the Prince of Wales struggled through the city with his bride. There was no imperial pomp or splendour in the Cannebière this day. Without a single guard—without so much as an equerry or an outrider—Napoleon III. came along, smiling, standing up bareheaded in the coach. He was in a General's undress tunic, and held his Algerian *kepi* in his hand. The people just "rose at him," as Edmund Kean described the rising of the pit at Drury

Lane. To the tremendous vociferations of the surrounding thousands he returned less formal bows than a series of friendly nods. Have you never noticed that peculiarly confidential nod to which the Imperial head adapts itself, and have you never fancied that something of the nature of a wink flickered on the Imperial eyelid, as though he were remarking—in strict confidence—"This isn't a bad sort of thing, and I *rather* flatter myself that we have done the trick at last?"

The little old man with the nutcracker face was crying for joy. "*Il m'a dit bonzour*," he sobbed out. I dare say that, in his simple mind, he was firmly convinced that the Emperor had recognised and personally saluted him. I looked at the little old man's button-hole. I thought so. Yes; there it was, the bronze medal of St. Helena. And yet he had a reclamation to make. As he descended from the chair wiping his eyes, I heard the patriarch murmur: "*Ze l'aurais mieux aimé s'il avait monté oun zeval blanc.*" The scarlet *kepi* and *pantalon garance* of Napoleon III. may have jarred somewhat on the ancient. He wanted the white horse with golden housings, the grey great-coat and little cocked hat. For yonder gentleman in the carriage was to him no monarch of yesterday's creation, but *the* Emperor, the Man of the South, the man who has never been dead, the exile who has escaped from his rock—*Napoleone il Grande*, as we see his engraved portrait wonderfully imitated in oil in the background of John Millais' noble picture:

"Soggetto d' immensa invidia
E d' inestinguibil amor:"

the man most bitterly hated and most passionately loved, of all men that have ever lived.

I have seen the actual Cæsar a good many times. I remember at the Chiswick Fête, almost before Queen Victoria came to the throne, a grave quiet gentleman in a brown surtout. He had been rather unfortunate in the political line of business, and people used to laugh at him. I remember the stern fixed face I saw on the Paris boulevards on the first Thursday in December, 1851, when, isolated, and fifty paces in advance of his staff, the Prince President rode over the ruins of the barricades and the smoking embers of civil war. I remember when he passed down St. James's-street in one of the Queen of England's carriages, and laughingly pointed out to his beautiful wife the window of the second-floor in King-street where he had vegetated so long, a bankrupt, banished man. I remember when Orsini bombs were flung at him, and the panels of his coach were shivered round him, and he yet sat afterwards throughout the performance at the playhouse with face as calm and unconcerned as though he had been pelted only with the *confetti* of some Roman festival. I remember when he came back from Italy as a conqueror and liberator, and the drums in the Place Vendôme beat *aux champs*, and the Zouaves marched past. But ten days ago I saw him in that paddock at the Bois

de Boulogne, holding his little son by the hand. But I had never beheld him to so much advantage as to-day, unguarded, and all but unattended, in the midst of a people whom he has undeniably mastered, and whom he has seemingly conciliated.

It was no business of mine to be enthusiastic about French Emperors and things. "I am not his perfumer," I said, "and I should like my dinner." There was another gentleman by my side, a Frenchman, staying in the hotel, with whom I had struck up a *table-d'hôte* acquaintance. *He* was not enthusiastic. *He* was not his Majesty's perfumer. He shrugged his shoulders as Cæsar went by, and the surging mob with him literally jumping for joy. "*C'est comme ça,*" said the French gentleman, with another shrug, half discontented, half apologetic. "Yes; *c'est comme ça.*" The majority seem perfectly well satisfied: what have the minority to do but to shrug their shoulders, and acquiesce? It is a pity that the minority comprise most of the ablest and uprightest thinking men in France.

"Have you read M. Thiers' speech on the Italian question?" asked the French gentleman. "I have it here in pamphlet form. Seventy-five thousand copies have been sold in three days. The opposition is gaining ground."

"Seventy-five thousand opponents don't count for much against thirty-nine millions nine hundred and twenty-five thousand who are not in opposition. I have read Thiers.

He bites the filo beautifully—the wonderful little old man. But what does it all amount to? *C'est comme ça.* Hark, the *table-d'hôte* bell is ringing. I will bet you half a franc against your pamphlet that the soup is tapioca again to-day."

60399

VI.

ONE'S BOAT IS ON THE SHORE.

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
The bark belongs, Tom Moore,
To the Imperial Messageries."

BYRON, *variorum edition.*

YES; they gave us tapioca, for a *potage*, at the *table-d'hôte* as the Frenchman who said "*c'est comme ça*," had predicted. It was a gala dinner, however, and, in honour of the day, there were no less than four ices. Grand hotel *table-d'hôtes* are, as a rule, swindles; but that of the Louvre and de la Paix is rather an exception to the rule.

Marseilles was, through the night, *vivement émue*. I use the French term, because there is really no English one that will serve to express the extraordinary hullabalo which, from the top of the Rue de Noailles to the bottom of the Cannebière, and until sunrise, ceased not. "Much moved," would in

no wise convey to you any idea of this tremendous rumpus. Nobody—that I saw, at least—got tipsy; yet the entire population seemed stricken with moral *delirium tremens*. They were foaming at the mouth in the cafés over gooseberry syrup and shrieking in the access of the wildest orgies over lemon-water ice. The gaiety was not quite French. Your Parisian, on a fête day, enjoys himself in a simpering, smirking, giggling, and moderately-prancing manner; but he does not yell, and shout, and tear his hair, and parade the streets nine a-breast. The Marseillais does. They were at it all night: this very impulsive and susceptible people. There was a row at every corner; but the disputes were as frequently between the gendarmes themselves as between the population and authority. "*Sacré vacarme!*" exclaimed the dissatisfied reader of M. Thiers's speech, with another shrug. Well; this was "*comme ça*" likewise. They sang, too, in the public thoroughfares throughout the small hours. Street choruses are pleasant and pretty when heard from a convenient distance. Far off vocal harmony, for instance, from ships and boats in harbour is delightful. Have you not heard the dreamy "*complainte de Cadieux*" softly sung by the Canadian *voyageurs* floating down the St. Lawrence on their timber-rafts? Have you never listened to the wild, sad chants of the Indians paddling their frail canoes of birch bark from Lachine to Cuagnawagha? and the Spaniards working a fishing craft out of port, and hymning the Virgin in

gravely sonorous unison? Yes, and the homely songs, even from the foremast men gathered in the round-house of the Yankee barque in the old Port, chorusing, "Old Folks at Home," "Annie Laurie," "When this cruel War is over," "Who will think of Mother now?" Whimsical old ditties some of them are; and yet far away from home, and in the soft and stilly summer night, they are apt to bring on to the hardest cheek a drop of what Policeman X would call the "unfirmilyar brind." There is a Connecticut story of a young Yankee who made the "Tower of Europe," and, returning to Sassopolis or East Hallelujah, told his fellow-townsmen of all the famous "Eyetalian" opera singers to whom he had listened. He had heard Sontag, Cruvelli, Bosio, Patti, and the rest. "Aye, aye," quoth an elder and select man, when the youth had finished his glowing eulogium on the great lyric artists of the continent; "but did you ever hear Israel H. Parkes sing 'He shall break them in pieces like a potter's vessel,' from 'cross the mill-pond in the bright moonlight? Lawful Sakes! I've heard that young man as distinct as the gong at a hotel for beyond three-quarter of a mile. But I think he'll beat your Eyetalians." Most of us, I think, have a secret Israel H. Parkes for a cynosure. I have listened to all the queens of song of my age: even Pasta, and Malibran, and Viardot, and Grisi, in her prime; and yet of all the scenas and cavatinas that have entranced me, there is not one that I recall with so much sober

delight as a hymn which, when I was a child, used to be sung by the men of the Foot Guards from Portman Barracks attending a chapel in Great Quebec Street. I can see those doughty choristers in scarlet now, ranged in military array in the gallery, and hear them thundering out, till the panels shook, and the old organ was put to its utmost pipes to make itself felt:—

"The Lord is great; His mercy dwells——"

I forget the rest; but do not the "songs without words" make often the deepest impressions on our memories? The first word suffices, and you may hum the rest. "And how is monsieur, 'Midst pleasures and *la li la la, li la, li la, la la?*'" Rossini used to ask whenever he met an Englishman. It was the illustrious *maestro's* mode of recalling the song of "Home, sweet Home," and the name of Sir Henry Bishop.

Yes, I am fond of distant choruses; but, ye gods! how they screeched in the streets of Marseilles, and underneath one's windows, too, throughout the night and "so early in the morning," at Marseilles. Who were the singers?—Soldiers, sailors, boatmen, students. What did those incessant refrains of "*Eh, yioup, yioup, yioup!*" and "*gai, gai, gai, la gau-u-u-driole!*" mean? They are the Gallic equivalents, perchance, for our "Right tooral, lol tooral." And where on earth is the connection between "*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,*" and the Imperial visit? I perceive that the theatrical rioters at Lyons

broke out into "Malbrouk" the other night, and that the song was considered slightly seditious. Why? Mystery.*

I fell off into a broken slumber at last, and dreamt that I was an Alexandre Harmonium, and that I had been promised the Legion of Honour for walking without any clothes on through the Cannebière. Then, in the sultry season, I packed my needments, and remembered that I was bound for Africa. I had to wait many hours, however, before I could start.

* "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre," may fairly claim to be a national song in France, yet it is, as the exponent of any national sentiment, as utterly devoid of meaning as "Yankee Doodle." I never could see the slightest allusion to the tyranny of George III. and the Declaration of Independence in the quatrain:

"Yankee doodle came to town
On a little pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called him Macaroni."

There is an explanation extant of how "Yankee Doodle" came to be the national air of the Federals, but it is far-fetched and inadequate. "Malbrouk" is a burlesque narrative of the funeral of the great John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; but there is not a word of allusion in it to the desperate conflict between the French and English in which the Victor of Hochstadt played so great a part. The origin of the song itself is very cloudy. It was brought to Versailles, according to one account, by a country woman who came to nurse the little Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. I suspect that "Malbrouk" is not a French song at all, but a Flemish or Walloon one; and that it was composed by some "brave Belge" in pig-headed ridicule of the Great Duke, what time he commanded that army which, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders.

The bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes put out to sea at early dawn. The Emperor dined and slept on board l'Aigle, and received in his cabin a few official notabilities of the city; but he was up betimes. At eight o'clock the cannon proclaiming his departure had begun to thunder again; and a few minutes after nine the berth at the dock-head which l'Aigle had occupied was empty. The effect was odd; to come down to the place where the gallant war steamer seemed fixed so immovably, and to find one yawning gap in the serried tier of ships, as though some great tooth had been wrenched from the jaw of the harbour. His Majesty reached Algiers early on Wednesday. I was compelled to wait for the regular steamer of the Messageries Impériales, which was to leave on Tuesday at noon. The arrivals and departures of the boats on this line are, very properly, as irrevocably fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but I do think that, under existing circumstances and the "solemnity of the occasion,"—to quote M. Merly—the Messageries might have put on an extra steamer to follow the Emperor. When English Royalty crosses the ocean, five hundred passenger steamers and yachts are sure to follow in her wake, in addition to her naval escort, and British Royalty is, I dare say, often very much bored by this throng of uninvited visitors, but the freedom of the seas is one of the birthrights of the Briton. A sea-fight, even, cannot take place without an English yacht looking on, *en amateur*.

In France it is different. The French are born sight-seers, and can no more get on without a spectacle than without a loaf; but they like their pageant to take place close to their own doors, and are by no means ambitious about going to sea to witness a show. As with their fêtes, so is it with their military triumphs. Distance, so far as glory is concerned, does *not* lend enchantment to the Frenchman's view. He likes his victories to be won within a couple of days' post. Solferino and Magenta were just far enough off for him. The Rhine, the Neva, the Danube, the Tagus, he might tolerate as localities for glory-making; but don't send him to cultivate laurels beyond sea. This is why the war in the Crimea, until the capture of the Malakoff awakened a temporary spurt of enthusiasm, was never really popular in France; and even the successful termination of the siege of Puebla failed to make the mercurial Gaul in love with the Mexican war. Mexico is simply too far off. The Frenchman is not strong in geography. Mexico is *là bas*—in some vague and misty region. It is hard to work a Frenchman into anything like excitement about Dupleix and Lally Tollendal and the siege of Pondicherry; and till M. Xavier Marmier wrote his book on Canada, I will wager that not one Frenchman in five hundred knew or cared anything of the good fight which the Marquis de Montcalm made against our Wolfe, at Quebec.

Moreover, there is little or no competition on a large scale

in France. Opposition lines of steamers would be looked upon as something very nearly approaching organised sedition. A certain line has a certain concession. What more can the public desire? If the public *does* desire anything else, it won't get it. Our gallant neighbours are still at the A B C of free trade, and have not got to the axiom which teaches that competition is the natural corollary of the *libre échange*. One line of railway to each city, one pawnbroking establishment, one public school—the French are fanatics in their devotion to the unities. I don't quarrel with them for holding on tight to monopolies. Man is born a monopolist. Just as Mysticism has been described as "Virtue in her chemise," so is Free Trade Socialism in an apron, with a pen behind its ear and sitting at a counting-house desk. The machine of modern society cannot move without Free Trade, nevertheless.

Marseilles has been illuminated in the most brilliant fashion. Eagles, N's, and crowns, and laurel wreaths in profusion, both in oil and gas, decorated private as well as public buildings. The progress which has been made in the art of getting up "blazes of triumph" in France during the last few years is astonishing. When Louis Philippe was king, the official mind recognised no form of illuminations for public buildings, save those barbarous devices known as *lampions*. Pyramidal flights of steps were erected, and on their several rungs were placed rows of earthen pots filled with tallow, into

which were stuck lengths of rope well pitched. Similar rows of pots were placed on the roofs, and in the windows were placed candles in paltry paper lanterns. These *lampions* were allowed to flare and fume and sputter till the tallow gave out, and the smoke and stench from them were intolerable. Now-a-days France illuminates herself with an elegance and brilliancy which might strike envy into the heart of Pall-mall.

The French press have been reiterating the question, in tones more or less guarded, "What is the Emperor about to do" in Algeria?—and in England I have no doubt a similar interrogation has been put. What, indeed, has moved Napoleon III. to quit his capital at the height of the fashionable season, at precisely the time of the year when tourists do *not* go to Algeria; and at a season, moreover, when political complications seem to be twisting themselves into the tightest of Gordian knots? The Tsarewitch dead; the President of the United States assassinated; the King of the Belgians decidedly ill: surely this is a concurrence of events sufficient to keep an ordinarily prudent sovereign at home; much more so eminently discreet a politician as the Emperor Napoleon. But there is a hitch in Africa as well as in Europe and America. I believe that the chief object of the Emperor in visiting his magnificent dependency is to see things for himself, and to study on the spot the condition and the wants of his Arab as well as of his European subjects. He

is tired of looking through other men's spectacles, tinted as those spectacles are with malice prepense, either *couleur de rose* or *couleur d'orange*. The broad facts of the case are patent. For five-and-thirty years the blood and treasure of France have been poured out like water in the African desert, and all that has been achieved is a military occupation of the provinces necessitating the continual presence of an army of eighty thousand men. There is an indigenous population of over two millions, and of these the vast majority are passively if not overtly hostile—less to the French rule than to the manner in which that rule is at present administered—while European colonisation, which might have counteracted the unfriendly disposition of the natives, has been at the best of times sluggish and languid. Monsieur Emile de Girardin, who persists in putting every human subject on the horns of a dilemma, reduces the Algerian question to this: *De deux choses, l'une;* either France must give back Algeria to the Algerines—who are the Algerines?—or she must maintain herself there simply by the strong hand and the right of conquest. The Emperor is understood to hold different views. He has pointed out, in a memorable letter, that it is impossible for France to revert to the ancient Roman policy of "*refoulement*," or deporting *en masse* the inhabitants of conquered countries; or to the modern American one of getting rid of the aborigines by exterminating them. He is said to have formed a plan for "civilising" the

Arabs—of which, until I reach the country, I am, of course, no more qualified to speak than of the feasibility of twisting a rope out of the sands of the Sahara. We will discuss this matter further; if you please, in Africa itself.

VII.

MESSAGERIES IMPÉRIALES.—THE ARETHUSA.

It is very certain that the piston beats the pen, and that, in comparison with the oil used to lubricate locomotive and marine engines, ink is nowhere. I can't keep pace with steam; and if I could, there would be that pestilent Electric Telegraph to forestal my news and anticipate my statements. I have to see a certain thing, and to describe it as best I may on the spot; but I have scarcely nibbed my crowquill ere the train or the steamboat whisks me up and transports me hundreds of miles from the scene I had begun to paint. Being human, one cannot have the wings of a dove; but, oh! that the princes and potentates of Europe would imitate a little more the pace of the tortoise in their progress! Some of us are fat, and scant of breath, like Sir John, and cannot be expected to attain the pace of the nimble stag. Here am I, scudding over the Mediterranean, as fast as ever a screw steamer can carry me, in quest of the Emperor of the French, who has gotten the start of us humbler mortals who cannot afford paddle-wheel yachts. It

was absolutely unknown at Marseilles, when I left, whether the Emperor was gone to Algiers or to Oran. The captain of the Arethusa is not much better informed. As I am not Sir Boyle Roche's bird, it is obvious that I cannot be at Algiers and at Oran at the same time. I hope that between the two stools I shall not fall to the ground, or turn up with the Arethusa, impaled on a coral reef at Bona. His Majesty intends, during his stay of thirty-five days, to visit the chief places of the three provinces of Algiers, Oran, and Constantine; to explore the Tell, to traverse the Sahara, and to look up the mountain ranges of Kabylia; besides making a short *villeggiatura* at some wonderful hot sulphur baths, the name of which I have been unable to catch. In other words, this means that the Emperor of the French is bent on travelling through the ancient Numidia, and the two Mauritanias—the Sitifian and the Cæsarean. He is desirous of learning the condition and wants of the "autochthonic" population. Strabo and Herodotus help me; or, rather, Captain Burton and the Anthropological Society, come to my aid! In the naïve ignorance of confirmed cockneyhood, I imagined that I should meet in Algeria only those Bedouin Arabs whom one sees in the pictures of Horace Vernet, or who in the flesh—and very brown flesh it was—used to stand on one another's heads and turn double summersaults over phalanxes of soldiers with fixed bayonets at the Colosseum in the Regent's-park. I never bargained for the

"autochthonics." A military medical gentleman on board tells me that during my stay it will behove me to inquire into the habits and peculiarities, first of the Berbers or Barbari—whence the name of Barbary—or Kabyles, who are supposed to have been quite an old people when Carthage was flourishing; next of the Nomadic Arabs, or Bedouins dwelling in tents, careering about on blood horses, driving camels before them, and wearing over their picturesque burnouses monstrous sombreros of straw, rivalling that famous "coach-wheel" hat which Mr. Robert Keeley used to wear in the part of Orange Moll in *Nell Gwynne*. The nomadic Arabs being disposed of—let me mention that the most important tribes bear the fascinating titles of the Oulad-Si-Yahïa-ben-Taleb, the Oulad-Ali-ben-Sabor, the Beni-Djaad, and the Beni-Sliman—the sedentary Arabs, or Hadar, inhabiting the cities, to whom the name of Moors has been given, have to be considered. Nor must the she-Moors, or Mauresques, who are married at twelve, and are grandmothers before they come of age, be forgotten. After these come the Koulourlis, or sons of Turks and Moorish women: the pure Osmanlis were deported *en masse* by the French at the time of the conquest. There are a good many negroes, too, Central Africans, who were slaves—and very happy and contented slaves—up to 1848, when they were emancipated by the Provisional Government. Since the blessed Act of enfranchisement, my military medical authority hints, our black brothers have

turned thieves, loafers, and sorcerers—practising the abominable rites of Obeah with the cheerful independence of freemen. They represent the interesting sable communities of Zouzow and Haoussa; Katchna, Sowi, and Tombuctoo; Tombou, Bambara, Gomma, and Bornou. Of which, Exeter Hall, please, when found, make a note. Then there are the Berranis or "outsiders," who have been in Algeria for ages, but who come nobody knows whence, and belong to nobody knows what race. They are subdivided into Biskris, Mzitis, Mzabis, and Lar'ouatis; and there is another section of Berranis, or aliens, among whom are included strangers from Tunis and genuine Moors from Morocco. But enough—although the catalogue is by no means exhausted; since the Jews, who are both numerous and wealthy in Algeria, and the European colonists, administrators or military—French, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians—remain yet to be figured.

Meanwhile, I play the game of Patience on board the Arethusa. She is a lively craft, and behaves in as sprightly a manner as her saucy namesake, famous in the annals of the British navy. As M. Nadar's balloon is not in working order, and the *ateliers de tapisserie* at Aubusson do not weave carpets of the kind erst provided by the Egyptian magician, I must be content with the modicum of speed the screw can give me, and grin and bear its grinding, churning motion till we cast anchor in the harbour of Algiers. If the Emperor isn't there, I must

go to Oran; and if he isn't at Oran, I must go to the Mountains of the Moon, which, I have been given to understand, are somewhere in the centre of the African continent.

We have on board the Arethusa, postal service packet of the Messageries Impériales, whose captain is a *lieutenant de vaisseau* in the Imperial Navy, about the strangest assortment of humanity with whom it was ever my lot to come in contact. It is altogether a phenomenal shipload, for, with the exception of your humble servant, there is not one representative of perfidious Albion on board. Nor do there seem to be any foreign tourists. Everybody is on business of some sort; and this is not, I suppose, the time of year when people go to Africa for pleasure. I confess that I did expect to meet at least one British T. G., his courier-bag at his side and his "Murray" in his hand; or at least a Scotch laird going lion-hunting, or Guy Livingstone *blasé* of fox-hunting and yearning for antelopes; or a member of the Royal Society proceeding to the back of the Sahara to study the habits of the *Tupinambis arenarius*, or gigantic lizard—the terrestrial crocodile of Herodotus. The hotel at Marseilles was full of our countrymen of the order known at Lane's and Limmers's as "howling swells;" but there are no swells to howl on board the Arethusa. No one has thought it worth his while to cross this sea, which is as calm, just now, as Etty's Idle Lake, to witness the great fantasia which is taking place in Barbary. I am alone in my glory, and

I am happy to say that I have a cabin to myself—albeit the apartment in which I am billeted has three berths, an upper, a lower, and a sofa one. The sofa berth is of the exact shape and size of a coffin. I try to be cheerful, and to imagine it looks like a warm bath, but the starched and snowy sheets and scanty pillow have a horrible resemblance to grave clothes. For the rest, the cabin is an excellent one, and about twice the size of a state-room on board a British ocean steamer. It is beautifully decorated; has a wide port, fitted with plate glass and a large mirror; a rich green silk curtain veiling the portal opening on the saloon, and its toilet appurtenances are perfect. It is almost as coquettish and much more comfortable than the "bridal chamber" on board an American river steamboat. I remember once tossing up with a digger just come from California for this same "bridal chamber"—it was only a dollar and a half extra. I won, and went to bed in a berth with white satin curtains and a crochet counterpane; but I did not take much by my motion, for the steamer having a full cargo, a number of casks of unrefined petroleum had been piled up between the outside of the "bridal chamber" and the bulwarks, and the stench that meandered through the highly varnished venetian blinds was horrible.

The state-room lights are in locked lanterns on board the Arethusa, and they are kept burning all night; but there is no prohibition against carrying lucifer matches, and wax tapers

or vesuvians are fizzing and sputtering about at all hours. Smoking is tolerated all over the decks, and, so far as I can make out, all over the ship, save in the ladies' cabin; and in the passengers' berths there is not the ghost of a life-belt to be seen. I mention these little points of detail for the reason that they detract from the completeness of organisation of an otherwise admirably-conducted line.

I have said, that we have a very strange assortment of humanity on board. Let me justify this assertion. At one o'clock P.M. on the second day of May I found myself, in conformity with the regulations of the Messageries Impériales, in the *salle d'attente* of their office in the Cannebière. I had complied with all the police regulations—that is to say, instead of being worried to produce my papers, and obtaining a *visa* for Algeria and a *permis d'embarcation*, I simply said that I was an Englishman, and was most courteously informed that the whole of the French territory was open to me, to travel whithersoever I listed. The cordial and ungrudging politeness shown by all classes of Government officials in France to English travellers—I do not speak of the people at large, who are always polite—is one of the most remarkable features of the epoch, and one of the most gratifying to a person who can recollect the time when to be an Englishman was to be a victim who was bullied, harassed, and driven from pillar to post on the slightest pretext.

I had the advantage of being brought up in a French college where there were a thousand boys. That was about the year 1839. There were plenty of foreigners in the school—Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Creoles, and even Turks; but I was the only representative of perfidious Albion. A miserable time I had of it. I was pinched, snipped, nipped, cuffed, and occasionally spit upon, simply because I was English. I was called "sacré Anglais," "rosbif," "pomme de terre," and especially "goddam;" and when the chaplain came once a week to catechise the younger boys prior to their first communion, I was sure to be gravely informed by one of my tormentors that as a protestant heretic I was sure to go to the devil. How anxiously I used to look forward to my fortnightly *exeat* or day's leave, when I would go and see a dear little sister who, happier than I, had two bright English girls for her schoolmates! I always began to cry directly after I had kissed my sister, say at 11 A.M. Then we did nothing but laugh until 7 P.M.; and then, as I was obliged to be within gates at eight, I began to whimper again. Reviewing my experience of English and French education, I am inclined to think that about the year 1839 there was not much to choose between the position of an English boy in a French school and that of a French boy in an English one. Even twenty years ago we had no friends abroad save the hotel-keepers; and to these gentry even we were *sacrés Anglais*, five minutes after we had paid

an extortionate bill. Now all this is changed. The treaty of commerce has avenged Waterloo; and I don't think there would be any very great incongruity in graving the head of Richard Cobden on the obverse of the St. Helena medal.

Omnibuses had been provided, gratuitously, for the conveyance of the Arethusa passengers from the Messageries to the place of embarkation at La Joliette. These were welcome, for the heat was intense; but, in goodness' name, I asked myself, what are all these good people going to do in Algeria? There were whole families of Southern peasants—old women in tall white caps; lithe and slender girls with the true Roman type of Provence, high foreheads, aquiline noses, haughtily curved upper lips, rounded chins, luxuriant hair, and flashing black eyes; raw joskins in blouses, sabots, and straw hats, and some in long tasselled nightcaps. There were some trim little bodies of the *demoiselle de magasin* model, bound for Numidia, in coquettish laced caps and plaited aprons. There was an immensely fat old woman eating bread and sausage, wofully impregnated with garlic; and an affable but faded female in a full suit of the Royal Stuart tartan, in woollen—rather warm wear this weather—who was munching hard-boiled eggs and sucking oranges alternately; both, she informed me, admirable preservatives against sea-sickness. There was a brawny fellow, over six feet high, with a coal-black beard, and in a blouse, who

held in leash three lamentably attenuated curs with lank bodies, short legs, and drooping tails—turnspits, apparently, crossed with Pariah dogs. They were all carefully muzzled with a kind of strawberry pottle made of wire, although they did not seem capable of biting anything save the dust. Were they on their way to Africa, I wondered, with a view to a junction with the famous *slougui*, or greyhound of the Ouled-sidi-cheikh? But where were the tourists, the travellers who had paid ninety-five francs a head for a first-class passage to Algiers? All these good people seemed to belong to the lower middle class. At the last moment about half-a-dozen middle-aged gentlemen, mostly greyheaded and somewhat seedy in apparel, made their appearance. On glancing at their button-holes I saw that five out of the six wore the talismanic red ribbon of the Legion. These, then, were the first-class passengers. I am aware that when a Frenchman travels—save only when he is going to *Les Eaux*, to Homburg, or to Dieppe—he puts on his very worst clothes. You may cross from Calais to Dover every night with a throng of foreigners who look as though they were not worth thirteen pence between them; but they are very likely princes, ambassadors, generals, or *primi tenori*. And yet, meet an Englishman anywhere, in a steamer or on a railway, and two minutes of the most superficial observation will tell you what rank he holds in society.

The Peninsular and Oriental steamers, together with those

of the Italian and Oriental lines of the Messageries, lie at La Joliette, and the way thereto is through an inconceivable higgledy-piggledy of old houses half demolished, and new ones half constructed. New streets and boulevards are being built everywhere. The undertaking is magnificent; but on a broiling hot day, what with the glare of the bran-new stone in the sun, the smell of newly-slaked lime, the incessant clicking of hammers, and the white gritty dust which forces itself into your eyes and down your throat, reconstruction becomes at last somewhat of a nuisance. You feel inclined to pick up a tile, like the Hebrew man of old, and write upon it, and testify against Marseilles and the prevailing mania for pulling down cities and building them up again.

The Arethusa was moored in a rather narrow berth, alongside a row of lighters, and the gangway was reached by means of a series of inclined planes, so nicely carpeted that I looked aloft to see if M. Léotard was about to perform on the trapèze in the upper rigging. At the gangway stood a gentleman whom I mistook, first, for the captain in evening dress, next for the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and next for a master of the ceremonies attached to the administration of the *Pompes Funèbres*. He was clad in raven black; he was, small triangular whiskers excepted, closely shaven; he wore a white cravat with long fringed ends, white gloves, and a steel chain round his neck. This imposing personage turned out to be

the *Économe*, or Head Steward of the Arethusa. He was very affable; made me a low bow; took my ticket with an air; and handed me over to the second steward, an official in a handsome livery and gaiters—a kind of oceanic Jeames—who conducted me to my cabin, and informed me that it was *à ma parfaite disposition*. What next? You know what the next thing is on board a British vessel. "Steward, a bottle of Allsopp." "Steward, some brandy and soda." "Steward, what time do we dine?" "Steward, I'll be somethinged if that fat Frenchman sleeps over me." Such demands, such conduct, would be quite out of place on board the Arethusa. We smoke, we sing, we play cards for love, we make *la promenade sur le pont;* but we only eat and drink at the duly appointed meal times, we never blow up the *Économe*, and there are but two meals a day—a light breakfast and a lighter dinner. Good lack! What guzzling, and gorging, and gambling, and grumbling I have seen and heard on board the sturdy swaggering ocean steamers of Britain! I have known the morning begin with rum-and-milk and hard biscuits, and the night close with brandy-and-water and broiled bones. "You put water in your wine," my military medical friend observed at dinner as I tempered the somewhat potent Provençal; "when I was in the Crimea your countrymen, the English officers, never did such a thing. You have hard heads. *Vous buvez sec. Les Anglais en Crimée étaient toujours en train de prendre des*

matières alcoöliques et des choses capiteuses." I explained to him that the taste for light French wines had sprung up amongst us since the Crimean war.

We hove and catted anchor, and wore out of dock—a devious half-hour—soon after two o'clock. French seamanship is to me an exceeding marvel. Why do all the officers seem to be giving contradictory commands? Why does a sailor, when he receives an order, instead of obeying it there and then, shrug his shoulders, extend the open palms of his hands, and appear to utter a torrent of expostulations? The French are said to be admirable navigators, and they are indeed born mathematicians—logical, clear-headed, and simple in demonstration; but their seamanship puzzles me. To-day, for instance, as we were wriggling out of dock, the first lieutenant shouted from the wheel to the captain on the bridge, "*En cinq minutes nous sommes sur le quai!*" and then arose a terrible hubbub of orders and counter-orders, and Gallic marine oaths, which would be awful were they not fortunately incomprehensible. All came right, however, at last, and ere long we were passing the Château d'If, where the Dantès of Dumas's fiction, and that Honoré Gabriel Riquetti de Mirabeau of the world's real history, languished in a to them hopeless captivity; but the one to become Count of Monte Cristo, the other to crush up the crown of France like the pewter pot in the grip of the Strong Man at the fair.

Sweeping with my glass the forest of masts and the encircling belt of tall white buildings, and the terraces of vine and orange and olive, and the far-off blue mountains kissing the clouds, I could make out, on the front of a small house, in red letters on a black ground, the words "Sailors' Home." I am glad that English Jack is cared for in a place where wine is so cheap and fruit so plentiful. So, shutting up my glass, I saw the last of the brave old city of Marseilles. Bonapartist to the backbone is "*la ggggrande ville*," and yet—so queer are the harlequin's tricks of history—I remember that in 1815 the city of Marseilles presented a bunch of olives, in gold, to an Englishman named Sir Hudson Lowe. The presentation, it is true, took place just before Waterloo, and was made to the commandant of Corsican Rangers, and not to the gaoler of Napoleon.

A few minutes before we started there had been mustered on the lighter beneath us the raggedest regiment you ever saw out of the suburbs of Coventry, or the play of *King Henry IV.* The regiment was about twenty strong, and paraded in double file. There was a tall Zouave and a short Zouave; there was a heavy dragoon in scarlet trousers and spatterdashes, but with a kind of canvas bedgown over his uniform; there was a lad in a striped jacket and trousers, with sleeves and legs too long for him, like a Pierrot; there was a fellow with a closely-cropped head, a felt képi, and a tightly-fitting suit of black baize; there

was a man with a ragged undress jacket, without buttons, cuffs, or facings; there was a Chasseur de Vincennes without any coat at all; there were three or four men in peasants' blouses, but with the regulation scarlet trousers; finally, there were two mahogany-faced, black-head-eyed, crisp-bearded, white-teethed creatures, with bare legs and foul and tattered burnouses, whom I knew at once to be Bedouins. "Ah," I thought, "military invalids, no doubt, bound for some sanatorium on the African littoral." I was mistaken. I learnt, on inquiry, that I was surveying a gang of convict soldiers. A trim, fat little lieutenant, with a slender switch in his hand, and a grim, bronzed sergeant, with a book beneath his arm, behind him, inspected these ragamuffins, who were all indescribably ragged and dirty. Then they were marched on board, and I could see there was good reason for their being paraded in double file, for they were chained in couples. The irons, which were but manacles, were joined together by links not much heavier than those in a dog-chain, and fastened with a padlock. A squad of gendarmes, their full-dressed cocked hats replaced for the nonce by forage caps, accompanied these good-for-nothings. They were the sweepings, I take it, of the military prisons of the Empire—drunkards and thieves, and deserters, and incorrigible *tapageurs*, and what not—the black sheep of their regiments, the *bêtes noires* of their captains, the despair of the military tribunals, and who had been sentenced to divers terms of imprisonment

and hard labour at the African *penitenciers*. I have heard that the criminals are chained to wheelbarrows in those establishments, and are made to drag cannon-balls attached to their legs. How this may be, I know not; but on board the Arethusa the scoundrels were not treated with any great rigour. We had no sooner started than the gendarmes took their chains off, and they were allowed to roam about the deck, and mingle with the rest of the forward passengers. Most of them were smoking, and towards evening more than one card party on deck was organised, and these gay convicts made themselves quite happy over piquet and *écarté*. I don't suppose that their reformation was either delayed or accelerated by their being allowed to smoke and play cards. I don't believe in the reformation of adult criminals, myself. I believe that if a man is innately a rogue, he will continue a rogue to the end of the chapter, even though he be eventually a rogue in a white neckloth and with a sanctimonious visage; and equally I believe that if a man commits a crime through strong temptation or an uncontrollable impulse, he will not have been an hour in prison before he makes up his mind never to commit crime again. In your criminal experience did you often hear of a prisoner found guilty of manslaughter, and who had suffered for that offence, afterwards committing murder? Repentance takes place in the station-house cell before the first examination, or not at all.

I went forward and sat down among the rascals, and, with the aid of some tobacco, passed a very comfortable hour with them. They were conversational enough: of course I did not touch on the scrape they were in. It was none of my business. *I* was not their perfumer. A "scrape," indeed, their condition seemed to be considered by their fellow-passengers who were not in bondage. The fat old woman of garlic and sausage memory spoke of them as *ces pauvres gens;* and one vagabond, who had a sore toe, was resting it on the lap of a pretty little Gascon peasant girl, who, with the infinite pity of her sex, was binding up the blain as tenderly as though she were waiting on a princess. So have I seen the Russian peasants pressing food and copper copecks upon the "unfortunates" who, laden with chains, were passing through the streets on their way to Siberia. So have I seen an Indian in Mexico roll up a *cigarito*, light it, and offer it to a criminal in the chain-gang. This curious feeling of commiseration towards the guilty springs, no doubt, from a weakened moral sense. In England we are so exceedingly virtuous, that we cannot even travel in a railway carriage with a couple of thieves handcuffed together without writing flaming letters to the newspapers on the indignity of being compelled to ride with convicts. And yet, after all, on the score of kind-heartedness, I think the French, whom we are so fond of describing as "half monkeys, half tigers," have slightly the advantage of us. I wonder what they would

think in a French asylum for the aged and infirm—an asylum directed by those admirable Sisters of Charity—of such a case as that of Timothy Daly. I wonder what they would think at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts—where the aged female paupers are called the "old ladies," and have their private parlour in the almshouse, and their cushioned seats in the chapel—of such a case as that of Thomas Gibson. I know what they would *do* if such a horrible thing occurred with them. They would hang the master of St. Giles's Workhouse as high as Haman.

There were a few—not more than two or three—unmistakably villanous countenances among these soldier convicts. The man in black baize with the felt képi, and who had a hatchet face desperately scarred with the small-pox, looked from head to heel a "bad egg." There was a sanctified Mawworm expression, too, about this fellow, which filled you with a strong desire to fling him overboard, or at least to have him triced up at the gangway and comforted with three dozen. I wonder what the man in black had done. He had been pay-sergeant, perhaps, and had absconded with the regimental chest. There was another, a big man, whose chin, closely grained with indigo, seemed to show that ere the application of the disciplinary razor he had had a big beard. Passion, ungovernable passion, was imprinted in every lineament of this fellow's face, in every vein and tendon of the strong bare arms

which he swung impatiently to and fro. His chains had been removed with the rest, but a gendarme kept close to him, and engaged him in soothing converse. He had a great deal to say as he passed about "*Le Colonel, voyez-vous.*" Had he killed the colonel in a *rixe?* I fancied him a kind of Chourineur who "saw red" sometimes, and, when the blood was in his eyes, slew. As to the two mahogany-skinned Arabs, I could make nothing of them. What was their crime, if any—for they had not in the first instance been chained—I could not settle in my mind. They had been taken, perhaps, for a trip to France, and had not liked it. Perhaps they had been assistant grooms to the ostriches in the Jardin des Plantes, and were going back to look up the rest of their stud in the Sahara. They were miserable and woful creatures, and when they drew the foul and tattered hoods of their burnouses over their heads they resembled now Lascar beggars, now Trappists out at elbows, now phantoms of Dogberry and Verges. But they were most patient creatures, and, hour after hour, remained quiescent, crouching on their haunches as Job might, waiting for somebody to lend him a potsherd to scrape himself withal. But they suffered nevertheless. The sea-breeze no sooner began to blow than they began to shiver, and it was anything but exhilarating to watch them cowering in corners, under the lee of bales of goods, gibbering and chattering their teeth like disconsolate pagods.

Such a scene as the decks forward presented I can only imagine a fellow to in the tableau described by W. M. Thackeray in the "White Squall." Luckily, the *mistral* forbore to blow, or the disorder among the heterogeneous assemblage would have been fearful. As it was, everybody's elbow seemed to be in everybody else's eye; and the deck passengers lay, stood, lounged, lurched, and sprawled all manner of ways, like the animals in a Noah's ark. The three dogs had been disposed, their muzzles removed, in a coop, and were howling dismally. A quantity of sheep and poultry were encaged at the forecastle, and the squalling of babies was appalling. You met at every turn the very oddest costumes. Now it was a young Frenchman, to all appearance of the *calicot* or draper's shopman order; but his loins were girt with a silken sash of many folds, and his head was crowned with a fez cap with long blue tassel. There were some very nice feminine toilettes about; but the ladies were all second-class passengers—some of them even, I believe, were third-class; and there was not a bonnet to be seen on board. How all these strangely-mingled creatures—convicts, peasants, soldiers, children, and grisettes—managed to eat and drink and sleep, was to me a marvel of marvels; but they seemed to get along very well, and showed in this the amazing fertility of invention and adaptability to circumstances of their countrymen. They made beds of trusses of forage and bags of potatoes; they rigged up awnings and shelter-tents; they devised

cunning wigwams; somehow or another, with some friendly aid from the caboose I fancy, cauldrons began to simmer and a savoury steam to rise. The famous *pot au feu* of France vindicated its traditional renown. The soup was ladled out, the sausage was sliced, the long brown loaf was cut into hunks; the little children ran about full of beans and cabbage, and yelping for joy; gulps were taken from bottles containing wine not much worse, I fancy, than that we got aft; and then the fumes of tobacco became odorous, and I marked the hatchet-faced man in black baize stealthily slipping about and offering cigars for sale —three for a sou. Where did this pock-marked individual obtain his merchandise? Honestly? I doubt it. And when the night came, and high above the mast you could see the fat white moon, "like a dot over an i," as Alfred de Musset has it, all these poor people had managed somehow to snuggle under rugs or tarpaulins, and lay head to heel, or anyhow, for warmth—a great hillocky mass of hushed humanity; the innocent babe, the rude peasant, the valiant fighting man, the wild Arab, and the convict black with crime, all dumb and quiet as though they were dead. And then I turned from them and looked over the dark bulwarks at the long, soft, silken swell of this matchless Mediterranean sea—this sea that is like a beautiful woman; for, all soft and silken as she is, there will come, almost without a warning, the sharp and sudden tempest—the *mistral* or the squall. Ware hawk! you will have your face

scratched and your whiskers pulled; but, bless you, it is all over in twenty minutes, and then the Mediterranean curls and kisses and fondles round you to make it up again. She drowned Shelley, though.

VIII.

MONSEIGNEUR.

Dixit Abbas ad Prioris,
Tu es homo bonis moris,
Quia semper sanioris,
Mihi das concilias.

"*Latynne for dogges; or Friar Brumstaples*
Boke of jollie half-howers."

BUT though we had plenty of rogues aboard—and it was not every rascal in the Arethusa, perchance, who wore a shackle at his shin—we were not altogether graceless. We had Monseigneur, and, in addition, Monseigneur's Vicar-General, and a serving or lay brother, a most gluttonous person, in a rusty black frock, like a Westminster Abbey verger fallen upon evil days. He had a great, pudding, bullet head, with a sleek crop of black hair of the true Portland cut, little pig's eyes, a gash for a mouth, with livid, blubber lips, and flap ears which would have done Praise-God-Barebones good to look upon. And yet, the dominant expression in the fellow's face was less one of cunning than of impenetrable stupidity. He was not, perhaps, naturally

wicked or cruel, but he was so densely stupid that he was in a fit state to become either. I shall not easily forget that tallow face, those leaden eyes, that petrified grin, which distorted the mouth in strongly contrasting conflict with the fossil scowl which wrinkled his brow. There seems to have been in all ages an average supply of these semi-clerical dullards kept in stock by nature for the affliction of mankind. Sometimes they take the tonsure and become priests: then they prowl about in shovel hats and shoebuckles, gloze over women's toilet tables, and cozen foolish girls into cloisters. Sometimes they take the cowl and are monks: the real lazy, worthless, brutal friars, whose shaven crowns and dirty sandalled feet are visible sometimes now-a-days at continental railway stations. Aye, and I have seen the bullet-head surmounted by a Protestant chimney-pot, and its throat encircled by a limp white kerchief of Dissenting pattern. Pudding-head may be either a Papist or a "Swaddler." In any clime, and professing any creed, he means the same thing: bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and stupidity, and he is as gluttonous over his rye bread and black radishes in the convent refectory, as over the tea and muffins, and sally-lunns, and other sanctified quasinesses of a Stoke Newington parlour. As different as light from darkness is this flabby creature—Stiggins, or Frère Canaille, call him which you will—from the jovial village *curé*, with the little child-parishioners clinging to the skirts of his cassock—from the stately Spanish *padre* dis-

coursing over his chocolate on the miracles of the saints—from the benevolent Anglican clergyman of the right sort, working like a dray-horse among the sick and the poor, preaching capital sermons, bringing up a tribe of his own boys and girls, fagging in the school and the village club, and yet finding time every week for a spell at photography, or a turn at that translation of Œdipus Rex, with notes (which will *rather* bother the German commentators, he hopes), upon which he has been occupied for so many years. And can this tallow-faced man with the flap ears claim any kindred with yonder lofty browed, keen-eyed, resolute man—the accomplished scholar, the polished gentleman. Hush! *he* is a Jesuit. According to Béranger they are all of the same stock. Under the French flag I have a right to quote him:—

> "Et puis nous fessons,
> Et nous refessons
> Les jolis petits, les petits garçons."

Yes, bullet-head is own brother to the *Frère Ignorantin*, the half sly, half sluggish boor in a gown—the cross between a Sacristan and a Bridewell correctioner, who brandishes his cat-o'-nine tails over the poor little rustic oaf standing tumbling before him in the doctrinal school. Beadle, pedant, and whole hog: a nice mixture.

I took an intense dislike to this serving brother; this hostler, so to speak, of this sleek, plump mule of the orthodox Church.

He never missed a meal, and over-ate himself at each, yet he was, in the intervals, shamefully sea-sick. There are phases in the *mal de mer* in which that disagreeable ailment may assume the proportions of a vice. There are people who have no right to be sick and who are sick, who give way to it, who encourage it:—great hulking, lazy lubbers, who lie and moan like valetudinarian baboons, and let pretty, delicate, but plucky and uncomplaining women wait upon them. There was no lady to wait on the lay brother; but he led all the saloon-stewards a hard life. He had gotten hold of a state-room quite as good as his master's; and, in virtue of his semi-ecclesiastical status, was tended with ten thousand times more solicitude than he deserved. A quart of salt-water, and a round dozen at the gangway to help him down with it, would have been the cure for sea-sickness *I* should have prescribed for him.

Monseigneur and his Vicar-General were very different personages. But were they Bishop and Vicar, or Abbot and Prior? In my ignorance of the economy of the Roman Catholic hierarchy I was puzzled at first to tell. I think they were both. The first was evidently of episcopal rank. He was always addressed as "Monseigneur;" he wore a sumptuous signet ring on his right forefinger; he had a golden chain about his neck so rich and massy, that Benson might have made, and the Sheriff of Middlesex worn it. There was a square of purple silk, too, on that portion of his chest which in lay persons is

ordinarily covered with a waistcoat. When he went on deck he wore a stately shovel-hat; but the rest of his attire was strictly monastic. His ample crown was shaven, leaving only a narrow ring of silver hair. The Cross, which depended from his massy chain, was of plain wood; I think his feet were sandalled; and from head to foot he was swathed in a long loose gaberdine of fine white flannel. A cowl to this, behind, there might have been; but if such were the case, it was hidden by a long cloak of black camlet. About his waist was a plain leathern girdle, to which hung his beads. This was Monseigneur; somewhat of a dandy for all his conventional garb; for I fancied that his fine cambric pocket-handkerchief was not devoid of a suspicion of scent. 'Twas as a preventive perhaps against sea-sickness that he had had recourse to Jean Marie Farina. He used a parasol, too, blue silk, like unto the one erst carried by the famous Mr. D'Orsay Clark, to shade his good old head from the sun in places where there was no awning. He was tall and portly, and sixty years old, perhaps—a calm, sunny, cheerful sixty—sixty that has a good conscience, and takes its meals regularly, and sleeps well o' nights. His plump hands were of exquisite whiteness and softness. For the latter fact I can vouch, for I had the honour of kissing Monseigneur's digits before I left him. A face more thoroughly benevolent and innocent in its expression I never saw. It was positively refreshing to see the good Bishop-Monk smile, to hear his artless pleasantries, and naïve

inquiries of the captain at dinner-time as to how big the ship and how deep the sea might be. A whole-souled, good man, Milud-Abbot, I take it, of some Trappist or Lazarist monastery in Algeria or in the Regency of Tunis. The Arabs do not do these worthy fathers any harm, or wish them any ill. Why should they? Their whole lives are passed in doing good.

This the Abbot; but, to him enter the Prior—Secretary, Vicar-General, as I have scatteringly named him. He looked emphatically that which the Americans call a "hard case." Oh, such a thin, wiry, dried up, salted and smoked and cured little man. Not cunning, not hypocritical, perhaps; but sharp, decidedly sharp. Make, by means of an imaginary metempsychosis, the face and manner of John Arthur Roebuck pass into the body of a ferret, and tone down the combination of Mr. Toole, of the Theatre Royal Adelphi, in some part where he has to try to look respectable, and you may get up a very tolerable mental *carte-de-visite* of the Prior. Monseigneur was clearly in his hands as clay in those of the potter. The ease with which he passed a silken string through the episcopal nose, and twisted the episcopal body round his little finger, was most edifying. And yet the pair seemed to agree very well. Each probably performed his respective part in the convent to admiration. The sonorous voice of the Abbot, for instance, must have been magnificent in the chapel, at vespers. His milder accents, his sweet and winning smile, must have been invaluable in admi-

nistering consolation to the afflicted, and in proving to erring brothers the sinfulness of their ways. And those soft white hands had bound up many a wound, I warrant. But the Prior's functions I imagined to be very different. It was his business, I took it, not to bark but to bite, to "tackle" the erring brother when he couldn't be brought to see his error, and commend to him the wholesome discipline of a banyan day and a dark cell, nay, sometimes to administer to a refractory novice a little whipcord for his soul's health. But he was no stupid savage like that sea-sick bullet-head of a lay brother. He was very shrewd and clever, and had read a good many books, although he was, in many things which we call worldly knowledge, as simple as a child. To the good monk, even the brightest in the fraternity, the convent wall is as the foot of the bedstead to the sick man. There is his horizon: there ends his world.

Nor could I avoid thinking that bullet-head, senseless clock as he was, unable either to write or spell, bullied and tyrannised over both Abbot and Prior, and made them dance as he pleased to his piping.

We grew — leaving bullet-head out — stanch allies. Monseigneur was good enough, when we sighted the Balearic Isles, to address me as his son. I lent the Prior my glass, and told him tales about strange countries, not entirely of the nature in which the Royal Marines are sportively said to take delight, but still, travellers' tales. I assure you that they were all true; and

yet how people persist in disbelieving us. They deny facts, and yet will swallow the clumsiest fictions. The old woman who placed implicit faith in her sailor son's story of having picked up the hind wheel of Pharaoh's chariot in the Red Sea, turned him out of doors for an impudent young liar when he explained to her how some islands grew from coral reefs.

I thought it would turn out so. The convict in black frieze got hold of Monseigneur. The Abbot went forward, and talked long and earnestly with this scoundrel. They trotted up and down the main-deck: the mitred monk looking ineffably benignant; the ticketed felon looking a bigger rascal than ever. The old Pentonville and Milbank story, only the scene and the actors were changed. There was 297 "gammoning the chaplain" in the Mediterranean Sea. I have no doubt that Monseigneur promised the man in frieze to use his influence with the Governor-General, and get a year or two off his sentence.

IX.

EL DJEZZAÏR.

" . . . . *Nec ab Icosio taciti recedamus ; Hercule enim illæ transeunte, viginti qui a comitatu ejus dixiverant, locum deligunt, faciunt mœnia, ac ne quis imposito a se nomine privatim gloriaretur, de condentium numero urbi nomen datum. Porro urbs Icosium sic vocata fuit a viginti Herculis comitibus qui illam condiderunt, nam εἴκοσι, græce, latini viginti significat.*" (C. IVLII SOLINI, &c. BASILEÆ, 1538, in-4.)

Old Hercules (the Lybian),
They say (or any other man),
While marching up the Afric coast
Was clean deserted by his host—
That is to say, by twenty villians
Who thought they'd like to turn civilians.
They chose a site, and built a city,
Which is the subject of my ditty ;
But lest one of their scurvy band
Should give *his* name to all the land,
(And claimants to it there were plenty,)
They called the city Number Twenty,
Thus snubbing individual pride,
While one and all were glorified.
You'll find the Latin if you seek for 't,
Viginti ; εἴκοσι's the Greek for 't,
From which Icosium we indite
The modern Algiers :—Am I right ?

Hudibrastic translation of Solin,
by a gentleman's butler.

ALGIERS, or El Djezzaïr, as the Arabs still fondly term it, or the Icosium of the Lybian Hercules' twenty deserters mentioned in the foregoing doggrel, and afterwards to become a Roman city of importance; you may call it which you like. Or, if you desire an additional qualification, the Signor Torquato Tasso will help you to one. *Algieri, infame nido di Corsari, nutrice di leoni e d' elefanti*—Algiers, infamous nest of pirates, nursing mother of lions and elephants. The Signor T. T. is ungallant, but he wrote in the fourteenth century, which must be his excuse.

There is a Yankee locution descriptive of a process which implies ruthless and wholesale demolition and devastation, known as "knocking things into a cocked hat." The Shenandoah valley, for instance, has undergone this process. So has the once thriving city of Atlanta. So has the whilom prosperous, beautiful, and hospitable Charleston. The Goths and the Vandals and the Anythingarians, the Moors, the Arabs, and the Turks did, during many succeeding ages, knock Icosium into a cocked hat. Then, it retained stability for some centuries as the Mahometan city of El Djezzaïr. Then the French seized it, and, from an architectural point of view, they too have knocked it into a cocked hat as battered and shapeless as that of a parish beadle who has been maltreated by a mob of mutinous paupers. But the French have made some amends. Although they have demolished the most romantic portion of

Algiers, they have built it up again in the approved Paris Boulevard fashion. For the ancient Moresco turban Louis Philippe substituted the *képi* of a chasseur d'Afrique; and to this has been superadded by Napoleon III. the *petit chapeau* of Imperialism.

Its partial devastation, and more deplorable restoration, notwithstanding, Algiers is yet delightful. Enthusiasts declare it to be adorable. It has been likened to a stately pyramid of white marble, of which the base is flanked by venerable, dusky hills, like old brown lions couchant. Another critic has discovered that it resembles a huge Pentelican quarry scooped out of the bosom of a mountain. The resources of comparison have, indeed, been well nigh exhausted in the search for similes to describe El Djezzaïr as it appears from the sea. To one—a mathematical tourist, this—it is as a quadrant sharply cut out of plaster of Paris. Another genius, of a nautical turn, likens it to the mainsail of some huge argosy, or "tall ammiral" stretched on the beach. To a gentleman whose mind was more prosaic, but still akin to his immediate predecessor, it occurred that the thickly-piled and snowy-hued buildings of Algiers looked like nothing so much as a fortnight's washing laid out on the shore to dry, with heavy stones at the corners to keep the sheets and table-cloths from "flopping." The city is, in truth, from a distance, of most sepulchral whiteness:—whiter than Genoa, whiter than Naples, whiter even than Stamboul.

from the Golden Horn. And thus a bard in "milky white numbers" sings:—

"....Un soir
La blanche Alger dormait comme un grand encensoir
D'argent qui fume encore après le saint office."

The idea is certainly pretty, "the scented smoke curling from a silver censer when mass is over." Only it is nullified by the fact that no vapour curls from the silver censer of El Djezzaïr. The Algerines smoke incessantly, but their houses never, save when they catch fire, and are burnt down. The enfumed poet was obliged to explain, indeed, in a foot-note that the smoke he meant came from the adjacent lime-kilns of Bab-al-Oued. I know *their* stench to be awful; and they are suggestive of anything but silver censers.

But place for another poet, whose *roucoulement* is even more romantic—

"Un cygne au pied de l'Atlas arrêté
Qui secoue au soleil son plumage argenté."

"Pretty, pretty, pretty" again, as Sir Joshua used, diplomatically, to murmur when amateur artists asked his opinion of their works; but, to the English mind, I fear that the foregoing couplet would be productive of a confusion of ideas made up of the Atlas omnibuses, the Silver Cross, Charing Cross, and the Swan with two necks.

The last Algerine poet I shall quote is, in my humble judgment, the best. He is a Cockney, and a Parisian Cockney. He does as I do. He boldly and honestly compares Algiers with his beloved Pantin. How many times have pound-a-week critics belaboured me with double thongs because I have likened Broadway to Bond Street, the Gostinnoï Dvor to Rag Fair, the Kremlin to Dublin Castle, the Grand Canal to Pall Mall (with the pavement up and the waterpipes cut)? Well, I am not disposed to abandon the old paths. I maintain that the Merceria at Venice is as like Cranbourne Alley as two peas, and that the Five Points are the very image of Seven Dials.

Be pleased, then, to listen to my brother, the lyrist of Cockaigne—

> Figurez-vous Paris englouti dans la Seine,
> Et Montmartre debout, seul dominant la scène;
> La pleine mer sera vers le quartier Latin,
> D'où viendront des vaisseaux vers la chaussée d'Antin.
>
> Mouillez au bord du quai qui sera Saint Lazare,
> Passez au lait de chaux ce Montmartre bizarre,
> En triangle étendant sa base vers la mer,
> Et dont le soleil fuit sur le ciel outremer,—
> Enveloppez le tout dans une vapeur ignée,
> Et vous aurez Alger, la ville calcinée.

These lines are by Monsieur de Chance. I hope the bays of Cockneydom will not be withheld from him; but I, too, a

Cockney prosaist, must have my simile. Take Quebec. Give its quaint houses a triple coat of whitewash. Substitute dark red tiles for the glittering tin roofs of Stadacona. Widen the waters of the St. Lawrence into a bay. Convert Point Levis into the Maison Carrée, and assume that the Heights of Abraham are Fort L'Empereur. You have no call to meddle with either water or sky. Rare and intense blue are common to both: the African and the American. Arrange this in your mind, and you will have an idea of Algiers. But Quebec, it may be urged, isn't in Cockaigne, but in Canada. Dear Heart! what does that matter? Any kind of stick is good enough to beat a dog withal. To the Cockney mind everything is the county of Middlesex, and the lower part of Quebec is very like the lower part of Brentford, especially as regards beer-shops.

The houses of El Djezzaïr are as white as bran new dice, and the little peepholes of windows in them stand for the pips. I question if there ever lived such a nation of inveterate whitewashers as the modern Moors, who have been incited perhaps to profusion in the use of the double-tie brush by their French masters. Inside as well as outside the Moorish dwellings are thickly covered with glaring white distemper paint. At least six times a year every wall and every ceiling are whitewashed: to the horror and despair, one would think, of the fleas. There may at the same time be fleas that like walking upon walls, and others that prefer to roost in warm garments. The Moors

whitewash their inner courts and living rooms, persistently, often to the concealment, beneath heavy layers of body colour, of the most exquisitely beautiful sculpture and tracery, the work of less enlightened but non-whitewashing ages. I wonder how many acres of fresco and encaustic painting on the walls of old English churches lie equally *perdu*, daubed over by the Protestant brush? Surely there must be *un infierno blanco*, a Tophet kept alway at a white heat, for those horrible Ostrogoths and Visigoths, the whitewashing churchwardens of the last century, and "lubber fiends" to "restore and beautify them" with white lead, boiling hot.

I have often fancied that when a Moorish lady has nothing to do—she never has much; still smoking, eating lollipops, making coffee and love, and twanging the mandolin, do take up a reasonable part of her time—she calls in the whitewashers *pour passer le temps*. You shall hardly toil up one of the steep lanes of the Moorish quarter without seeing the whitewasher swinging high in air, as one who gathers samphire, sitting on a little bit of wood, pendant by ropes from the wall: —a human hanging bookshelf. You shall hardly stand a moment to gaze sorrowfully on some delicate morsel of stone undercutting he is filling up with chalky pigment without being bespattered by the droppings of his brush; and then a mysterious door opens, and there issues forth, not an Arab cavalier, or Moorish damsel dreamily veiled, but a big negro,

brush in hand, his teeth gleaming as snowily as the whitewash in the bucket he carries.

All this interminable whitewashing is, avowedly, for the purpose of keeping the houses sweet and clean, and keeping off, at once, the fleas and the Cholera Morbus; but wherein lies the use of this never-ending, still beginning *badigeonnement*, if you don't change your *serroual* once in six weeks, or your *burnous* once in six years? The Russian peasant is for ever boiling himself in a bath; but he wears the same filthy sheepskin *touloupe* from year's end to year's end. Precisely the same is the case with the poor Arab. But the Moujik at least goes to bed; whereas the Arab lies down to sleep with his clothes on.

Still El Djezzaïr, charming, lovely art thou among the cities! I know some—considerable places, too,—Civita Vecchia, for instance, the Bermondsey part of London, some of the Lancastrian cotton-spinning towns, Troy, in the State of New York, and many more which make you sick even to look upon: you no sooner arrive than you long to be out of them. The first sight of Algiers fills you, on the contrary, with a cheery hope and light-heartedness. Grave men have been known to snap their fingers and hum tunes, the sedatest have been seen to chuckle and treat entire strangers to *absinthe*. Poor Albert Smith, than whom, with all his occasional "bumptiousness," an honester and more clear-sighted hater of snobbery and shams never lived, had a favourite adjective which he was continually

using. It was "jolly"—you remember his sprightly young lady in the Mont Blanc entertainment—the young lady who had a little brother at Eton, and to whom most things were "jolly." If Albert was welcomed at a Singapore club he described the act of courtesy as "jolly;" when he was carried in triumph by a lot of samschu-elated coolies at Hong-Kong, he wrote home to his brother Arthur that the proceedings were very "jolly." Now he used "jolly," I take it, in its proper, pretty sense, as meaning something pleasing both to the eye and the mind—something gay, cheerful, and exhilarating. "Jolly," in short, should be the equivalent for the Spanish *bonito* and the Italian *gracioso*. A Castilian will speak of a nice woman, a play, a boot, a cigar, or a bullfight as *bonito;* just as an Italian will press a peach or a glass of Lacryma upon you as *molto gracioso*. Our word jolly has been wrested from its proper employment, and impressed into the service of low and crapulous debauchery. "Slap, bang! here we are again: for 'jolly' dogs are we!" Ugh! this kind of jollity is simply horrible.

I am sure Albert Smith would have found Algiers jolly. It is all *bonito* from the snowy mole glancing in the blue, blue waters of the port, to the great battered old Turkish fortress of the Kasba crowning the amphitheatre in the centre:—Cæsar's *loge de face*, so to speak, whence he can watch the games and receive the salutes of the gladiators. Beautiful as is

the chromatic effect of the city from a distance:—an effect that Stanfield, or Pyne, or Beverley, might revel in. I have heard a French landscape painter say that there are but four hues to make up the picture. Cobalt for the sea, zinc white for the houses, burnt umber glazed with raw sienna for the hills, and turquoise (with the texture of satin) for the sky. To this I may add a little Venetian red, for the tiled roofs. These hues are all frank, outspoken, and trenchant; but they never jar between themselves or offend *you*.

Save the domes of the mosques there is not a single spherical surface to an Algerian building. The housetops are all as flat as a tile, or a Royal speech. The whole city, in fact, is a collection of cubes; and its general aspect goes far to dissipate the theory that beauty is only attainable by a combination of curves. I likened the houses of El Djezzaïr, just now, to dice; but you may compare them also, if you please, to so many Moorish ladies duly packed up in their snowy *haicks*, but ogling you with their bright black eyes. Have not the eyes been called the "windows of the soul?" *Allons donc!* a truce with similes; and yet here is another French gentleman who poses an image for Algiers, the gracefullest, perhaps, I have yet marked. The city, he says, lies spread out like a great ivory fan, and the hand which holds it is concealed in the bosom of the Atlas.

The French part of the town, its *cafes*, barracks, hotels, and

offices, I have dwelt upon at, perhaps, wearisome length. But, let us leave the Place du Gouvernement, and the square of the Governor's palace, and begin slowly to ascend those precipitous flights of steps bordered by whitewashed houses, gaunt, silent, and suggestive, which in the upper town, or old Moorish quarter, are called "Streets." Do you know La Rue des Mâchicoulis at Boulogne? Put the barelegged fishergirls into trousers and *haicks*, and the fishermen into burnouses, and the Mâchicoulis would very much resemble a street in the Moorish quarter.

In the technics of the building trade, when the superstructure of a wall leans away from you, it is said to be "on the batter." The stories of the Moorish houses lean, on the contrary, towards you. They are irreclaimably top-heavy, forming a kind of serrated vault over you. There is no need to shore them up, as we do tottering fabrics in the old streets out of Cheapside. The opposite sides are so near touching each other, that little danger would accrue from their tumbling further forward. You would only lose that narrow riband of bright blue over head, placed there as you think to let you know that there is such a thing as a heaven above this *città senza sole*, just as in the most intricate of the back alleys behind the Merceria at Venice you will always find a thread of white marble meandering along the centre of the pavement, and which, if you follow it sedulously, will lead you to St. Mark's Place.

Many of these streets—ladder-lanes rather—are not more than six feet in breadth. They would, were they on a level surface, be as fever-haunted as the abominable wynds and closes in the Canongate at Edinburgh and the Trongate of Glasgow; but being built on the steepest of inclines they are compulsorily drained. For the rest, the sanitary precautions insisted upon by the French authorities are excellent. The police would have few scruples in walking into a Moorish house, were it reported to be in a filthy state: only, they *can't* force the male population to wear clean burnouses, or to undress when they sleep. The Moors certainly do their best to keep their houses free from Giaour intrusion. With very great difficulty they have been brought even to submit their "*état civil*," or births, deaths, and marriages, to registration at the Mairie. Before 1830 there was simply a Beït-et-Mal, or "chamber of goods," which took cognisance, with a view to the administration of property, of the deaths of the population. If you ask an elderly Moor when he was born, or married, or when his first child was born, he will answer, either that Allah knows, not he, or that these events took place about the time of such and such an earthquake, or an invasion of grasshoppers, or when this Dey came into power, or that Pasha was strangled.

Narrow, and dark, and steep, and tortuous as are the streets in the Jewish quarter, the houses are, in their way—in the artistic way—gems. In the eyes of Gallic authority they are

simply so many abominations, which need to be swept away to make room for the *alignement*. The French would pull down the Alhambra or the Taj-Mehal. It is well that the Russians burnt Moscow about the ears of their invaders. Otherwise, and had Napoleon kept his footing there, composite columns and allegories of victory would soon have replaced the Byzantine cupolas of the Kremlin. The Moors, in the opinion of non-French critics, have always excelled in architecture; yet, curious to say, the *maallum*, or professional architect, is regarded in Arab society less as the professor of a liberal art than as a mechanic. My masonic brethren will remember that the master mason who built the Second Temple was its designer as well; but he was no magnifico; only a working man. Many of the principal edifices in old Algiers were built under the direction of Christian slaves, who, *pour encourager les autres*, were occasionally bastinadoed, or strangled, if the edifices were not finished in time, or if the outlay exceeded their estimates, or if his Highness the Pasha-Dey did not like the house when it was finished. There is one legend of an Italian architect—the constructor, indeed, of the Great Mosque, who was impudent enough to cross its threshold after it had been consecrated to the Mahometan worship! He was dipped into a vat of boiling oil, and then hung up—to dry, I presume. High-handed measures these, but not, perhaps, quite useless. Judicious threats of a dose of stick to the architect might accelerate the

completion of the new Foreign offices; and who knows but that the lions for the Nelson column would have been finished ere this had Mr. Cowper given Sir Edwin distinctly to understand that, failing the delivery of the animals by a certain date, he would be impaled.

The Moorish house,—the dwelling-house,—as it is still to be seen in what remains of old Algiers, and to a greater extent in Oran and Constantine, is simply the house common to Old and New Spain—aye, and to the old East, and oldest Scripture perchance. In actual Spain the writer has never been; but the first time I set my foot inside a Mauresque habitation, I started, and thought, "Why, this is a Mexican house." There is the *patio*, or open courtyard, the arched corridor around it, the arched galleries above, and the *azotea*, or flat roof. You see in the Moorish house a pretty close illustration of the divergence between Oriental civilisation and ours. For a Moor, his house can scarcely be too shabby and melancholy-looking without, or too splendid or luxurious within. The house is, in short, a symbol of Mussulman life, with its dreamy and impenetrable mysteries. The front door looks like the most rearward of back doors; it is like the stage door to a shut-up theatre, or the portal to a gambling-house in the day time; half the paint scraped or kicked off, splashed with mud or whitewash, which it is nobody's business to clean off, bolted, barred, chained, and, it would seem, nailed up. In one panel, head-high, is a little

Judas trap, with an iron grating before it. There is never a bell; and when there is a knocker, it is usually bolted down to the woodwork. If you wish to make your presence known to those within, you must thunder at the door with a cudgel, or bang at it with your foot. After some ten minutes of this exercitation, the trap may be slowly opened, and the great grinning face of a negress appear at the aperture. In some Moorish houses, in addition to the Judas trap in the doors, there are spy-holes in the wall—sometimes, and designedly, of considerable size; and you may become aware of a moon-face with kohl-stained eyelids, surrounded by tresses interwoven with coins, and crowned by a dainty *chachia*, or skull-cap, beaming down upon you. It is only a *Rikat*. It is but Jezebel, with her painted face.

In the old days, when to be a Jew in Algiers was to be a despised and persecuted wretch, the Moorish ladies used occasionally to vary the monotony of their existence, by having a little bit of fun with an Israelite, after this wise. There were then, as now, numbers of Jew pedlars—vendors of jewellery, gold lace, cosmetics, and other feminine fal-lals—wandering up and down the precipitous thoroughfares of El Djezzaïr. Now the cruel law decreed that no Jew, on pain of forfeiture and the bastinado, was to be suffered to enter the house of a True Believer. But as the Jews sold precisely the commodities most dearly desiderated by the She-believers, they were fain to come

to their front doors, and, holding them ajar, transact their business there. The little bit of fun consisted in getting possession of the Jew's merchandise, promising to pay him for it, then slamming the door in his face, and, sliding open the Judas trap, laugh at the poor pedlar's beard, tell him that he was a son of Sheytan, and bid him go to Eblus. This was very funny, was it not? The unhappy Sheeny, thus "left out in the cold," was powerless to regain possession of his property; for another cruel law forbade to knock at a Mussulman's door. All he could do was to stand in the street, whimper, yell, stamp, dance, tear his hair and beard, and invoke Moses and the prophets. If it were evening, the watch, perhaps, would come round. Then, probably, the Jew would be beaten for making a noise; but he was in luck's way indeed if the commandant of the patrol took it into his head to do him justice, by thundering at the True Believer's door, forcing the dishonest inmates to disgorge their booty, and returning it to the pedlar with a deduction of seventy-five per cent. for costs and trouble taken. The good old times of El Djezzaïr. They remind me of an exordium to an article I once read in a Review. "It was formerly the wholesome custom in England, at the seasons of Christmas and Easter, to stone and beat the Jews." And there are a good many people, I daresay, who unfeignedly regret the abrogation of that and many other equally wholesome customs.

The traveller Shaw was of opinion that the houses of Palestine,

in scriptural times, were precisely similar to those in the modern Algiers. It is, indeed, startling to find in a Moorish house the vestibule or "gate" in which Mordecai sat; the "housetop" on which the apostle dreamed his dream, and the "third loft" from which Eutychus fell. But to discuss these matters is not my province. I leave them to Mr. Hepworth Dixon and the Palestine Exploration Society.

All Moorish houses are built on the same model. The wealthiest make no pretence of exterior façades or porticoes. Everybody—the richest and the poorest—lives in a cube of stone or plastered brick; the only difference between the dwellings of a sheikh and a cobbler is that of size. Here and there a little wooden balcony, not unlike a chicken coop, may project from a window; but, as a rule, the surface of the walls is entirely flat. The door I spoke of just now is a most massive construction, and garnished with huge convex-headed nails. Here and there the panels may contain some carving in an antique geometrical design, and over the lintel a full-blown rose is sometimes cut in marble. One curious ornament, however, you are sure to find, either painted or carved, in the neighbourhood of the front door. That is, the representation of a human hand, cut off short at the wrist. I was told that this manual symbol was always affixed by the masons or painters to a Moorish house, at the moment of its completion, to preserve its inmates thenceforth and evermore from the influence of the evil eye:—the *gettatura*

of the Neapolitans. The prows of the pirate ships which used to sally forth from Algiers were, in a like intent, decorated with the representation of a human eye. It is desirable, however, to correct the mistake into which some tourists have fallen respecting the rude representations, in gold and silver gilt, of human arms, legs, hands, ears, eyes, and noses, which are exposed for sale in the shops of Algiers. These effigies, reminding the Englishman of Miss Kilmansegge and her precious leg, have nothing to do with the superstition of the evil eye. They are votive offerings, to be purchased by people who have been cured of hurts or affections of the members to which they have reference, and to be hung up in the Catholic churches. There are numbers of Maltese and Spaniards and Southern Frenchmen in Algiers, all as superstitious as Pagans; and these simple-minded fools—for is not superstition one of the principal features of simplicity of mind?—are the great offerers of offerings at the shrine of Notre Dame d'Afrique, and other popular idols. I remember a droll story related, on this head, by worthy M. Douz, the jeweller of the Rue Soggémah—and whose "curio" crowded first floor is at once the Hunt and Roskell's and the Attenborough's of Algiers. I mean the Attenborough who simply keeps the shop for the sale of articles of *vertu*—not Attenborough, our common uncle. The captain of an Italian brigantine, whose leg had been broken by his falling into the hold, determined, so soon as he was well enough

to get out about on crutches, to offer up a silver leg as large as life at the shrine of his favourite saint. He called on M. Douz, and ordered the leg to be made. It was to cost a thousand francs. In a week afterwards he called again—Was the leg finished? he asked. No, the model in wax was only just completed. Well, he had changed his mind, and he felt a great deal better, and he thought a leg *half* the size of life would do. In another week, he was again at Douz, much better, and with a mind again changed. Suppose M. Douz made him a foot? After all, it was only the ankle-joint which had been fractured. Whereat M. Douz grew wrath, and told him that as in another week he would probably be able to walk without crutches, and would then further diminish his order, he had better let him make him a silver toenail, and be off the leg bargain. In this compromise the captain of the brigantine joyfully acquiesced; but he must have got very well indeed afterwards, for he never came to the Rue Soggémah again, and the saint who ought to have had a whole leg did not get so much as a toenail.

X.

ALGIERS IN ECSTASY.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD arrived at Algiers on the second of May. At half-past five A.M. repeated broadsides from the iron-clad squadron—including Le Solferino, La Gloire, and La Couronne, escorting La Reine Hortense, and the Emperor's own yacht, L'Aigle—announced the momentous tidings to the population of the metropolis of Algeria. Shortly before six, L'Aigle, glowing in bunting from stem to stern, and followed by the ironclads, steamed into port, amidst the thunder of a fresh salvo of artillery from the land batteries. The military and civil authorities were congregated on the quay, where an elegant pavilion, formed of tricoloured flags, had been erected for the reception of his Majesty. The local corps and the troops of the garrison were under arms, and formed a double line along the whole route to be pursued by the *cortége*, that is to say, from the place of disembarkation to the palace of the Governor-General, the former residence of the piratical Pasha Deys. The military were all in full uniform, and were under

the command of General de Wimpffen. In front of the Imperial pavilion, on the right, were the Prefect of the Department of Algiers, the Secretary-General of the Government, the members of the Council-General, the Mayors of Algiers and of all the communes of the department, and a host of minor officials. On the left stood the Lieutenant-Governor, the General commanding the division, the Intendant-General of the army, and a brilliant throng of staff officers. The Emperor remained undisturbed until half-past seven, when his Excellency Marshal M'Mahon, Duke of Magenta, Governor of Algeria, went on board to know the Imperial pleasure. The illustrious visitor did not suffer the grass to grow beneath his feet. At a quarter before eight, a barge, bearing the Imperial standard at the stern, put off from the yacht, and the Emperor of the French landed for the second time on the shore of Africa. His first visit took place, you will remember, some five years since, on which occasion he was accompanied by the Empress; but the Imperial tour was cut short by the sad intelligence of the death of the Duchess of Alba, the sister whom the Empress loved so much and mourned so bitterly.

I need scarcely say that the Emperor had no sooner put his foot on the quay, than the Maire advanced. M. le Maire is Mr. Mayor, or the Herr Burgmeister, or the Signor Podestà, or el Señor Alcalde, or the Starosta, or the Sheikh, or the Head-man we know so well, the memory of man running not to the contrary

thereof. He varies very little all the world over. Precisely as the Muse said to the poet Béranger, "*Chante, pauvre petit!*" so do the immutable laws of tradition command Mr. Mayor to open his mouth and speechify to Royalty on its travels. His worship presented the keys of the city to the Emperor, and his Majesty made haste to give the ponderous present back again. There is no need to trouble you with a report of the municipal discourse. It was *à l'invariable:* "Sire . . . respectful devotion . . . joy painted on all countenances . . . Providence . . . loyalty . . . attachment . . . day when Algeria will occupy her true position . . . *Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Impérial!* . . ." If you find a hiatus here and there in this rapid summary, you can fill it up from the "Complete Municipal Address Writer." The first paragraph of the Emperor's reply contained just eight gracious words; but, as usual in his Majesty's utterances, there was a significant kernel in the Imperial nut. "*Je reviens,*" he said, "*avec bonheur sur cette terre* À JAMAIS FRANÇAISE." Please mark the words I have put in capitals. The assurance that Algeria is to be "for ever French," is a sufficient retort and rebuke to the politicians of the Girardin school, who wish Algeria to be restored to the Algerines. I think we might as well restore the Isle of Man to the Earl of Derby, or the Duke of Athol, or the Manx cats, as expect the French to give back Algeria to the mahogany gentlemen in the whity-brown burnouses who

are squatting on their haunches beneath the window where I am writing this letter, and doing nothing with a calm assiduity which makes one long to be lazy.

The Emperor went on to express his regret that he was unable in 1860 to devote a longer period to the study of the colony, and of the interests of the active and laborious community who were here planting the first seeds of colonisation. He concluded by saying that all his sympathies were with the colonists, and that ere long a powerful company would contribute to the development of the country. The "powerful company," it may be inferred, is the Crédit Mobilier.

Loud acclamations followed the Imperial response, and the Prefect then introduced the members of the Council-General to his Majesty, who, after another interchange of official compliments and Imperial condescension, ascended the magnificent staircase leading from the quay to the promenade, or Marina, in front of the Hôtel d'Orient. There an immense crowd awaited him, cheering lustily, and adding to the *vivats* in honour of the Prince Imperial the brevet rank of King of Algeria. The Emperor proceeded to the cathedral, to hear from the Bishop of Algiers, in the name of the hierarchy and clergy, a long and loyal address, and in which the Prelate expressed a hope that the see of St. Augustin at Constantine might be ere long revived, and at Oran the pious labours of Ximenes completed. A grand Te Deum was then performed. From the cathedral

the Emperor was escorted to the Governor's palace, where, notwithstanding the fatigue of his voyage, he at once received the constituted authorities. The foreign consuls were also presented to his Majesty. With Mr. Churchill, C.B., her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, the Emperor entered at once into most courteous converse, asking for information respecting the sojourn at Algiers of the lamented Richard Cobden. The name of the illustrious fiscal reformer could not have been more appropriately introduced; for among the wants of the community in the Algerian littoral there are none so pressing as those for free trade and the abolition of the tonnage dues. The removal of these latter burdens, which are very onerous, and which act financially just as a sand-bar would in keeping English vessels out of the port of Algiers, has been promised for 1868. But if the abolition be a good thing, about which there does not seem to be any diversity of opinion, it cannot be too speedily consummated. The resources for trade at Algiers are vast, but they are hampered and shackled by the *entraves* of a bygone commercial policy, and trade at present is said to be languishing.

So much for the dry details of the Emperor's disembarkation. To-day he makes an excursion to some of the chief localities of interest in the environs, amongst others to the conventual establishment of La Trappe. You remember Horace Vernet's picture of "Le Zouave Trappiste," the war-worn, sabre-scarred

veteran, kneeling before the half-dug grave, which he had sought in vain among the Bedouins. On Saturday his Majesty purposes visiting the Agricultural Show at Bou-Farik, on the road to Blidah. There is to be a great *funcion* at Bou-Farik —a term of which I may sometimes have occasion to make use when fêtes and fantasies grow hackneyed to my pen and pall upon your ear. If Archbishop Trench or Dr. Latham would only find out a few new Saxon words for the use of Special Correspondents, and so save them from the peril of falling into the unpardonable sin of iteration, or the necessity of borrowing words from foreign languages or coining them for themselves! Certainly, a recognised English word should always be used in preference to the alien one; but employ the recognised English word fifty times in the course of five pages, and see what a bore you will become to the public.

Algiers wears a very splendid and holiday aspect to-day. I cannot echo the hyperbolical assertion in the *Akhbar* of this morning to the effect that the population is "wild with joy," and that *une ivresse générale* reigns:—First, because it is so hot that anything approaching "wildness" might suggest unpleasant thoughts of hydrophobia; and I shudder at the idea of barking like a dog, biting the stout officer of the *état major* in the next room, and bringing my career to a close by being smothered between two feather beds by the *garçons* of the Hôtel d'Orient. Next, because the imputation of "*ivresse*

générale," taken in its literal sense, is decidedly a libel on the population of Algiers, who are as sober folks as need be. Some officers of the garrison are said to be inveterate devotees of absinthe—the most nauseous and the most pernicious of stimulants, attacking, as it does at once, the very substance of the brain; and the soldiers, I suppose, get tipsy sometimes, as soldiers will do in every country from Indus to the Pole; but the temperate habit of the mass of the inhabitants, both Arab and European, is, I am told, rigidly Oriental. It is here, I conjecture, as at Vera Cruz, abating the *vomito*. Two stiff glasses of grog, and you are safe for a fit of apoplexy. Crack t'other bottle if you like, but make your will before you crack it.

The whole town was illuminated last night, much to the delight of the Arabs, who have flocked into Algiers in great numbers, and are scattered about the Marina in such numerous white-burnoused groups that they look like so many flocks of sheep grazing—sheep, be it understood, who would be all the better for the performance of that ceremony which precedes shearing, to wit, washing. They are highly picturesque, these Bedouins, but the nastiest set of animals you ever saw. Rags are worn *en Arabesque, semée* with patches; legs *au naturel; papouches à la* slipshod, or down at the heel; and oh, if you could see their toenails! There is not a child of the desert on the Place du Gouvernement but who might dig his great-

grandmother out of her grave with his pedal claws. I suppose that when I go into the interior I shall see the Arab in all the nobility and dignity of primitive nature. I hope he will be a little cleaner and a little less ragged than the specimens —to the number of some hundreds—I have yet seen. But it is the old story. Take ever so copious a stock of illusions with you to the bright Orient, and within half-an-hour after landing you are as bankrupt as the Bank of Deposit. You see a lank, weedy screw, with a switch tail, blear eyes, and of the colour of a Danish carriage dog: that animal, you are told, is a full-blooded Arab horse. That lumbering, groaning, wheezing brute is the camel—the famous *djemel*, the "ship of the desert," the offspring, as the Arabs poetically declare, of the ostrich and the gazelle. And the end of the story is, that the "Arabian Nights" turn out to be as dirty as Seven Dials.*

I am not in the least disappointed with Algiers, however, as I was prepared for the Arab, and the city is, besides, a wonderful place. The amphitheatrical sweep of the houses, and the double row of arches on which the quays are supported; the long white mole, stretching forth into the intensely blue Mediterranean; and the little dancing barks, with their lateen sails and yards at the most violent of angles,—

* See the "State of the Case," *ante*.

put you somewhat in mind of Genoa: but land, and ere you are five minutes older you will confess you are in a city you have never seen before. I spoke just now of the Arabian Nights. What was the name of the Frenchman who translated the Thousand and One in the middle of the last century? It began with a G, I think. Well, Algiers is that gentleman's translation, in stone, and plaster, and whitewash, and glaring pigments. The Place du Gouvernement might be the principal square of a French provincial town of the first class. There are big hotels, cafés, counting-houses, and shops; the names are French, the green blinds are French, the merchandise is French. You may buy Paris chocolate, and pectoral paste, and pills, and sham jewelry, and crinolines. You may dine *à la carte* or *au prix fixe;* you may buy the latest "scrofulous French novel" at the bookstalls, and read the same etiolated little newspapers, with their timid murmurings of news a fortnight old, and their leading article devoted to a puff on a corn-cutter or a juggler fresh come to town. In a word, you are in a little Paris. The *"pst!"* of the consumer sounds shrilly through the air, and the *"v'là M'sr!"* of the *garçon* is audibly responsive. The itinerant musicians of Gaul, the wheezy flute, the rachitic fiddle, and the harp dying of atrophy strum and tootle feeble music at the street corner; the commissionaire slumbers on his truck in the sun; the shoeblack plies his trade; the *bonne* parades the same elabo-

rately-laced babies; the little girls in Hessian boots and frilled trousers go through competitive exhibitions with skipping-ropes; a real French poodle, shaven and shorn, crosses your path; groups of red-trousered soldiers lounge by, their mouths agape, and their hands thrust in their pockets; the roguish little milliner flits by with her bandbox; the tremendous *officier supérieur* aiguilletted and epauletted, strolls out of the café where he has been breakfasting, picking his teeth; the orderly trots by with his leathern satchel on his hip; the *gamin* makes faces at you, flees behind a corner if you threaten him with your cane, and, when you are at a convenient distance, flings a stone at you; the snowy-vested, night-capped cook emerges into the morning and leans against the door-jamb to inhale the fresh air, all hot and hot though it be, until it is time for him to dive into his burning tomb of pots and pans again; Adolphe, in curly-brimmed hat and turn-down collar preposterously vandyked, and cravat in a gigantic true-lover's-knot, leers under the bonnet of Madame the spouse of the *employé* of the administration, taking her walks abroad, and attired in the height of Parisian fashion, to cheapen leathery artichokes and skinny chickens in the market; whilst Jules is humming "*Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur,*" and puffing his halfpenny cigar as superbly as though it were a half-crown *Embajador*. Wan children press you to buy cigar lights and three-sous bunches of flowers; bright in the sun

glitter the gilded signs of the photographers and the dentists —two branches of industry which appear at present to absorb the most energetic of French faculties; there is a distant sound of trumpeting and drumming; the calèche-drivers are asleep on their boxes, as usual; and cropping up like poppies in a cornfield are the red ribbons of the Legion. So plentiful, indeed, are these glorified button-holes, that you begin to wonder how many people there are in the French empire who are *not* decorated. Surely this is Paris, or Lyons, or Bordeaux, or at least Boulogne or Dieppe! No, you are in Africa; this, indeed, is Algiers; and the Arabian Nights are all around you. There goes the Sultana Scheherazade. The Sultana in walking costume resembles a clothes-bag bifurcated, or say a pair of well-inflated pillows, surmounted by a bolster, and covered with a mosquito curtain. The Sultana may be one of the wives of a wealthy Moresco, or she may be a washerwoman. She is a Mauresque, and her out-door costume is invariable. It consists of a pair of very baggy galligaskins, not at all of Zouave cut, but precisely that kind of Turkish trousers which Mandane wears in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. These—the *shintiyan* of the Turkish women—are of plain white muslin; above is a quantity of semi-diaphanous drapery, which I cannot attempt to describe; and over all is thrown a long robe, or feminine toga, of very fine white linen or gauze, called a *haik*. Sometimes another *haik* of a somewhat stouter material is

worn over the first. This drapery does not fall in graceful folds. It is drawn close to the form, and the general composition of the pillow-case legs and bolster body is, in the entire effect, droll. The feet and ankles are bare, and from the hue of those extremities the Algerine expert is, I suppose, enabled to judge whether the veiled lady is dark or fair. Of course, I only presumed to look at the Sultana Scheherazade's supporters for the purpose of verifying the fact that her feet are thrust into wide shoes called *sebabath*, which, again, are encased in looser slippers of yellow morocco, the *papouches* or *babouches*. Looking at these slippers I could not, however, avoid regarding that which the slippers covered; and I must admit that the greatest part of the flesh I peeped at was very dusky indeed. The upper class of Mauresques, however, are said to be as fair as Europeans.

You can see nothing of the Sultana Scheherazade's face but her eyes. The upper *haik* comes well down over her temples; then you have a pair of big, black, sloe-like orbs, the lids so prolonged that they almost meet, or are darkened at least with *kohl* till they seem to join. The rest of the face is hidden by a handkerchief tied tightly behind. Some Arab ladies are said coquettishly to make use as a veil of a handkerchief so very transparent that their features can be perfectly well discerned beneath; but with the vast majority of the Sultanas I have seen to-day the gauze mask has been a reality, and the conceal-

ment effectual. I don't wonder at this veil, answering to the Turkish "*yashmak*," having been, through so many centuries, so obstinately retained. It may be regarded as a beautiful dispensation of Providence for promoting outdoor equality among the ladies. A pretty woman may let the passers-by know, even through her veil, that she is comely; but an ugly woman is, by the merciful interposition of the knotted handkerchief, enabled altogether to hide her ill-favouredness.

This was perhaps, of all days, the most favourable for viewing these ambulatory packages of femininity, for it was a festival, and, moreover, an exceptional festival; and Sultanas are all but mortal, so, actuated by a pardonable curiosity, they sallied forth to peep at the Sultan-Cæsar, and the grand preparations made to greet him. Once veiled and packed and pinned together, the Mauresques enjoy entire liberty out of doors. No jealously-curtained *arabas* convey them; no hideous eunuchs—ushers of a perpetual seminary for grown-up young ladies—hurry them along, forbidding them to look to the right or the left. Let me hasten to admit that in point of tidiness and cleanliness the Mauresques offer a very favourable contrast to the dignified and dirty male child of the desert. *Haik*, veil, and unmentionables are alike spotless and snowy. At ordinary seasons veiled women are very rarely seen in the European quarter of Algiers. The indigenous females are unveiled, and are either Jewesses or negresses. Yesterday the *haiks* and the *yashmaks* were ex-

ceedingly numerous in the great square. Sometimes the clothes-bag was portly, and suggested a stout mamma beneath—a suggestion strengthened by a pursuivant tribe of children, all, down to little-girl toddlekins of four or five (so at least to judge from their stature) as closely veiled as their elders. Altogether the "get up" of a Mauresque *en promenade* is livelier and smarter than that of a Turkish woman, whose veil is horribly ugly, who wears instead of the *haik*, a pillow-case of black silk, and whose trousers hang in ugly folds over her loose and slovenly boots of untanned leather. There is a spick and span, just-home-from-the-wash look about these Moorish ladies very refreshing to view; but their *ensemble* is, nevertheless, as I have hinted, funny. If you are in the Penseroso mood, you may picture to yourself that all the feminine tombs in the great cemetery of Mustafa have disgorged their tenants, and that they, or their pallid ghosts rather, are wandering about in the sunshine, vainly seeking for the janissaries of the good old times, and wondering how the Dey could think of allowing so many Christians to be at large without shackles on their ships and burdens on their backs. Or, still in ghostly frame of mind, you may liken them to the phantom nuns who serenade Robert le Diable. Very much like these sainted apparitions did the white Mauresques look this evening, gliding through the dim arcades of the Rue Bab-Azzoun. Or, if the Allegro suit you better, you may fancy yourself gazing on the corps de ballet in *Giselle*, and

that the airy creatures are but *Wilis*, with their ballet-skirts tucked lightly round them. Or, to one of ruder vision, they may appear like those five-and-thirty boarders at the ladies' school where Mr. Pickwick went to prevent the elopement, in their bed-gowns. Take them, however, as you will, and for granted the grotesqueness of their trim, and you shall not divest them of an indefinable but omnipresent perfume of the East—of the dreamy, vaporous, sensuous land of mystery and sorcery and jealousy and intrigue. I abandon for good the bifurcated clothes-bag, the double pillow-case similes. At night, albeit the glare of gas contends with the moon's rays, each pair of baggy pantaloons becomes a novel in two volumes.

The shops are full of *cartes de visite* of Arab and Jewish ladies, not only veiled, but with uncovered countenances—not only smothered in the *haik*, but arrayed in all the picturesque splendour of Oriental costume. Whence have these photographers obtained their models? Have they been permitted to enter the penetralia of the Moresco houses? Has the camera become one of the lights of the harem? I trow not. The models, I apprehend, have been selected from the *Rikát*, or naughty tribe—numerous enough here, as everywhere else. In these photographs you may see, at least, the lay figure dressed in the gorgeous attire of the Mauresque at home. The baggy trousers, drawn tight about the ankles, are replaced by the *serroual*, or wide drawers of silk, or china crape, and reach-

ing only mid-leg. The inmost garment is of finest gauze; the feet are in slippers of velvet embroidered with gold; the hair, plaited in long tresses, is knotted behind the head, and descends almost to the ground; the head-dress is a dainty little skull-cap or *chachia* of velvet, thick with gold and seed pearls, and attached by golden cords beneath the chin. The upper garment is the *rlila*, or jacket of brocaded silk, beneath which are one or more vests of gay colours, ornamented with innumerable sugar-loaf buttons. Round the waist is swathed the *fouta*, or many-folded sash of striped silk. Add rings and earrings, often of diamonds and emeralds very clumsily cut; necklaces with side rows of fine pearls strung on common string; bracelets for the arms, called *m'saïs*, and bangles for the ankles termed *m'kaïs*, and the Mauresque in her *carte de visite* or in-door costume is complete. Stay; she sometimes wears a kind of upper jerkin called a *djabadoli*, curiously filagreed with gold. A knowing Frenchman of long Algerine experience tells me that you may see the Mauresques in all this bravery of dress, and in actual reality of visage, if you will only stay at your window for an hour every evening before sunset, armed with a powerful opera-glass. Then, sweeping the horizon of houses, you may espy the beauteous she-Moors, gorgeous as the Queen of Sheba, come forth on the flat roofs of those old tenements in the upper town which have escaped the ruthless progress of French improvements. Simple she-Moors! Like the

ostrich which is said to hide its head in the sand—but doesn't do anything of the sort—and fancies itself invisible to the hunter, the confiding Mauresques imagine that nobody can see them when, glowing in silk, and velvet, and gold, and fine linen, they take their evening walk upon the house-top. Another informant tells me that scarcely an evening passes without his seeing the unveiled Moorish women crawling over the tiles, very much after the fashion of cats, from roof to roof, from house to house, and often from street to street; for in the old quarters of the town the thoroughfares are, as a rule, considerably narrower than Middle Temple-lane or old Cranbourne-alley, or one of those queer back streets at Venice, and each story projects so much above the other that at the summit they touch. Shinning over the tiles is the orthodox way of paying evening visits. The tiles are the stairs, the flat roofs the drawing-rooms. It is precisely the same at Mexico, where the *azoteas* are the great sunset rendezvous. Sky Parlour is where the Mauresque woman most enjoys herself. Thither she comes to gossip with her neighbours, to sing, to eat sweetmeats, to hang out her linen, to beat her carpets and her children. Life in a Moorish town would be dreary indeed without the house-top. The house-top! For how many thousands of years have these unchangeable races been walking on the house-top! And the sheet that was let down before the eyes of the visionary; what was that but the old canvas curtain they rig here every night on their roof,

to temper the sea breeze, and afford shade from the latest fierceness of the sun's rays. This Moorish woman's dress which I have figured bit by bit from a bundle of photographs, might have been copied almost verbatim from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of the dress of a Turkish lady in the Seraglio a hundred and fifty years ago, and for centuries, perhaps, ere that, no fashions in the harem had changed. Staunch old Conservatism walks Algiers as proudly as of yore, and, for all the improvements of the innovating Franks, they cannot improve it out of the land which they occupy, but have not conquered.

The position of the Mahometan woman in Algeria is theoretically much preferable to that of her sex in Tunis or Morocco. The strictly equitable nature of the French rule forbids her being treated with harshness or sold into slavery; but practically she is not much better off than in other Oriental countries. She is the victim of a stupid and brutalising social code, founded on and bound up in a religion whose theory is pure, but whose practice is barbarous. She is either contemned or maltreated; a toy to the rich, a beast of burden to the poor. When a child is born to a Moorish woman, she cries, if it be a boy, "it is a blessing;" if it be a girl, "it is a curse." Directly she comes into the world she is baptised in the name of Fatma, which is that of the mother of the Prophet. A week afterwards another name is given to her. The choice

of appellatives lies between Aïcha, Bedra, Djohar, Halima, Hasuria, Khredoudgà, Khreira, Meriem, Mimi, Mouni, Rosa, Safia, Yamina, Zina, and Zohra. Some of these names seem to have a characteristic sound. Wouldn't you like to fall in love with a young lady named Mouni; and can't you fancy being blessed with a mother-in-law by the name of Khredoudga?

If the Moorish girls' parents are poor they will regard her only as an incubus. Her mother was probably married at ten or twelve years of age; she ages early; and each accession of maternal cares is to her only a renewed warning that she is no longer fair to look upon. As for the father, it is as much as he knows that he has a daughter till some one buys her of him in marriage. The poor girl grows up to be beaten, overworked, and despised; a Cinderella without a fairy godmother, but with sisters as miserable as herself. The rich girl is neglected by her mother, and is relegated to a corner of the harem and the care of an old negress. When she is old enough to be sold, she is married. She is profoundly ignorant, of course, very fond of sweetstuff, very fond of the bath, very fond of flowers, very fond of smoking cigarettes. In the street she ogles you with her big eyes, and if there be anything peculiar in your appearance points a henna-stained finger and giggles shrilly. Beyond these characteristics, which may be gotten by heart in the course of half-an-hour's stay in Algiers, I question whether a European,

not being a *hakim* or physician, would know much more of the Mauresques if he dwelt in the country for forty years.

This state of life is no doubt very pitiable. The Government can do little to ameliorate it. They have guaranteed to the natives the possession of the civil law—which is the Koran—and the social code and the civil law are one. They might as well decree that the Mahometan women should go unveiled, or that the Arabs should leave off their burnouses, as interfere with the domestic arrangements of the Moorish gynecæum. A benevolent French lady residing in Algiers has of late years endeavoured to do that which the admirable Miss Whateley attempted in Cairo, though on a purely secular basis. She has established a school where nearly a hundred little Mussulman girls, from four to ten years of age, receive a very good education; and I am told that the progress made by some of these young Paynims in geography, arithmetic, and history—besides the more feminine accomplishments of needlework and flower-painting—would have done no discredit to a ladies' college in Europe. But the civilisation given to these poor little creatures is, perforce, superficial. The lower classes are glad enough to send their children to this school, for the teaching is gratuitous, and the parents are even encouraged by bribes to send them; but the half-educated girl goes back to all the dreariness and all the drudgery of Oriental life. She is married, and becomes a mother when she should still be learning her lessons; and

she very soon forgets the few she has learnt. The wives of the very rich Morescoes are said never to leave the house, save to visit the holy *koubbas* to pray that they may have men-children, and to propitiate the Marabouts with gifts. It is an animal kind of existence altogether; but can be no more altered or mended than the Kōran. In the cities, it is true, there is a class of Mauresques who go out to the "Perle" and other *brasseries* and *cafés chantants* at night, in garments distended by crinoline, and bonnets fresh from Paris. *Elles valent ce que valent leurs sœurs* at Paris, and everywhere else.

XI.

THE FEAST OF BAÏRAM.

ALGIERS continues to hold high festival. On the Place du Gouvernement, indeed, there would seem to be a chronic carnival all the year round, so far as diversity and gaiety of costumes are concerned; but the Emperor's visit has doubled the picturesque aspect of the place, and removed one great cause of complaint from those who sigh over the gradual disappearance of Oriental manners and the steady Gallification of Algeria. The indigenous population have trooped into the town in great numbers, and since I first set eyes on the town, I have had occasion to modify the impression as to the universality of rags and dirt which the first view of the Arabs conveyed to my mind. There has been a great encampment of friendly Bedouins outside Algiers, and from their bivouac numbers of children of the desert have strolled on to the Place, where they contrast most favourably with the sedentary natives, who, although they "compose" admirably in a picture or a photograph, are to the naked eye a most grimy and deplorable

crew. I have seen, since Saturday, Arabs six feet high and over, well-built and straight-limbed, with coal black beards and flashing eyes; and moreover, with burnouses that were positively clean. They have left their long carbines, and javelins, and jewelled yataghans in the camp; but they have an unmistakeably warlike appearance. Nor can it be denied that some of these Arabs have a majestic and imposing carriage not to be approached by Europeans. They walk, somehow, as if they knew that the land belonged of right to them. It is exceedingly fortunate for Europe and for themselves that, although they may have an agricultural, they have no longer a political interest in the soil of their country. Whoever is to govern Algeria, it is certain that the Moors of the cities, the Bedouins of the plain, or the Kabyles of the mountains are not the persons to whom such government should be entrusted. They would very soon play Old Harry with it, as their predecessors did, and their contemporaries and co-religionaries are doing in Tunis and in Morocco. Independent Algeria would revert once more to a state of nature—that is to say, the nature of a country in which the semi-civilisation is as impracticable as the semi-barbarism, and which is inhabited by highway robbers in the interior and buccaneers on the sea-shore. Algiers is just a thousand miles too near the coasts of France and Spain for its toleration as an independent Mahometan power to be possible. The French war steamers

from Oran keep a sharp look-out after their neighbour the Bey of Tunis, and Gibraltar keeps Tangiers in order; but from Algiers left to itself we might very soon expect to see the old fleets of pirates issue, to pounce on Christian merchantmen, and rob and ravish as in days of old. You may think that I am begging the question, or assuming an eventuality of whose occurrence there is not the remotest likelihood; but I venture to point out to you that the abandonment of this magnificent colony, and the rendition of "Algeria to the Algerians," is one of the pet crotchets of an influential section of the Liberal party in France. "Algeria," said the Duke de Broglie, many years ago in the Chamber of Peers, "is to France only a box at the Opera." The remark is full of French pungency, and, viewed under certain aspects, is true.

To the low-class Frenchman Algeria is simply *là bas*—a vague and indistinct land, where it is very hot, where the conscript who has drawn an unlucky number is sent to serve, where he dies in battle or of fever, or whence haply he returns very much bronzed, with a confirmed taste for absinthe, and full of wild legends about Moorish women with faces like the full moon. To the majority of educated Frenchmen the country is no more than "a box at the Opera"—a box where you may see now a brilliant fantasia of Bedouins, now a voluptuous saraband of dancing girls. Now there is a picturesque "set" of a Mauresque hareem: horse-

shoe arches, tesselated pavement, bubbling fountains, gazelle-like houris reclining on luxurious divans, pipes, coffee, prayer carpets, black slaves with big ear-rings, venerable sheikhs with long beards—all the "properties" of the Alhambra, in short. Then the scene changes to the Desert, music by Félicien David —Bedouin chiefs on sinewy barbs, camels, gazelles, a real lion-hunt perchance; the whole winding up with the capture of the Smala of Abd-el-Kader, including all his seraglio, by the hundred and first regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique; the curtain descending amidst repeated discharges of artillery, waving of flags, and cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" This is what has been seen, for a quarter of a century, from the "Opera-box." If you want glowing reproductions on canvas of the most exciting tableaux, you may find them by scores at every Exhibition of the *Salon;* if you need books in which life in Algiers shall read as prettily as Mr. Beckford's "Vathek," M. Ernest Feydeau, M. Théophile Gautier, M. Fromentin, will satisfy your desire in any number of limp octavos. If you yearn for narratives of sterner stuff, General Daumas will go behind the scenes, and organise an imposing spectacle of the horses of the Sahara; or Bombonnel—poor Jules Gérard's successor—will lead across the stage a string of mules laden with the *spolia opima* of his warfare against lions, and panthers, and jackals. All these things the Parisian has seen from his snug proscenium-parlour, until at last he has begun to yawn; the Bedouin in his

eternal burnouse has become a bore; something else, by way of a change, has been called for; and MM. Cambon and Thierry have furnished the *décors* for a new *ballet d'action* entitled "The Campaigns of Italy," or a grand hippodramatic spectacle full of Mexican guerilleros and Indian chiefs, and introducing the siege of Puebla and the occupation of Tenostitlan. M. David's "Desert," still politically speaking, has had its "run," and ceases to draw. A very small proportion of the French public are aware, even if they cared to know, what enormous sums that African opera has cost, and what wofully small receipts it has brought to the Imperial Treasury. The outgoings have been tremendous, the incomings *nil*. Year after year the best blood of France has irrigated the sands of the desert; but the pulverous waste remains as arid as ever. Here and there an oasis has been wrested from sterility, ploughed with shares of gold, so to speak, and sown with silver; but the fruits which the earth has yielded—I am always speaking politically—have been mainly all rind and stone and no pulp:—Dead Sea apples, fair to outward view, but full of ashes within.

Here on the Place du Gouvernement at Algiers you may see, stalking about, or lounging at the tables in front of the cafés, any number of the "friendly natives" I have spoken of. Some are officers of Arab Spahis, others chieftains of mediatised or conciliated tribes. They are taking their *sirop*

de groseille or their coffee with French officers; they are puffing cigarettes just as though they were with the *cocottes* of the Bois; some of them have eye-glasses, with which they ogle the French ladies daintily; the use of pocket-handkerchiefs is not infrequent; on the breast of more than one burnouse I see glittering the star of the Legion; they speak French with more or less fluency, and dine at the restaurant, using knives and forks and napkins, in lieu of squatting cross-legged on the ground round a brass tray, seizing gobbets of food with their fingers, and ramming them down their throats. Unfortunately, these friendly natives do not, comparatively, represent their nation, any more than our two or three smartly-clad West India regiments represent the wretched black savages of the West Coast of Africa. They are an infinitesimal part of the great mass of natives, who are the reverse of friendly. There is no need to insult them by likening them to Nana Sahibs—greyhounds in outward polish, tigers in their hearts. If the Arab hates the Frenchman, his hatred is honest, and in many respects chivalrous. He is not, I am told, treacherous. But he cannot be got to see that the Frank has any right in his territory. He cannot be persuaded to look upon his brother the friendly native but as a renegade and traitor, to be renounced, cursed, spit upon, and at the earliest opportunity shot. He cannot be mediatised, he cannot be conciliated, any more than the lion can be brought to dance a hornpipe and do tricks upon

the cards. Van Amburgh, it is true, used to put his head in the mouth of the King of Beasts; but the lion was a caged one—he did not put on white kid gloves and come and sit in the stalls, and the lion-tamer in the belt of his gay tunic had always a short, stout crowbar, wherewith to brain his pupil if he proved refractory.

Such is pretty nearly the situation of the French with regard to the Arabs. They have penetrated into the bowels of the desert, but it has ever been with a hand on the hilt and a finger on the trigger. They have crossed their legs in the tent of the Bedouin, and smoked a pipe with him; but the next day they have been compelled to raise a strong fort, to overawe and coerce their neighbour. At once the French must be acquitted of any desire to tyrannise over or to maltreat their Mahometan subjects. On the whole, indeed, they have behaved towards them with singular equity, generosity, and forbearance. The Moors of the towns have enjoyed under the French viceroys an amount of ease and protection for which they might have sighed in vain under the Turkish Deys. Their religious privileges, their civil rights, have been rigorously protected. They have not been overtaxed; they have been secure from arbitrary imprisonment or cruel punishment. In the interior the natives have been confirmed in the tranquil possession of the lands they possessed before the conquest, or which they have acquired subsequently to it. The institution of the

Bureaux Arabes, or administrative centres, where justice has been administered and native interests watched over by French officers speaking Arabic, and in constant communication with the Arab chiefs, have, on the whole, worked well. Occasionally, it is true, the directors of these bureaux have not been chosen from the best class of officers, and the Bedouin or the Kabyle has been treated very much after the fashion of a milch cow; but instances of malversation or oppression have been rare. With all this, the pacification of Algeria has remained a consummation devoutly to be wished for, yet giving little promise of accomplishment. *Bureaux Arabes,* expeditions into the Kabyle country, flying columns, *promenades militaires,* forts and blockhouses, have not done much. There have always been one or more tribes in revolt; there has always been a cry of peace when there was no peace. You may exterminate that gaunt Bedouin, careering about on a weedy horse with a blanket over his head. You have revolvers and rifles; he has, often, only a dagger, or a musketoon with a flint lock. You may vanquish him, but you cannot subdue him. So at least the French have found, after thirty years' conflict with an indomitable race. Thus the Grand Algerian Opera is a very charming performance to witness from a *loge de face,* but the great, weary score of the work is written in the reports of innumerable governors, sub-governors, and prefects. Acres, miles square of stationery have been filled with wordy exposi-

tions of the "situation," but little progress has been made towards a final settlement; and thus, it is said, irritated and tired out by a continual flux of reports leading to nothing, the Emperor determined to come to the colony in person, and judge things for himself. He stayed but for a few days in 1860, and in 1865 his sojurn will be confined to a few weeks; and, of course, it is questionable how far he may be able to carry away with him more than an imperfect view of the true state of affairs. The seven hundred beggars, more or less, who have all been actually put under lock and key by the local authorities, are a significant illustration of the desire felt by the Administration to "make things comfortable." There is not a village through which he has passed but has been swept, and garnished, and whitewashed, and furbished up against his arrival. Holes have been filled up, broken windows mended, ruinous walls repaired, heaps of rubbish removed, from the Imperial track. "Those gentlemen who have no shirts," to use the dictum of the politic showman, have been requested to stand in the background, and give place to the more decently attired; and that which I saw at Bou Farik and at Blidah could not but remind me very strongly of what I had read of Potemkin's preparations for the reception of Catherine on her progress through Southern Russia. The scene-painter and the property-man, the florist and the costumier, were called in to embellish the road followed by the Czarina. Prosperous villages sprang

up, as though by enchantment, where before had only been miserable hovels; happy peasants were seen dancing on village greens where yesterday had only been beggars and dunghills; but no sooner had the Empress taken her departure than the decorations were pulled down, and the dresses of the happy peasantry sent back to the masquerade warehouse. It is possible that the trophies and the triumphal arches, the garlands and the N.'s, the tricolored flags and the illuminations, will somewhat impede the view which the most sagacious and clear-sighted monarch in Europe is wishful to take of the state of affairs in Africa; it may be that no sooner have the masts of the ship which bears him to Europe disappeared below the horizon, than the proceedings of the Algerian Administration will resume its old blundering, tortuous, verbose course—that the old squabbles and *tracasseries* will arise between the Governor-General in Algiers and the Ministry of War in Paris.

The general obscurity in which the state of things in the colony is so studiously enveloped must be aggravated, so far as the Emperor is concerned, by the extraordinary baseness of the Algerine press. The servility of a semi-official journal in Paris is oily enough; but the greasy adulation, the fulsome flattery to be found in the *Akhbar* or the *Journal des Colons* is positively marvellous. While the Emperor is here he will be beslavered with praise; but when he is gone, and things have fallen into

the old grooves, you may expect to find the journalists of Algiers, who are the mere creatures of the Administration, slily chuckling in print over the manner in which the local Government has succeeded in counteracting the instructions sent from the central authority in Paris. This has already actually been done ; and the Administration was not long since complimented on having pursued a course of policy diametrically opposed to that upheld in the metropolis.

A dynasty preceding that of the Third Napoleon, driven almost to despair by the impracticability of the Mahometan rebels whom it had striven so long to convert into subjects, once hit on the notable device of employing as an extra-official ambassador to the Arabs a professional conjuror. The celebrated M. Robert Houdin was sent to Africa, and, in the presence of a number of Arab chiefs, went through his most remarkable feats of hocus-pocus and legerdemain. The intention was of course to impress the natives with an idea of the superior skill and ingenuity of the Franks, and perhaps also to hint that some of the most recondite of our jugglers' tricks were due to superhuman agency. The experiment—at the best but a very shallow and paltry one—was a failure. The Arabs regarded the sleight-of-hand tricks with little curiosity, next with indifference, and at last with scorn. They have conjurors of their own who could teach tricks to Robert Houdin. A flight of pigeons from a portfolio, or an endless diversity of drinks

from one bottle, failed to astonish them. It would have been wiser to show them a steam printing machine, or an Armstrong gun factory.

The Emperor Napoleon, wiser in his generation and more dignified in his procedure, has just made an appeal to his Mahometan subjects, which is certainly as bold as it is curious, and as novel as it is bold. In the proclamation to the French inhabitants of Algeria, the day after his arrival, the Emperor very clearly indicated what should be the policy of his nation towards the native races. "We must be the masters," he said, "because we are the most civilised; we should be generous, because we are the strongest." This seemingly logical proposition has been amplified and illustrated in the proclamation addressed by Napoleon III. to the Arab people. I have spoken of this production as curious and bold. There is certainly a good deal that is strange and a good deal that implies hardihood in the spectacle of the monarch of a great Christian nation, of the Eldest Son of the Church, directly endorsing the doctrines of fatalism and inculcating the precepts of the Koran. The Emperor commences by telling the Arabs that it was never the intention of France to destroy the nationality of Algeria, but to rescue it from secular oppression, and to substitute for Turkish domination a milder, juster, and more enlightened rule. Notwithstanding which, as his Majesty naïvely points out, the liberated race have, for five-and-thirty years, been fighting their

liberators tooth and nail. The Emperor does not consider such conduct on the part of the natives criminal. On the contrary, he professes to honour that sentiment of martial dignity which has led the Arabs, before submitting to the French, to invoke "*le jugement de Dieu*," the arbitrament of the Almighty. But He, the Emperor assumes, has "pronounced," and the Arabs are thereupon exhorted to bow to the decrees of Providence. The Emperor proceeds to point out that his own ancestors had, twenty centuries since, to sustain a struggle as vain against invasion; but from their discomfiture arose their regeneration. The vanquished Gauls became assimilated with the conquering Romans, and from the enforced union between contrary virtues and opposite civilisations sprang, in time, that French nationality which has pervaded the whole world with its ideas. The Emperor omits to say anything about the Franks, who, it strikes me, were not a little concerned in the production of that French nationality of which he speaks, seeing that they overcame both the Gauls and the Romans. But strong meat is not fit for babes; and his Majesty doubtless thought that lessons in history to so primitive a people as the Arabs were best administered in homœopathic doses.

The natives are thus bidden to accept "accomplished facts." They are reminded of what their own Prophet has said, "God gives power to whom He will;" and the second chapter and two hundred and forty-eighth verse of the Koran—the famous

and venerable chapter entitled "The Cow"—is quoted in support of the argument for French supremacy. The Emperor declares that he holds *his* power directly from on high, and that he intends to exercise it for the good of the Arabs. It is further significantly hinted to them that they are but two millions, whereas the French are forty millions strong—twenty to one; a very apt commentary on the "cow" quotation, implying the well-known maxim that Providence is generally on the side of the big battalions. Besides, urges the Emperor, the Arabs have sworn allegiance to him, and their conscience as well as their Sacred Book alike command them to keep the troth they have plighted (Chap. 8 "Of Repentance," verse fourth). The Arabs are finally told to confide in their destiny, since it is indissolubly united with that of France, and to acknowledge, with the Koran (Chap. 7, "El Araf," verse one hundred and seventy-seven), that he whom God directs is well directed—the personage so directed being clearly Napoleon III., Emperor of the French.

I should very much like to know what the Holy Father of the Eldest Son of the Church will think of this proclamation, or how it will strike Monseigneur Dupanloup, or what Mr. Spurgeon or Dr. Cumming will have to say about it. Can it be denied that it is both curious and bold? A considerable section of the Christian world are implicitly of opinion that the so-called Prophet Mahomet was either a crazy visionary or a

sensual and bloody-minded impostor, and that Al Coran is a wild mixture of fables, hallucinations, plagiarism from Scripture, and downright blasphemy. The Emperor of the French, however, would seem to be of the same opinion with that English translator of Al Coran, who has printed on his title-page a quotation from Cicero, to the effect that there is no doctrine, howsoever false, without a grain or so of truth being mingled with it. Napoleon has boldly pressed the Prophet Mahomet into his service, and made him testify to the Divine Legation of the French armies in Algeria. Whether history does or does not repeat itself is a moot point among students; but the Third Napoleon seems resolved that the middle of the nineteenth century shall witness an exact reproduction of that historical policy inaugurated at its commencement by Napoleon I. Gazing upon the groups of bare-legged and turbaned and burnoused Arabs who were conning the Imperial proclamation, which, in French and Arabic characters, is affixed to every wall and every Arcade in Algiers—musing over these appeals to fatalism and destiny, and to these references to "The Cow" and "El Araf," I could not but recall the image of Bonaparte, general-in-chief of the armies of the Republic, sitting cross-legged on a divan in a mosque at Cairo, surrounded by mollahs and softas, expressing the profound veneration he felt for the precepts of the Mahometan faith, and pointing out how plainly it was commanded by the Koran that the Mamelukes should be

overthrown, and the schismatical Sir Sidney Smith extirpated from the land. The Sultan Gebir—"the Fiery Chief"—the Egyptain Arabs were wont to call the young Republican general. Napoleon III. may earn a title as lofty from the Bedouins.

El Djezzaïr meanwhile rejoices. The bands from the iron-clad squadron alternate with the music of the regiments in garrison in giving open-air concerts every evening, from eight to nine, in the Place du Gouvernement. The great Mosque of La Pêcherie is illuminated every night; so are the ships in harbour; so are the arches and trophies; so are the Cathedral and the Palace of the Governor-General. The Mahometans, too, are having a national fête of their own, and are enjoying it after their own fashion. It is the Feast of Baïram. The first day of the new year (1273, I think) in the Mahometan calendar was on Friday. Since then, every morning and evening, troops of negroes in the most fantastic and preposterous costumes you can imagine—some of them in full Oriental costume, turbaned or fez-capped, but with scarlet tassels to their burnouses; others in rags and *oripeaux*, and scraps of finery innumerable—old cocked hats on their woolly heads tied beneath their chins with tape, frayed and tarnished epaulettes on their shoulders, swordless scabbards at their sides, scarlet morocco boots, the heels decorated with prodigious brass spurs—have been perambulating the principal streets, making the air hideous with the

noise of tom-toms and double castanets of brass. The tom-tom is a kind of tin kettle covered with sheepskin, slung at the side, and thwacked with a curved wooden bat, something like a boomerang and a thin cane. The sound produced is absolutely horrible. The clangour of the castanets alone would impel Mr. Babbage to the commission of suicide. These negroes likewise sing. What is the matter of their chant I know not, but their manner is awful. Then they dance, a heel-and-toe, double shuffle, cut six, and bob around, very much in the fashion of the imitators, white or coloured, of "Boz's Juba" who may be seen in the streets of London or the night cellars of New York. The African Cæsar, to my mind, is remarkably like the Transatlantic Pompey, only he seems a little happier.

The French have a partiality for negroes, and treat them with a sort of humorous kindness; looking upon them, I apprehend, in the light of amusing mimes and saltimbanques provided especially for their diversion, but not much higher in the scale of creation than dancing dogs or learned monkeys. The negroes in Algeria are all very orthodox Mahometans—that faith lending itself, on festive occasions, to such religious exercises as beating on the tom-tom and screeching. At the Feast of Baïram the black musicians are in immense request, not only in the streets, but in the old Moorish cafés and dancing-places. They have plenty of money given to them, for the Arabs are

very charitable, and it is quite sad to think that the beggars should have been locked up this Baïram. At such a season no one would refuse a copper to the mendicant who asks for it in the name of the Prophet and Sidi Abd-el-Kader—who is not, by the way, the celebrated Emir of that name, but a much venerated Marabout of bygone times.

XII.

BY RAIL TO BOU-FARIK.

My first experience of railway travelling on the African continent was made the day of the Emperor's visit to Bou Farik. Let me tell you, first of all, where Bou Farik is, and why his Majesty went there. This flourishing little town, or "*centre agricole*," as our omnicentralising allies prefer to call it, is situated in the plain of the Mitidja, at a distance of thirty-four kilometres from Algiers. It is an assemblage of model farms, with a model rural population, almost exclusively European, and is considered to be the most successful of the numerous experiments of the kind which, with an average on the side of failure, the French have essayed in this most experimental colony. Bou Farik—in railway parlance Bouffarick—was in 1830 an uninhabitable compound of marsh and jungle, swarming with wild boars, hyenas, and jackals. For some years following the conquest, the French cavalry officers in garrison round Algiers used, armed with long spears, to make excursions to this savage place, there to indulge in the sprightly sport of pig-sticking.

A few bridle paths traversed the combination of thicket and quagmire, converging at an expanse of somewhat more solid earth in the form of a hillock, and crowned by a well, which was overshadowed by three tall trees. From the branches of these trees floated permanently sundry hempen ropes, and to these ropes were not unfrequently suspended human bodies, the corpses of true believers, who, to their own ill-luck, had come into collision with the criminal code as administered by the Moorish judicial functionaries. These gibbets were the only signs of civilisation visible in the heart of the Mitidja, and, for want of a better, the neighbouring Arabs made the Hanging Well a place of periodical meeting, where they sold their flocks and herds, or bartered them for such commodities as they needed from Algiers, Fez, or Tunis. In all ages, I believe, humanity has elected to rattle silver and gold at the gallows-foot; and there is scarcely a market-place in the known world but has also been, at some time or another, a place of execution. The dealers who gathered under the shadow of the gibbets of Bou Farik were, as a rule, anxious to get away as fast as possible from the scene of their transactions. The place was horribly pestilential. No one dared to camp out there. The Arab tents were always pitched outside the boundary of the jungle; and none ventured, if they could help it, in its tortuous paths after nightfall. When wild beasts ran short, wilder men were not lacking to rob and murder travellers. To the Arab

grazier, in short, Bou Farik was as a plague-smitten Barnet, surrounded by a ferocious Finchley-common infested by highwaymen and footpads.

In 1835 General Drouet d'Erlon established a camp at Bou Farik. He entrenched it quite after the Cæsarean model; parapets were constructed, and within these barriers fifteen hundred men and six hundred horses could be encamped. This was one of the earliest advances of the French into the bowels of the land. A short time afterwards Marshal Clausel, of Antwerp celebrity, decreed that a city should be built at Bou Farik. The obsequious engineers on his staff christened the city in embryo Medina-Clausel; but it came to nothing. Streets were laid out on proportions as magnificent as those of Washington or the flourishing city of Eden; bastions were built and counterscarps raised, and moats dug—with the pencil and T square, on the drawing-board—banks, theatres, cafés, barracks, were projected; but somehow these edifices never advanced beyond the earliest rudiments of the foundations; and, meanwhile, the colonists who had been persuaded to come hither from France died off like sheep with the rot, in the miserable huts of mud and brambles which had been hastily thrown up. Another immigration was fostered, and again it perished. Fresh blood was poured into the veins of Bou Farik, and once more it dried up. The place had to be thrice repeopled before the nucleus even of a substantial community could be established.

The Arabs used to declare that not so much as toads and vipers could exist at Bou Farik, so unhealthy was it; but time and energy and perseverance will accomplish almost everything; and the whilom plague-pit is now a very smiling and prosperous country town, with from four to five thousand inhabitants. These are all either French or Jews. The Arabs will bring their cattle to market, and stalk about the town in the day-time; but they will not inhabit it, or even pass a night under one of its roofs. Bou Farik is still to them a Golgotha, and an accursed place. Immense drainage works have at length reclaimed the fever-haunted bog; Bou Farik is no longer a lazar-house; but the sacrifices necessary to bring about such a result have been enormous. The mortality at one period approached seventy per cent. Regiment after regiment of the conscripts of labour died miserably. The exhalations from the stagnant waters of the locality killed many, while others were literally martyrs for the sake of those who were to come after them; for it is one of the peculiarities of the virgin soil in Algeria, that when first dug into with the spade the very disturbance of the earth they say, as though a hornet's nest had been stirred up, sends forth diseases in crowds.* The ground poisoned those

* See remarks, *ante*, concerning "*le remuement des terres.*" Does any analogous impression as to the evil effects of stirring up the earth exist in the mind of the Anglo-Saxon labourer? Tell me, some kindly correspondent of "Notes and Queries."

who sought to make it wholesome; the physician died as he strove to heal his patient; but all the while the rankly rich vegetation, thriving on that which slays human beings, grew all around with a quick and lavish fecundity, that drove the wasted and sickly skeletons who were contending against the climate nearly desperate. Bou Farik wears a very different aspect now. The palm, the date, the banana, the plantain, the cactus, the prickly pear, flourish; but they are kept within proper limits. The town is girt about with vast orchards, recalling the best-cultivated parts of Normandy, and the inhabitants are real country folk, hardy, laborious, simple, and frugal. The camp of Drouet d'Erlon, converted into a kitchen garden, has, with several acres adjoining it, been granted in fee to a good monk called Father Brumauld, on condition that for a period of twenty years he shall maintain an agricultural and industrial school for two hundred apprentices—mostly orphan boys from the department of the Seine. Our English Children's Friend Society attempted many years since to do something of the same kind for vagrant children from England at the Cape of Good Hope; but a cry arose that the boys were sold as slaves to the Dutch settlers, and the project, a very admirable one, had to be abandoned. Charity, it is said, begins at home. It would seem that our excellent English plant, philanthropy, needs a great deal of criminal manure; so we have elected to keep perpetual dungheaps of vice and crime at home, and

at our very doors, in order to quicken the growth of home philanthropy.

Bou Farik is still a market, but on a much grander scale than in the Hanging Well days. Every Monday from three to four thousand Arab farmers belonging to tribes scattered over the Mitidja, and some even from remoter districts, flock into Bou Farik with their cattle. A vast caravanserai has been built for their accommodation. This Oriental Smithfield contains lairs and stables, cafés, an inland revenue office, and a mosque. No banks, however, are needed, as in our cattle market. All transactions are for ready money, or, if anything be done on credit, the primitive contrivances of the notch and tally serve for all purposes of book-keeping, as the abacus, or balls strung on a frame of wires, does for calculation. The Arab is his own banker. He puts his money in a long bag, very much resembling a cotton sock, thrusts it into his sack, and when he gets home buries it in the ground. If he be a nomade Arab, and does not live anywhere, he carries it in his saddle. The interment of money is, however, more generally practised. Many of the Arab graziers are reputed to be very rich. Among the Kabyles, who are sedentary and industrious, there are fortunes which even in Europe would be accounted handsome. When the French invaded this country the market price of a bullock was six francs; it is now worth at Bou Farik as many napoleons. The European colonists who breed cattle drive a

good trade; but in competition they must always be at a disadvantage with the Arabs, who have inherited, or squatted on their farms; who have few local taxes to pay, and furnish their contributions to their own native chiefs mainly in kind; who have no position to keep up, and no appearance to make, save a very wild and picturesque one, which is of the cheapest; who are at no costs for educating their children, seeing that they rarely educate them at all; whose wants are few, and whose mode of life is almost incredibly abstemious; and who never, comparatively speaking, spend any money. An Arab may live somewhat luxuriously at the Feast of Baïram, and indulge in a good supper after sunset at Ramadan; but at least three hundred days in the year are with him Banyan ones. A handful of rice, or a ladleful of meal, which costs little, or a few dates, and plenty of spring water, which costs nothing, and he is satisfied. "*Con tre soldi*," say the Neapolitan lazzaroni, "*vive, mange, e ti lave la faccia*"—for three-halfpence a day you may have board, lodging, and washing. The blessed sun provides the rest. The Arab seems to live quite as economically. Stay, he is very fond of smoking. Well, you may buy capital tobacco in Algiers for a franc a pound, and cigars are to be had three for two sous; but the Arab husbandman generally grows his own tobacco. Coffee, again, he delights in; but in a Moorish café the fragrant beverage is only a halfpenny a cup. It is true that the cup is not much bigger than a good-sized

thimble. When the Arab is sleepy—and when he has finished buying and selling and smoking, he generally becomes drowsy—he first draws the cowl of his burnouse over his face, kicks off his shoes, uses his arm or a nice hard stone as a pillow, and sleeps the sleep of the just. This is all the going to bed he requires. In fact, there is not such a thing as a bed in the Oriental scheme of society. The richest wrap themselves up and fling themselves on hearthrugs or sofas; but "turning in" is an unknown ceremony. The ordinary bolsters of the dormitory, as I have elsewhere hinted, are articles of dress, and to go about clad in a pillow-case and a pair of sheets is, with a lady, to attain the height of the fashion. Every night, on the Place du Gouvernement, you may see numbers of Arabs couched at full length on the marble parapet of the quay, or on the steps of the Mosque of La Pêcherie. I do not think the authorities will suffer them to sleep under the arcades of the streets; but the nooks and crannies which the closely-clustered houses in the by-lanes of the old Moorish town afford generally shelter their nightly slumberers, who in England would clearly bring themselves within the provisions of that clause in the New Police Act which prohibits sleeping in the open air. The Arabs snoozing *à la belle étoile* in the Place are not beggars, else they would be in gaol. They may be, for aught I can tell, sheikhs of high degree; or perhaps they are philosophers of even a more advanced degree of cynicism than Diogenes, looking upon

a tub as an effeminate luxury, and holding a stone couch and the stars for a blanket as the only sleeping accommodation fit for a Mussulman sage.

We will now, if you please, proceed to Bou Farik. You go thither per rail; the iron road being continued some twenty miles further on to Blidah, at the very foot of the Atlas range. By an Imperial decree, dated April 8, 1857, the creation of a network of railways was shadowed forth, comprising the three provinces stretching parallel to the sea-coast from Algiers to Constantine to the east, passing through or near Aumale and Setif, and to the west from Algiers to Oran, passing Blidah, Amoura, Orléansville, St. Denis du Sig, and Ste. Barbe. There were also to be lines from Philippeville (Stora) to Constantine; from Bougia to Setif, and from Bona to Constantine, by Toulma; from Tenes to Orléansville; from Arzen to Mostaganem and Relizane; and from Oran to Tlemcen. These railways, with the exception of the short lengths from Algiers to Blidah, Oran to St. Denis du Sig, and Philippeville to Constantine, are as yet only radiant visions of the future; and the Algiers and Blidah line, which is but forty-eight kilometres long, and which was commenced in 1859 and took four years to make, is as yet the most important sample of the adamantine millenium to be expected. At all the stations along the line the pernicious system of making the terminus at about two miles distant from the town itself has been followed. You are

consequently obliged to hang about a coach office for twenty minutes, waiting for an omnibus to take you to the railway, and the time lost in going to and from the stations is about double that which you pass in the train. The Blidah railway runs for miles out of Algiers, along the seashore, at almost a dead level; and had the line been constructed by a Yankee company, the cars would have been brought right up to the Place du Gouvernement; but the French proceed more cautiously, and the traveller is duly compelled to make his pilgrimage per *fiacre* or omnibus into the outskirts of the town to the *gare*. It is just the same at Bou Farik and at Blidah, the country being at both stations as flat as a bowling-green. But is it not precisely the same in Paris? With the exception of the Havre terminus in the Rue d'Amsterdam, the railway termini are at an almost inaccessible distance. The Chemin de Fer du Nord seems to be at Timbuctoo, and the Lyons Railway somewhere in the Gulf of Carpentaria. We English are, no doubt, getting spoilt by London Bridge and Charing-cross and Victoria; and even now we are crying out that Euston-square is too far off, that Waterloo is among the Trasteverini, and the Great Eastern is a howling wilderness; but a little experience of the infinite pains taken by Continental engineers to place their stations as far as ever they can from the centres of the life and business of a town should surely make us grateful for the blessings we enjoy.

I reached the *gare* at Algiers at noon, the train being advertised to start at half-past twelve, but the conductor of the omnibus, an Arab, was determined that we should not miss the train, and so afforded us an opportunity of cooling our heels for thirty minutes in the waiting-room. "Cooling" is perhaps a misnomer as applied to the heels in Algeria. Baking them would be an expression more appropriate. A European suffers from the heat of the climate much more in his lower extremities than in any other part of his body. Against the rays of the sun you may guard your head by the puggree turban, by an umbrella, or by one of the white muslin *nuquières* or nape-of-the-neck protectors worn by the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Your blue or green spectacles will obviate the peril of ophthalmia from the too constant contemplation of stone or lime-whited buildings illumined by a blazing sun. A suit of white linen, or of nankeen which is better, or of blue flannel which is best, will keep you cool enough. You should not over-walk, or over-work, or over-talk, or over-do anything. Take things coolly, like Mr. Midshipman Easy. You should not allow your thirst to get the better of you, even though you drink nothing but syrups, sodas, and citronades. A large quantity of liquids of any kind is dangerous. The very best beverage, after all, is a *demi-tasse* of coffee poured into a tumbler and filled up with cold water. Most Englishmen would think this potation in the outset exceedingly nasty; but you soon grow accustomed

to it, as the student did to the "Bottle Imp," and learn to love it. There is much Bock beer drunk in Algiers by Europeans, much execrable absinthe, and much of perhaps the worst brandy to be found anywhere out of the province of Pomerania, Prussia. Therefore wise medical men recommend *café à l'eau* as a preferential drink. It is a mild stimulant, cheers when you get used to it, and does not inebriate. Observe the precautions I have glanced at above: wear flannel next your skin, a sash round your loins—as the prudent Mussulmans do—and take a teaspoonful of citro-tartrate of soda in water if you feel feverish, and a few drops of chlorodine in cases of cramps, and you will get on very nicely in Africa, as you would, I think, in the East or West Indies, or in Cayenne or in China. But there is one thing you cannot do in Algiers. You can't keep your feet cool—that is, if you go shod after the European fashion. Try the lightest shoes, the thinnest elastics, the breeziest Alberts, the softest white jean *bottines* of the tropics, and on the cruel sands or the crueller dusty or sandy roads of Numidia your unhappy hoofs will broil, and bake, and fry, and at last calcine. Moreover, if you wish to enter a mosque you must take your boots off and leave them at the door; and the mollahs who administer the funds of the fabric do not provide bootjacks for the use of unbelievers. If they did, they would like to brain them with those adjuncts of the toilette. The only cure I can suggest for the fiery-furnace condition to which

you are reduced is to go barefoot, or at least to thrust your feet into loose and easy slippers, which you can kick off at pleasure. Look at all those Arab boys on the dusty quay or on the white-hot shingled shore. They are all barefooted, yet they walk through the furnace as harmless as Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego of yore. Look at that old Moor who has entered the watchbox-looking barber's shop to be shaved. He sits down cross-legged on a bench; but, ere he surrenders his chin to the barber's shear, he slips his feet out of his *babouches*. When two Arabs sit down at a café for a smoke and a sententious gossip, they open the conversation by taking off their shoes. To take off your shoes in Africa is as ordinary and habitual a thing as to take off your gloves in Europe.

The same sensible course had been adopted by the Arab portion of the travellers waiting in the *salles d'attente* for the half-past twelve train. I except of course the ladies, of whom there were several, veiled up to the eyes, huddled together in a corner, and looking very much like Banshees out for a frolic. The women keep their shoes on—I don't know why, for what European can know anything definite about a Mussulman woman?—but they always have their slippers on, and very ugly slippers they are. There were a good many Arabs waiting for the train, and I observed that, although many of their number seemed to be in easy circumstances, they all, without exception, took third-class tickets. The railway company does

not make much out of the true believers, I fancy. The friend who was with me pointed out more than one hadji, or Mussulman who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca; but these holy persons had, with an eye to the dust, taken the precaution of tying red cotton pocket-handkerchiefs over their sacred turbans and under their chins; whereof the effect was, to say the least, funny. A descendant of the Prophet, also, with a peagreen umbrella, does not appeal very strongly to the organ of veneration. It was quite a *train de plaisir;* but I was very glad to see that, the number of carriages being limited, the station-master issued no more tickets than there were places in the train. The third-class carriages were merely luggage vans, in which a number of benches of rough-hewn wood had been hastily fixed; but, the doors being left open, were infinitely preferable to the stuffy first and second class ones. Not that these carriages would have given anywhere else the slightest cause for complaint. They were as elegant and commodious as the best vehicles on the French railways—they were simply unsuited to the climate, and locomotive ovens, that is all. I wonder that our ingenious allies, who in other matters have shown so great a faculty for adapting themselves to circumstances—who have dressed their Zouaves in Arab costumes, and adopted in a hundred other ways the Arab mode of life—have not yet arrived at the conviction that stuffed and padded railway carriages are rather out of place in a country where,

when the thermometer stands at eighty-four in the shade, it is considered chilly. In the Cuban railways, and, I believe, in Old Spain, they manage things much more sensibly. Stuffing and padding are discarded, the sides of the carriages are covered with thin silk or linen elegantly decorated, and the heavy cushions are replaced by light and breezy cane-bottomed seats.

In other respects that which I have seen of railway working in Algeria merits the highest praise. Punctuality is rigorously observed. There are plenty of *employés*, mostly soldiers whose term of service has expired, and who are clean, civil, and obliging. The engines are powerful, and the springs of the carriages are in good order. Outside the pay-clerk's box there stands a courteous person in uniform, who repeats your request for a ticket to the clerk, if that functionary has not heard you, who takes care that you get your proper change, and who will answer fifty questions if you choose to ask them. Along the line the stations, Hussein Dey, the Maison Carrée, Beni-Mered, Birtouta, and so on, are kept in admirable order. Smiling little stations they are, with arabesqued verandahs and coquettish little gardens full of glowing flowers and plants, and close to every station above the rank of a small hamlet you may see a handsome hotel and one or more smart cafés. I mention these little particulars, which at the first blush may appear so much surplusage, for the reason that Algeria, so far as European

colonisation is concerned, is a new country—a very new country. It is not thirty-five years old. Within ten years the cultivators who tilled the model farms, so soon as their hay was fit for mowing, begged for a regiment of French dragoons to come and carry it away at whatever price the Government chose to give for it; else the Arabs would make their appearance and burn the crop. So frequent and so fierce were the razzias of the Bedouins, that one Governor-General of Algeria proposed to protect the capital and its environs by digging a moat, cutting off Algiers and the most fertile portions of the plain of the Mitidja from the interior. Civilisation here, in fact, dates only from the day before yesterday; and thence my astonishment at finding handsome stations, civil guards and porters, pretty gardens, and refreshment-rooms where you could actually obtain lemonade and *Eau de Seltz* at a distance of twenty or thirty miles from the metropolis. For when it was my lot to travel about two thousand miles a month by railway, in the United States of America, and when I used to grumble at the uncleanliness of the cars, the brutality of the porters—when there were any porters visible, which was but seldom—and the surliness of the conductors; when I ventured to hint that the engines were weak, and often breaking down or falling out of gear; when I was so bold as to hint that the permanent way was, as a rule, in a disgraceful condition, and that the stations on the line were, with scarcely an exception, tumble-down

hovels, rotten without and foul within, where, if you could get any refreshments at all, they consisted of either rancid bacon, or bad eggs, or pie—with a two-pronged fork to devour them withal; when, to sum up, I presumed to assert that American railway arrangements were, in the main, clumsy and barbarous, I was always met with the rejoinder, "This is a new country, and we are a new people, sir." There may be even, I will admit for the sake of argument, another retort in addition to the one we have mentioned, in the fact that an American railway is often ten or twelve hundred miles long, whereas the one from Algiers to Blidah is under fifty; but I beg to observe that, while not expecting to find stations built like Moorish kiosques or Etruscan villas in the state of Indiana, or pretty stations, vending lemonade and *Eau de Seltz*, in the territory of Nebraska, you *do* expect to find comfort, cleanliness, and even a certain degree of elegance in the immediate vicinity of a gigantic and luxurious metropolis. And you don't find these desiderata even on the first twenty miles of any railway running out of New York. The termini of the Empire City, both in New York proper and Jersey city, are not much better appointed than the old cattle-lairs about Cow Cross; and a journey by rail from New York to Philadelphia, and thence by way of Baltimore to Washington, is one sickening pilgrimage of dirt, discomfort, fleas—and worse than fleas—oaths, violence, insolence, saliva, and starvation. It is true that it was in war-

time that I formed my impression of American railways. Now that the thousand years of peace have begun, we may hope, I suppose, for better things.

Very soon after we had passed La Maison Carrée, where several of the leaders in the recent insurrection were confined, we saw stretching before us the magnificent plain of the Mitidja—that wonderful district which once rivalled Sicily as the granary of the Roman empire. It may become a granary well nigh as rich, for France; but not before fresh legions of labourers have been poured into its sultry fields. The panorama is amazing:—the sunken track of the Sahil to the right; in the centre, and in the extreme distance; the blue mountains of Millianah; and to the left the sudden and savage structures of Atlas, hewn out, it seems to you, by short and desperate blows from a great mass of living rock by Titanic masons, who despised what could be effected by the gradual attrition of Time. This is the Mitidja—not a desert, for it absolutely runs riot with fertility, but still to a great extent incult—but still a comparative solitude, sparsely tilled, and dotted only here and there with farms or cultivated patches, and, in its greater expanse, waiting for the reviving hand of the husbandman. The Mitidja, like the greater proportion of the African littoral, is three parts asleep, and Cæsar is expected to waken it up to life, and health, and riches. The Arab historians say that in the thirteenth century the plain of the Mitidja contained thirty

cities. It has been ravaged and laid waste, time and again, like the Shenandoah Valley, by captains not less merciless than Sheridan. Bedouins and Kabyles, Marouns and Turks, Spaniards and Kurdsmen have cut each other's throats here for centuries; but the "red rain" has made the harvest grow, and the land is as fat as ever.

But, after an hour's travel, the train, commendably true to its time, as most trains are with which Frenchmen have anything to do, draws up at the coquettish little station of Bou Farik. There is a dense crowd on the platform. There is a clangour of martial music, a great waving of flags, and tremendous cheering. The Emperor is here.

XIII.

BOU FARIK.—AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

"The cloth being drawn, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts disposed of, the chairman, the Right Hon. B—— D——i, M.P., gave the toast of the evening. In the course of his speech (from which politics were carefully excluded), the right honourable gentleman alluded in withering terms to the hideous turpitude and disgusting avidity for the unclean drippings of office displayed by the existing and (so-called) Liberal administration. This was not a political gathering, and therefore he would confine himself to .... Lord Palmerston, the survivor of a political tontine .... dragging the country headlong to destruction (cheers) .... late illustrious Prince Consort .... wisdom of our ancestors .... bold peasantry, their country's pride .... superiority of indoor over outdoor relief .... veteran agriculturists .... pair of plush breeches and thirty shillings .... British constitution, the pride and wonder of the world! The right honourable gentleman concluded his speech, amidst loud and enthusiastic cheering, by proposing 'Prosperity to the —— Agricultural Association.'"

Newspapers of the Period.

BOU FARIK had certainly done its best to "elevate itself," in French journalistic parlance, "to a level with the grandeur of the occasion." About the last thing I ever expected to witness was an agricultural show on the African continent; but one

never knows what may happen, and stranger spectacles even than that which I saw at Bou Farik may be in preparation for me. The station was very gaily and very tastefully decorated. In matters of ornamentation our allies are, as you know of old, never at a loss. In the most out-of-the-way places they are as "ready, aye ready," as the Napiers, either for a fête or a funeral. A "property-room" seems to be part of the machinery of Government, even in the remotest districts. If you are an emperor on your travels, there is a never-failing stock of triumphal arches, Aubusson carpets, pots full of evergreens, and tricolored flags to welcome you. If you wish to be married, any number of orange-flower wreaths and silver-edged *corbeilles* can be got ready at half an hour's notice; while, if you are so unlucky as to die, the *Pompes Funèbres* are waiting for you round the corner, with a plate-glass hearse, a *croquemort* in a cocked hat, your cipher neatly embroidered on black velvet, and whole garden-crops of *immortelles* to shower on your tomb. The cherub of centralisation is for ever sitting up aloft, to look out for the life and the death of Jacques Bonhomme.

They had hung the very engines and carriages at Bou-Farik with banners; and N.'s and E.'s, and crowns and eagles, and the Imperial laurel wreath, and the Imperial bees, were everywhere. There were garlands galore, and acres of crimson drapery disposed in the most picturesque of festoons. A huge plaster bust of the sovereign, crowned with laurel, surmounted a pedestal in

the vestibule of the station; but the most brilliant and the most charming accessories of the occasion were, to my mind, the myriads of real flowers with which the little station was literally smothered. I never saw so many cut flowers of such varied hues and of such delicious odour at one time in so confined a space. In bouquets and in *plateaux*, in bunches and garlands, in hastily improvised parterres, and in huge pyramids, the treasures of Flora seemed really inexhaustible. The ladies were, of course, brave in bouquets; the staff, the municipality, and authority generally, were fearful perhaps of compromising the dignified crimson of the Legionary ribbon which they all possessed, or hoped to possess, by placing roses or geraniums in juxtaposition therewith; but the guard of honour, composed of local militia, had small bouquets in the muzzles of their muskets, and there was scarcely an Arab among the multitude outside without a brilliant posey in the breast of his burnouse, in the turban of twisted camel's hair round his cap, or—strange as it may seem—*in his ear*, like an omnibus horse on May-day. I have seen an English stableman with a polyanthus in his mouth; but the sight of an Arab with a rosebud sticking from his ear was to me, I confess, odd.

The platform and the rooms through which the Emperor was to walk were laid with rich carpets, some from the looms of Aubusson, others from the native manufacture of Mascara. It is one of the first peculiarities which strikes the stranger in this

country that no room is carpeted all over, but that there is a bit of carpet everywhere. Your bed-room is laid with quaintly-arabesqued tiles, but at your bed-foot is the narowest strip of gorgeous warp and woof. In the mosque the Arab unrolls a scrap of carpet not much bigger than a bandana pocket-handkerchief, and prostrates himself thereon to perform his orisons. The little unwindowed shops, where artisans work or hucksters vend their wares, are always provided with a bit of carpet to crouch upon, or have a veil of worsted work looped up, to be let down when the heat of the sun becomes too powerful or the workman is taking his mid-day snooze. The caftans of many of the town Arabs, or Moors, seem, as far as I can judge, to be made of cloth, vandyked with strips of carpet. The effect is handsome, although at first sight you may fancy the wearer has cut up a patchwork counterpane intended for a fancy fair, to make him a jacket withal. If you wish to play cards in a café, the waiter brings you, in lieu of a "board of green cloth," a square of carpet about the size of a kettle-holder, but vivid with all the colours of the rainbow. And the end of all this is that, by the time you have been a fortnight in Algeria, there will come over you, whenever you see a bit of carpet, the impulse to sit down upon it, not in the European fashion, but on your hams, like a True Believer. A contempt for chairs is one of the earliest symptoms of Orientalisation. Then you find that you begin to prefer coffee by the egg-cupful, very black, and

full of grouts, and without sugar. After that comes the wholesome conviction that no transaction whatever can be commenced or completed without the inhalation of a certain quantity of mild tobacco-smoke. In process of time, I am given to understand, there comes over the dweller in this fervid clime a dreamy persuasion that it is very foolish to work more than two days a week, and that it is not very wrong, if you have money enough, to indulge in a few—say five wives; but my stay in this country will be necessarily too limited to enable me to speak from experience on the last two-named heads.

The carpets of Mascara (*Oum' askeur*, the mother of soldiers) are famous throughout North Africa, and compete not unsuccessfully with the world-celebrated carpets of Stambouj. Like Turkey carpets, their pattern resembles nothing in the heavens above, nor on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth; but, also like the products of the looms of Constantinople and Asia Minor, the brilliance and the harmony of the colours is most exquisite. There are, in addition to the flat or close-woven carpets, a very beautiful kind of loose-warped or "fluffy" ones, like llama skins dyed in kaleidoscopic tints. They are not very dear if you order them from the manufacturer direct, although the Algerine shopkeepers strive to charge extortionate prices. The wool costs so many francs per kilo. You order a carpet of a certain length. When it is finished the weaver lifts the roll of carpet he has completed with both hands, and tells

you its weight by guess work. If you prefer it, he will weigh it in a pair of wooden scales, with great brazen rings, like quoits, for weights. For the pattern and the workmanship a charge ridiculously low is made. As for the patterns, they are invariable in their series, and have come down from time immemorial. The coat of many colours that Joseph wore was, very likely, woven after the same design. As for the workmanship, the weaver works in a grimy little niche whose dimensions are between those of a rabbit-hutch and a box at a pawnbroker's. His loom—timber, treadle, shuttle, and all—is not worth half a crown; and a journeyman's wages are five sous a day. The carpet-weavers of Mascara, whither the Emperor will go during his trip to Oran, have gotten, I know not why, a bad name among their compatriots. Ahmed-ben-Youssef, the satirical Marabout of Milliana, who has written a history of Algeria in the convenient form of sarcastic paragraphs—"comic copy," indeed, adapted to the Oriental mind—has left on record some very severe things about Mascara. "I had taken a hundred thieves," he says, "and was leading them to prison. They escaped and hid themselves in the houses of Mascara, where they have begotten many generations of robbers." And again: "If thou meetest one that is fat, ragged, proud, and dirty, thou mayest be sure he is a Mascaran." And last, the merciless Marabout has a fling at the Hachem who are settled near the town of ill-fame: "The worst piece of bad money is a thousand

times better than a man of the Hachem." The world, I have begun to find out from wandering, does not differ much in the form of its good or its evil speaking whithersoever we go; and I commend to the attention of the accomplished writer on the manners and customs of the globe the analogy between Ahmed-ben-Youssef's gibes and a remark made to me about this time last year by a canon of the Cathedral of Morelia, in Mexico. We were riding into the city of Puebla together, and said the canon: "My son, this place is called Puebla *de los Angelos*—the City of the Angels; but, believe me, were you to hang every man, woman, and child in Puebla, yea even to the babe that is unborn, you would only be ridding Puebla of so many thieves." Thus El Señor Canonico. He was a Marabout too, after his fashion, and as stern a censor as Ahmed-ben-Youssef.

But see how long a scrap of carpet has kept me at Bou Farik. Some margin for dalliance may perhaps be allowed me, for I am conscious that the mere details of Imperial and Royal progresses are of the driest. There is the brilliant suite you have enumerated a dozen times before; there is the stereotyped address; there is the inevitable Prefect, or the more inevitable Mayor. M. le Maire de Bou Farik bears the high-sounding name of Ribouleau. He was as eloquent as his compeers, as wordy, as loyal; and his oily platitudes were as graciously received as those of his predecessors. It is all but impossible to get anything new out of a mayor. Once in a century or

so, society may be adorned by a municipal prodigy like that poetic mayor who, when the first Emperor was making a tour through the departments with his Austrian bride, inscribed on a triumphal arch the couplet—

En épousant Marie Louise
Napoléon n'a pas fait une sottise.

Although an undoubted genius, his worship was a bad prophet. Not four years afterwards, his Imperial master had bitter cause to confess that his union with a Princess of the House of Hapsburg was the grossest act of folly he had ever committed. But the poet-mayor was not to be discouraged. Louis XVIII. came to the throne, and the bard was still in office. On a new triumphal arch, or, perhaps, on the old one furbished up, he stuck a distich even more inimitable than its precursor. It ran thus :—

Vive le Roi,
Ma femme, et Moi !

But mayors such as these are not to be met with every day.

At Bou Farik there were no triumphal arches ; but, what was much better, there were drawn up three enormous waggons, the tilts removed, and heaped high with men, women, and children, the ruddiest and happiest-looking peasants I have seen for a long time. Above each waggon floated a large banner, bearing the following inscriptions : "The Farmers of

Bab-Ali to the Emperor;" "The Spanish Cultivators to the Emperor and the Empress;" "The Foreign Farmers to France." The Spaniards in Algeria do not consider themselves aliens. They are, to a great extent, African born, and in many cases their forefathers have been here for centuries. The conquest of North Africa was the dearly-cherished dream of Cardinal Ximenes. Spain made at one time a successful lodgment at Oran, only her ideas of colonisation went no further than reducing what Moors she could get hold of to a state of abject slavery; and her zeal for the propagation of Christianity among the Arabs failed to conciliate the aborigines, through a way she had of cutting their throats before she converted them.

After an attentive though necessarily rapid inspection of the Agricultural Exhibition, the Emperor, accompanied by his staff, but, as usual, without any military escort, plunged right into the middle of the crowd, in which there were as many Arabs as natives. One shudders to think at what a malcontent or a fanatic might have done at this moment. Stand in an Arab market-place, and you might fancy yourself surrounded by the greatest ruffians and villains in the world. Such wild eyes, such ferocious gestures, such scowling brows, you never saw out of a picture by Salvator Rosa. But they are decent and honest folk notwithstanding. Here is a brawny Bedouin, six feet high, noble and dignified, and warlike in mien, but he bestrides the humblest little donkey you can imagine. Neddy is burdened

too with a pannier full of spring onions; and the Bedouin is inciting the meek little beast into a trot, not by blows or curses, but by soft terms of Arabic endearment. You might fancy the Bedouin to be Saul, the son of Kish, riding one of his father's asses, and quite unwotting that he is to be made king over Israel. But mount this Arab on a fleet barb, and give him a long gun, and a sharp yataghan, and a holster full of pistols, and see what a terrible man of war he will make. The Arab, however, does not seem to make war on his own responsibility. If the emir or the sheikh of his tribe raises the war-cry, he and all his tribe get on horseback and fight like tigers. He will rob and slay in a body, but individually he is neither an assassin nor a thief. In truth, he is one of Nature's nobility, and a very dirty, savage nobleman too, like most of the primitive peerage. Dissimilar as he is in race, complexion, and garb, I am the more and more reminded, as I mingle with these wild men, of the Scottish Highlanders, as Sir Walter describes them in the Legend of Montrose—true children if not of the Mist, at least of the Sirocco—plunderers and cattle-lifters, and occasionally blood-spillers; but the target and claymore once laid aside, quiet and docile people; terrible in warfare as Fergus M'Ivor, but gentle and affectionate in repose as Evan Dhu in the gaol at Carlisle.

Moreover, the Emperor Napoleon III. knows perfectly well what he is about. He knows that his life is as safe among

these wild people as in the gardens of the Tuileries. He knows that he is not afraid of the Arabs, and that the Arabs *are* afraid of him. His presence in this country, while it has overjoyed some European colonists, and excited the curiosity of some and the indifference of others, and while it has thrown the servile and liveried creatures of official life into ecstasies, the counterpart of which we might expect if an ape, an onion, or a cheese, in lieu of a wise and potent prince, occupied the French throne, has, so far as the natives are concerned, acted, I believe, as a very powerful spell. They press to see him; they fear him, as the horse does his rider; but they admire him. He is the lord of the vast empire to whom all Algeria is but a paltry pachalik. He is the Caliph—the Sultan. He comes with the great fire-ships whose thunders they heard but yesterday at El Djezzaïr; he has innumerable hordes of warriors at his command; yet, strangely enough to the Arab mind, he does not come to ordain fresh razzias, to lay waste fresh districts, to carry off more *smalas*, to ravage the country with fire and sword, to tell the dwellers under tents that their flocks and herds are no longer theirs, and that their pasturages have been given to the Franks—in a word, to verify once more the old Eastern proverb, that "where the Sultan's horse has trod there grows no grass;" but, on the contrary, he comes with words of peace and fair promise. He is the *Mobacher* who brings good tidings. He assures them in the tranquil possession of their

lands and the undisturbed enjoyment of their religion. He quotes the Koran to them to show that he is their natural suzerain, and that they are bound to render him fealty. What may follow the Emperor's visit to Algeria is uncertain; things may perchance and unhappily fall into the old blundering course of red tape and routine again, but it cannot be doubted that while Napoleon is here a most salutary impression will be made on the indigenous population. Whether that impression will be lasting, depends to a great extent on the future administration of the lieutenants of the Emperor.

During his brief stay at Bou Farik, his Majesty paid a visit to the flax-dressing and spinning mills of M. Dumesgnil, where more than two hundred male and female workers, belonging to at least twenty nationalities, are employed. The communism of labour is justly claimed as one of the most efficacious means for bringing about the fusion of races. Abating the Negro, who will not fuse satisfactorily with any one, this is, I take it, undeniable. It is still pertinent in the mention of this flax mill, with its Arab, Moorish, Kabyle, Berber, Italian, French, and Spanish workpeople, to revert to a cotton mill which I saw last February at Orizaba, in Mexico, where Spaniards, half-castes, Pintos, pure red Indians, and Germans, with a few Frenchmen, were working quietly side by side, under the inspiration of English and Yankee overseers, and a Scotch manager. So, too, in Havanna I have seen Chinese coolies and

Spanish creoles labouring very amicably together at a lithographic printing press; but I have *not* seen Sambo working with anything approaching comfort and efficiency with any persons not belonging to his own race.

The Great Farm of Bab-Ali had sent as a deputation on the occasion no less than ninety yoke of oxen, forty ploughs, and forty waggons and carts. Some of these are, in French rustic phraseology, called "*herses*"—a term which I commend to the notice of Archbishop Trench, seeing that the dismal vehicle we call a "hearse" is in modern French styled "*un corbillard.*"

Before leaving, his Majesty had to ascend a daïs erected on the threshold of the show-yard, and to listen to more official discourses. Two distinguished denizens of the locality had the honour to receive the Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor's hand. The fortunate decorés were M. Arnould, President of the Imperial Society of Agriculture, and M. le Baron de Franclière, proprietor of the estate called L'Oued-el-Aleug, one of the oldest colonists of the plain of the Mitidja. The Emperor then entered his carriage, and, amidst the almost deafening shouts of the assembled rustics, left Bou Farik for the village of L'Oued-et-Aleug just named, and which may be regarded as another Oasis wrenched from a dreary waste of pestilential marshes. The village is now approached by a splendid alley of willows, more than two miles in length. The Algerian willows are really magnificent. They are, it is true, of

the kind in Europe called weeping; but their appearance, so green and luxuriant are they, is the very reverse of lachrymose. I might compare these willows, perhaps, to very rich and handsome widows whose husbands have left them sole administratrixes, and who are of course inconsolable, but smile somehow through their tears.

An Artesian well has lately been dug at L'Oued-el-Aleug, and the Emperor insisted on tasting some of the water, that he might personally assure himself of its pure and wholesome qualities. He then drove away to the little town of Kolea, distant some twenty-five miles from Algiers, and a large proportion of whose population are the descendants of Andalūsians or of Moorish refugees from Spain. Before the awful earthquake which in 1825 destroyed both Kolea and Blidah, the first-named place was a kind of miniature Mecca, to which the Arabs, from hundreds of miles round, made pilgrimages. The Kolea of the present day is notable mainly for a very cosy little inn, a couple of cafés, and a military club; but a quarter of a century since it was the locale of the shrine or *koubba* of Sidi-Embarek. This sainted Marabout belonged to that very tribe of Hachems of whom Ahmed-ben-Youssef the sarcastic has said such bitter things. Sidi—pronounce Seedy—having left the Hachems, I hope not in disgust, came down to Milliana with two servants. He could not pay these gentry their wages; he consequently turned them out of doors. They went away to the

borders of the Chelif, where they begat children, who became the tribe of the Hachems of the East. Sidi-Embarek then repaired to Kolea, where he engaged himself as a *khramis*, or ploughman, to one Ismaïl, a farmer. The holy man—Sidi, I mean—had, however, contracted the habit, not uncommon among his countrymen, of going to sleep instead of working. Ismaïl, like a jolly down-Eastern farmer taking his walks abroad over his acres, espies his lazy ploughman asleep under a fig-tree. Forthwith he makes up to him with a big stick, when, wonderful to tell, he saw Sidi's oxen ploughing, with never a hand to guide coulter or share, and the furrows were as clean as whistles. The tradition likewise adds, that while Sidi thus slumbered he was guarded by a covey of partridges, who, the holy man being much tormented by fleas and other small deer even more objectionable, performed all that was requisite in the way of scratching and exterminating for the somnolent saint. After this, nothing of course was left for Farmer Ismaïl save to fall down at the feet of Sidi-Embarek and worship him. "Oh, my lord!" cried this benighted agriculturist, "thou art clearly the elect of Allah. Henceforward thou shalt be the master, and I the servant." Whereupon the holy Sidi-Embarek set up a *koubba;* devotees came to worship, bringing gifts; and he gathered great riches. His descendants—for he was a married Marabout—were respected even by the Turks, and the few who still exist continue to exert a considerable though occult

influence. *Ex quovis ligno*—the rest of the proverb is somewhat musty. I have recorded the legend of a personage who very probably, like many a pseudo-saint who has gone before him, was nothing but a lazy and verminous old vagabond, for a somewhat curious reason. I had not laid down General Castellane's book, in which the story of Sidi-Embarek's life is narrated, five minutes, when I took up the *Siècle* newspaper, and there I found the strange and wondrous story of *L'Homme Sauvage de Collobrières*—a kind of Peter the Wild Boy, with a considerable spice of the rank impostor in him, who at this present moment of time is the lion of the department of the Arriège. The wild man of Collobrières is supposed to have come from Savoy, and to have been brought up to the vocation of a woodcutter; but, not feeling any vocation towards hard work, he now condescends to pick up fir-cones in the woods, which he sells to pious and charitable people. He has preserved, so he says, the cuttings of his hair and beard for fifteen years; and, as the authorities have lately objected to his going about clad in nothing but a thin pair of drawers, a devoted female disciple had from these hair cuttings woven him a comfortable polka jacket. He never does any work, sleeps a great deal, and does not pay a cent for his board and lodging. He is treated with the greatest deference; is believed throughout the district to be a saint; and the country people never speak of the wild man without uncovering their heads. All this, you

will please to remember, is in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in a department of the French Empire. Was I not right? Is there not here another example of the very slight difference there is in the way the world wags in all ages and in all climes? The Wild Man of Collobrières might be twin brother to Sidi-Embarek, the Marabout of Kolea; yet a few hours' railway travelling will bring us within hail of the one, while the other flourished and slept, and scratched himself, and bamboozled the true believers, goodness only knows how many centuries ago.

The Emperor returned to Algiers at half-past six; but as this is the last you will hear of Bou Farik from me, I must take you back to that prosperous village. The place, as I told you in my last letter, is in architecture thoroughly French; in fact, but for the intense heat and the exceptional vegetation, I might have fancied myself in a provincial *bourg* in some French department. There were long processions of school children in blouses, headed by smiling and benevolent-looking priests in cassocks and shovel-hats, going home delighted—both children and ecclesiastics—with the smiles or the kindly words bestowed upon them by the Emperor. Very chubby children they were—"beef-faced boys," as Mr. Grimwig would have called them—in the newest, and stiffest, and shiniest, and deepest of indigo-hued blouses. It was very pleasant to hear their fresh young voices singing in chorus, and to look upon their bluff healthy faces, their necks

and cheek-bones just bronzed by the African sun, and to remember that in their origin they were the scum of the gutters of Paris—heirs to nothing, children of nobody, and who, but for this outlet, might have grown up to be vagrants and thieves, like the Arab boys of London. "Reformatories and ragged schools!" I hear some good people cry, pluming themselves. Yes, good people, but I should like to know what becomes of your interesting pupils when they have left the reformatories and the ragged schools. Are the good people aware that among all the garotters who have been convicted after frightening London into fits, two-thirds were lads between eighteen and twenty-one, and more than one-third had been discharged "cured" from reformatories or industrial schools?

There is a very pretty little public garden at Bou Farik, surrounded by a handsome gilt railing—a circular "squarr," if I may be permitted to use such a solecism. The "squarr" movement is very prevalent just now all throughout the sphere of French civilisation; but our allies have not yet found out that the real and proper use of a public square is to erect within it a statue of some duke who never did any good to anybody, and then to lock it up from nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the public at large. This is what we do in England. I don't think that the argument that the privacy of the householders of a square would be violated by the admission of the

public thereto will hold water; for I never heard of anybody who objected to living in a house overlooking the Green Park, or who wouldn't give his ears for a mansion in Park-lane. *Per contrà*, I don't think I ever saw any meditative barristers conning their briefs, or anxious attorneys piling up the costs of the future in their mind, in Lincoln's Inn-fields. The "squarr" of Bou Farik contains one magnificent palm-tree, several dwarf palms, a maritime stone pine—you know that beautiful tree with the smooth, slender trunk, and dark-green, parasol-like canopy which Turner was so fond of introducing in his pictures—with bananas, and fig-trees, and a whole host of orange-trees, their boughs laden with fruit. Oranges being about three-halfpence a bushel in the Bou Farik market, the golden treasures of this miniature Garden of the Hesperides are safe enough even from the blackguard little Arab boys, who, of all the little blackguards I have formed acquaintance with, are perhaps the most inveterate *gamins* and *vogous*. Barelegged, and tattered as to shirt, with baggy little breeches that have never a seat, and fez caps bereft of tassels—with hands and feet thickly encrusted with dried clay—with faces generally scarred in the most horrible manner by the disease which has here replaced the plague, but is almost as virulent—and, in the majority of cases, with sore eyes—you will admit with me that there might be a lovelier sight than a blackguard little Arab boy to look upon. A walking dirt-pie, enhanced by chronic ophthalmia and the

scars of the small-pox, is not an agreeable subject for contemplation. They are like so many hideous Yellow Dwarfs in the pleasant gardens of Bou Farik.

The peasantry, clustered in boisterous laughing groups on their waggons and *herses*, looked for all the world as though they had landed in Africa from Provence or Auvergne the day before yesterday. The Frenchman, I take it, changes very little by transplantation. The Canadian *habitant*, as has been already observed, is still identical with the French *campagnard* of the eighteenth century. The children of French parents born among the Moors have rarely, I am told, blacker eyes or browner complexions than their parents; yet how often are we forced to recognise the influence of climate in the children of Anglo-Saxon parents born in India. In the West Indies this influence is still more marked. A creole child, whose progenitors shall be perfectly blonde, is often as dark in hair and eyes, and as sallow in complexion, as a quadroon: and yet the creole might be black as ebony without becoming a negro.

There are a great many Jews at Bou Farik, as everywhere else in Algeria where money is to be made. They are peaceable, frugal, and persevering, and most of the retail trade of the town is in their hands. In comparison with the persecution and contumely they elsewhere undergo under Mahometan rule, French Africa must be to the Israelites a kind of terrestrial

paradise. The Government has always treated them with consideration, playing them off, so to speak, against the Arabs, not unprofitably; and the Emperor has certainly no more loyal subjects than the Jewish community of Algeria. Do you not remember the Laird of Somewhere's wife, whose husband held a commission in the Black Watch, and who, being asked whether she was a Jacobite or a Hanoverian in politics, replied that she held that king the best who gave the laird a "guinea the night and a guinea the morn." Certainly, to the industrious and inoffensive people of Algeria, that Government must be the lawful one which does not rob, which does not extort gifts or tribute, which does not cut off heads, or strangle, or ply the *falack* of the bastinado. On a future occasion I may have to notice the chief peculiarities of the Algerine Jews. No description, in fact, however cursory, of Algiers would be complete without a chapter on this head. Of their presence at Bou Farik I need only observe so much: that they were all in their holiday-best in honour of the Emperor's visit; and the holiday-best of an Algerine Jew is—well about ten times as gorgeous as the every-day Orientalism of the Sultan Ismail-Bou-Maza I saw in the Rue de Rivoli. It was, besides, the Sabbath. The costume of the male Israelites very much resembles that of the wealthy Moors:—a caftan of dark colour, and loose knickerbockers, gay with buttons and embroidery, and a broad crimson sash round the waist. The turban, however, is usually yellow or black;

and, unlike the Moors, the Hebrews always wear *clean* white stockings, and shoes with *heels*, in lieu of bare legs and *babouches*. The women are often handsome; but the practice of shrouding the chin in a bandage of linen or muslin gives them the semblance of having a perpetual toothache. They are not so neatly or so cleanly stockinged as their lords. On the contrary, their feet are merely sandalled and thrust into heelless slippers. On their heads the Jewesses wear invariably, first, a black silk kerchief, and next, a scarf, often of the richest materials. Their dresses, on gala days, are of astonishing splendour:—a heavy, bizarre, loaded kind of richness such as you see in old hangings where the needle has depicted the Queen of Sheba visiting Solomon, or Esther coming down with Ahasuerus to release Mordecai from eating humble pie in the gate. Gowns of velvet, of silk, of a stiff brocade resembling Irish poplin, and sometimes of cloth of gold or silver; of such are the robes of the *Jiavudi* of Algeria. You see them, in their robes of state, squatting on the dirtiest doorsteps, their bandaged chins resting on their fat, jewelled hands, and lolling from dingy casements, like rainbows caught in cobwebs. But, take away the dash of Arabian Nightism, and they are the same Jews and Jewesses whom you may see on high days and holidays taking their ease, with their ripe-lipped, moist-eyed children round them, in the Judengasse of Frankfort, or in Petticoat-lane, London.

They toss the ball so high, so low;
They toss it into the Jews' garden,
Where the Jews sate all of a row.
Then out stepped one of the Jews' daughters a-dress'd all in green,
"Come in, come in, my pretty lad, you shall have your ball again."

Thus one of the earliest and rudest versions of the legend of "Hugh of Lincoln." The picture is as true to the thirteenth as to the nineteenth century. They continue to sit "all of a row" with their daughters dressed "all in green," or all in pink or salmon-colour, and as fine as fivepence on their ceremonial days, waiting, waiting, always waiting, for the restoration of the Temple and the end of the dolour. A queer people, but the most interesting of all humanity.

The married Jewesses sometimes wear the *Sanna* of the fourteenth century, or the unicorn's horn, with its long pendent drapery of fine linen or lace familiar to us in the pictures of Queen Philippa. This horn may, without exaggeration, be termed exalted, for it is generally of gold or silver filagree, most elaborately wrought. On their bosoms they wear a kind of gorget or breast-plate of velvet, but rigid with embroidery and precious stones. The cardinal distinctions between the attire of the Mauresque and the Jewish women are that the latter go unveiled and wear petticoats. The Mauresque out of doors is, as I have observed, a walking clothes-bag; in-doors, she is said to be a gushing creature in a round jacket and Dutch-built nether garments. The dresses of the Jewesses are

as innocent of crinoline as of corsage, and cling to the form from the armpits to the waist, and then fall over the feet in heavy, angular, but not ungraceful folds. Their arms, seen through sleeves of diaphanous muslin, spangled or flowered with gold and silver, are remarkably plump and rosy. Chains, earrings, and brooches are common to both sexes; but the ladies wear at least two bracelets, and sometimes four or five, on each arm. These splendidly-bedizened Rachels and Rebeccas, with their fair complexions, blooming cheeks, glossy hair, and big black eyes—whose lids they refrain from painting, as the Mauresques do, with *kohl*, but leave in their natural state—carry you straight back to the middle ages. You may see the daughter of Isaac of York—who keeps a ready-made clothes-shop at Bou Farik—defying a possible Brian de Bois Guilbert, in the shape of a saucy captain of Spahis, from every window.

As for the Agricultural Show, which, from its Imperial patronage, must remain for ever memorable in the annals of Bou Farik, I am but ill qualified to describe it. I know a bull when he runs after me, and a horse when he has thrown me, and a dog when he bites me. I am very fond of cows, in Cuyp's pictures, of pigs, in those of Morland, and of sheep, in those of Sidney Cooper:—likewise in the form of chops. Beyond this fungi of familiarity lies the great desert of crass ignorance. Long horns and short horns and crumpled horns, Devons or

Alderneys, Babrahams or Southdowns, I know nothing at all about them. The live stock exhibited at Bou Farik had attained, I doubt it not, a high degree of excellence, and conferred the highest credit on the neighbouring farmers; indeed, I have sketched, in the imaginary quotation prefixed to this paper, the heads of what is to be said by an agricultural critic laying claim to anything like common decency in his vocation. To my untutored eye the show seemed simply a lot of undersized and bony bullocks and cows, weedy horses, scraggy sheep, and greyhound pigs, whose lairs, pens and styes, to judge from the state of their hides, fleeces, and bristles, must have been of the Augean order. A Dutch housewife from Gouda would have fainted at the bare sight of these unkempt cattle. The knowledge of cattle-breeding possessed by the brave rustics of the Mitidja must be also, I fancy, of the most rudimentary kind; for the committee on awards complain in their report of "a painful indifference to affiliation" on the part of the exhibitors—in other words, if the farmer can bring up, "or drag up," a serviceable beast, he does not care ten cents who its sire or its dam may have been. However, there were a certain number of prizes to be given away, and given away they were. That is one of the disadvantages of the emulative system. The schoolmaster may know that he has a troop of incorrigible dunces before him; but he can't flog them on examination day. Whatever may be their real deserts, he must distribute the ordinary

quota of gilt-edged books, or parents will say that he can't teach, and his school will come to grief.

There were, in all, fourteen hundred animals exhibited at the agricultural congress of Bou Farik. To a farmer from the village of Joinville a money prize was awarded for a cow which yielded milk "without exacting the presence of the calf on the occasion." If such a claim to recompense were recognised in Europe, how deeply are all Atlantic travellers indebted to those exemplary cows on board the steamers of the Cunard line, and which are bound to furnish a certain amount of milk every morning without ever setting eyes on a calf.

There were some notable specimens shown of a cow called the "Mahonnais," a ram from the Balearic Isles—bright, sturdy-limbed animals of diminutive stature, not unlike our Alderneys. And a prize of two hundred francs was adjudged to the Sieur Hubert "for the best dunghill." He had brought it with him to Bou Farik built up most symmetrically, in fifteen waggons, which, in the language of the report, he "contemplated with legitimate pride." And he had more at home, the Sieur Hubert said. Considering the heat of the sun, there was perhaps enough *fumier* at Bou Farik, and a little to spare. Let me not omit to state, in conclusion, that the programme of the day's proceedings included a ploughing match. A prize in that department was decreed to the Arab culivator Ben Aïssa-Ben Djeloul des Beni-Khelil. From this gentleman's long-sounding

name you might think him a member of a very distinguished family indeed; but for all his five prefixes, he comes very near having no name at all. He is simply the son of Aïssa, who was the son of Djeloul, who was of the tribe of the sons of Khelil. He is one of that "lot" or clan—*voilà tout.* To wind up, "honourable mention" was made by the jurors, although, very ungallantly, no prize was awarded to Mademoiselle Marie Rousseau, aged seventeen, who led a yoke of oxen while her father guided the plough, and exhibited "*une rare justesse de coup d'œil.*"

XIV.

ON THINGS IN GENERAL, AND THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS IN PARTICULAR.

"*Feu d'enfer!* ——"

Despatch of Prince Gortschakoff at Sebastopol, 1855.

YOU are sitting, I will assume, tranquilly in your room, which is at the Hôtel d'Orient, on the new Boulevard de l'Impératrice, and faces the sea. You have enjoyed your siesta—without which afternoon snooze life in Algeria is not to be enjoyed, or, indeed, endured at all—and you are reading a book preparatory to a stroll before dinner. Suddenly you are knocked off your chair (morally), and thrown into the midst of the apartment on your back. You lie sprawling there, when, with equal suddenness, you are whirled on to your feet again, and your head is driven with much violence first against one wall of the room and thence against the other. At the same time you perceive that the whole of the furniture is dancing the hays in a frantic jig; that the chandelier has turned Niobe, and is weeping floods of tears in cut-glass drops; that the wax

candles, which cost you seventy-five centimes apiece, and which you never dream of burning, have been knocked out of their sockets; that the clock has stopped; that your tumbler of lemonade has spilt its contents over the mantelpiece; and that eleven francs fifty cents have leapt out of your waistcoat-pocket, and rolled away into remote crannies, where they shall remain for aye, undiscoverable. In order fully to realise the occurrence of all these phenomena, it must be granted, as a foregone conclusion, that you are troubled with nerves. Else it might simply strike you that a considerable disturbance was taking place somewhere outside. But only admit that you are nervous, and the thorough mental and physical disorganisation I have spoken of will become at once comprehensible.

I never heard such an appalling shindy as began this May afternoon about five o'clock, and went on until past six. Algiers is a city full of noises, both of the day and the night, and it is only during the hour of the siesta, when even the dogs slumber and the birds cease to sing, that anything approaching quietude can be obtained. At all other hours of the twenty-four, the barking of the innumerable curs who infest the place, and who seem to belong to nobody, but of whom everybody appears to be passionately fond; the screeching and squalling of the hordes of grey and piebald cats, who dispute with the Mauresques possession of the house-tops; the strident Arabic of the fishermen and fruitsellers, and pedlars of sweetstuffs, pan-

cakes, and pies, proclaiming the goodness of their wares—are productive of what, in the aggregate, may be called "the city's busy hum," but which to less cheerful minds make up a continuous row, such that were it prevalent at home would at once move the Marquis of Westmeath and Mr. Michael Thomas Bass to the presentation to Parliament of the most Draconic repressive statutes. The night is not one whit more tranquil than the day. So soon as it is dark, groups of itinerant musicians gather before every café. The blind man deplores his cæcity in dismal ditties; the man-in-the-bowl thanks Allah he has arms, and utilises them by beating upon the cymbals; the tight-rope dancer bangs the tambourine, the fiddles scream hoarsely, the guitars twang, there is a tootling of flutes—in a word, infinite psaltery. From eight to nine a powerful military band plays in the Place du Gouvernement. Up to three or four o'clock in the morning, you may hear joyous bands of sailors, inebriated with long potations of gooseberry syrup or lemon-juice, yowling forth choruses about love and wine and glory. Then the patrols go round, or grand guards have to be relieved, necessitating an immense amount of noise from drums and clarions. If your residence adjoins the Moorish quarter, you will hear at the most unseasonable hours the thrumming of lutes, the tapping of tom-toms, the gurgling of pierced reeds, and the jar of brazen castanets. I was told they only performed on these instruments during the Feast of Baïram; but

that was eight days since, and the natives are still thrumming, and tom-tomming, and chanting dreary ballads which have neither beginning nor end. It cannot be always Baïram. Again, the horses in the carts, and waggons, and diligences, and omnibuses, wear collars thickly hung with little bells. The omnibuses seem to ply all night, and the diligences start from the Messageries at three a.m., so that the jingling is well nigh perpetual. Finally, every window in Algiers is save only when the Sirocco blows, thrown wide open. From ten thousand casements comes wafted on the breeze the sound of familiar converse and of domestic jars in French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, the *lingua franca*, and the *sabir*—which last is an indigenous jargon distracting to hear, agreed upon by common consent as a medium of intercommunication among the Arabs, the negroes, and the French peasants from the South, and which sounds like Welsh spoken by a stuttering man with no front teeth and a cold in his head. If Mohamed Ali-ben-Chremsen-ben-Ismaïl-ben-Kova, of the Oued-el-Goum, is correcting Mimi-Baya, his wife, with a broomstick—the only emblem of marital authority among the natives; if the Italian barber is squabbling with his Spanish helpmate; if the little French milliner is bewailing her exile from the Boulevards and the Batignolles in the plaintive refrain from the *Pré aux Clercs*,

Rendez-moi ma patrie,
Ou laissez-moi mourir;

if the cobbler is squabbling with a customer; or the nurse is spanking her young charges, and the charges are howling mournfully under such castigation; or if M. le Chef du Bureau of such and such a department is explaining, with interminable verbosity and vehemence, to M. le Chef de Division of another department, and for the five-hundredth time, over sugar-and-water and cigarettes, the measures which are imperatively necessary to insure the safety and prosperity of the "future of Algeria"—you are sure to be, so far as hearing goes, an assistant at all these transactions. Much is hidden from the eye in Algiers, but nothing from the ears. It is a city of open windows. You may hear almost the first cry of the new-born child and the last groan of the dying man. This is why the jealous Moors have built their walls so thick, and pierced them only with bulls'-eyes and Judas-holes. But the climate is too much for them. The courtyards of their houses are perforce open to the sky, and from those courtyards come, at dead of night, the murmurs of Moorish revelry, and sometimes of Moorish quarrelling.

I had grown accustomed to the noises of Algiers, and liked them. But the hideous *vacarme* of this afternoon was intolerable. What did it mean? Whence came it? Bang, bang, bang! thud! and then bang, bang! again. I thought at first it was the earthquake of 1825 come back again. The walls of the Hôtel d'Orient did not, however, crumble into dust, and on the earthquake score I was reassured. Had several volcanoes

made their appearance in the Atlas range? I next began to wonder; and was this uproar preliminary to an eruption? I looked towards the window, but no shower of *scoriæ* was visible, and no flood of boiling lava was sweeping the quay. Then I fancied that the seven hundred beggars clapped up in gaol had simultaneously been released by a penitent Administration, and that they were celebrating their deliverance from durance by yells of joy and discharges of arquebuses. But the mendicants are still in "shokee." It wasn't the beggars, and it wasn't an earthquake, nor an eruption, nor Bedlam broke loose. What was it, then? Whence arose this tremendous clatter? Bang, bang, bang! thud! it went on, as though legions of giant genii, sealed up for centuries in caverns by Soliman-ben-Daoud, had burst from their dungeons, and were slamming the doors behind them in defiance. I felt that I was becoming stone instead of parcel deaf. I rushed into the balcony, and looked out upon the Mediterranean; then, with the aid of an opera-glass, the mystery was explained in a moment. Over the blue sea were curling long billows of whitish vapour, like clouds which had dropped bodily from the firmament. And within pistol-shot I could see half-a-dozen huge black hulls; and from these came puffs of smoke and flashes of flame, instantly followed by the awful reverberation of cannon. Then from the forts on the mole, and from every headland, and from the steep hills of Algiers, came responsive puffs of smoke and tongues of

fire and bellowing of guns. It was only the Emperor going away to Oran, escorted by his ironsides, and the ships and forts were exchanging broadsides in which a salute was made to take the form of a sham fight. They were the same ironsides you all saw, the other day, at Brest and then at Portsmouth.

I missed while I was in America that bloody "salute" of a hundred shotted guns which the Yankees fired on the fourth of July into the dwelling-houses, full of women and children, of Petersburg. The fiendish malice of this "salute" was worthy of the great Boss Devil who inspired it. I have sailed past Charleston, but saw no Greek fire flung into it. I never assisted at a pitched battle; and, being a Cockney, my utmost experience of salvoes of artillery has been confined to the firing of the Park guns on those rare occasions when we fire guns at all. But I question whether those who are not Cockneys, and who have had a much wider experience than I can boast, would not have been semi-stunned by the cannonading of this afternoon. It was so near, and it was so loud. That *feu d'enfer* which Gortschakoff chronicled at Sebastopol could not have been more terribly resonant; for where were we, as to big guns, eleven years since? Swamp-angels and Armstrongs, Dahlgrens and Parrotts, were yet in embryo. These broadsides came from forts mounted with pieces of the very heaviest calibre which modern destructive science has yet sanctioned, and from ironclads whose names were La Gloire,

Le Solferino, La Couronne, and La Provence. Moreover, their firing-ground was not to Algiers as Spithead is to Portsmouth. It was close upon us. The fleet only stood out to sea about half-a-mile. They (the ships) lay to, and waited for L'Aigle, and, so soon as the Imperial yacht, with the Emperor on board, was off the mole, they began their infernal serenade. It was very magnificent, but I don't care about hearing it again. I have had vertigo, nervous trembling, and incipient toothache ever since. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" and in the matter of big guns, the further off they are, the greater will be the enchantment they will lend to at least one ear in Barbary.

There were no means of following his Majesty by sea to Oran, where he is expected to arrive at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon; and I shall have to wait for to-morrow's diligence, which, by way of Blidah, Milliana, Orléansville, and Mostagenem, takes four days to accomplish the land journey. There are no English men-of-war here, or one might have sponged upon her Britannic Majesty's navy for a day and a half's cruise; and there is not one English yacht, at which I can scarcely refrain from astonishment. Surely Algiers is not in the interior of China. It is not so far from Marseilles as Malta. It is as near as Naples, or Palermo. It is nearer than Corfu. It is that mysterious word "Africa" which frightens naval officers and Royal yacht clubmen away from this pleasant,

this very pleasant shore. I should like to write up Algiers as a healthy resort for the consumptive (in the earlier stages of that melancholy disease *bien entendu*), for the dyspeptic, and for the nervous, hypochondriacal and *ennuyé* of every degree; for I am certain there is not a healthier, cheerfuller place between the Gut of Gibraltar and the Dardanelles: but the number of English tourists here is wofully limited. The colony residentiary of our countrymen does not—consul-general, merchants, of whom there are two, and all included—exceed forty, if it reaches that number; and the floating English population, even at this exceptional time, does not number five-and-twenty persons. There are handsome hotels, new, cheap, and scrupulously clean, waiting for English patronage; there is, or there was lately, and there will be again, an excellent English medical man; there is a fund of amusement for idlers, of sketching ground for artists, of materials for study and research, for linguists and archæologists. The country is crammed with Roman relics. There is the East again, the sunshiny, mysterious, dreamy East, as glowing and picturesque as you could wish to have it, but swept and garnished and kept in order by an efficient police and a large European garrison, and all within four and a half days' journey from Charing-cross. Nothing can be more comfortable than the railway from Paris to Marseilles—you can break the journey if you please at Lyons, and take a run to Geneva; the steamers of the Mes-

sageries Impériales are swift and serviceable, English-built and English-engined; the arrangements on board are admirable; the Custom House officers at Algiers, when you produce the keys of your trunk, make you a low bow, and, hinting that you must be fatigued with your journey, dispense with the ceremony of examining your luggage; there is nobody to worry you about passports or *permis de séjour;* the Arabs have been too well disciplined by the French to bother you for backshish. The plague has been rooted out, and the virulence of the smallpox abated. The city is well drained, and lighted with gas. The dogs, though innumerable and noisy, are placable and funny, not savage and mangy as they are in Constantinople. There are no mosquito nets to the bed; so that you can imagine how innocuous are those elsewhere intolerable little pests here. There are few fleas, save in the Moorish quarter. The sirocco does not blow oftener than twice a week, and the locusts and grasshoppers don't ravage the country more than once in two years. It is never too hot, and never cold. If it rains, the ground dries up within twenty minutes after a shower. Cigars are a halfpenny each, and less. Oranges are four sous for as many as you like to take. The British Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews have laid on a Protestant parson here—a convert from Judaism; they say each convert costs the society five-and-twenty thousand francs to make: but if a considerable influx of English

took place, this interesting renegade would doubtless be replaced by a chaplain of home growth. What more would you have? Why don't you come, O you Great British tourists? You have done the Rhine, the Elbe, the Seine, the Arno, the Danube, to death. You have exhausted Europe; you have drained the Bosphorus; you have explored every chamois hole and every glacier of the Alps. Come to Africa. Let us have an Atlas Club, or a Lady's Tour Round the Tell, or a Journey from Sackville-street to the Sahara.

Meanwhile the bireme—accept paddles instead of oars—which bears Cæsar is fading away into that mellow distance, which the sun just now is kissing with delicately rosy lips. In an hour's time the sun and the sea will fall out, and gore will be spilt in the sky. Sol will have the worst of it, and will bleed to death; but he will rise to-morrow morning, as jolly a dog as ever, to the chorus of "Here we are again!" As I shut up my opera-glass, and fall to packing my trunk against Monday's diligence, I ponder over the colossal *tintamarre* I have just heard. Oddly enough, I cannot help fancying there was a taste of Cæsar's quality in yonder frightful racket. I know there are some people who think that Cæsar can do nothing without having some inscrutable purpose to serve. If he shakes his head, more comes out of it than from Lord Burleigh's powdered poll in *The Critic*. If he sneezes, tremble Austria! If he takes snuff, let the Herzegovina look out! The Algerines, who are a mercurial

race, much given to gossip and small talk, have been attributing to the Emperor during the past week a host of deep designs bearing on "the future of Algeria," and giving a mysterious significance and pregnancy to his minutest movements. He sent for M. Dorez, the jeweller, the other day, to bring his sparkling wares to the palace. The aide-de-camp said that his Majesty did not require any Maltese filagree work; did not that mean that he was irrevocably opposed to the project of the Pope taking up his residence under British protection in the Mediterranean? He bought a number of Moorish lanterns, mirrors, and ostrich eggs; thus the *badauds* argued he was clearly determined to show great favour to the Arabs. That night we heard that twelve Marabouts were to receive the cross of the Legion, that the *Bureaux Arabes* were to be abolished, and the Emir Abd-el-Kader made viceroy of Kabylia. By the way, the Emir has come from Beyrout to Constantinople. He has called on the French Ambassador, and his Excellency the Marquis du Moustier has called on him. Do not these visits portend great things? The day before yesterday his Majesty, walking on the shore with Marshal M'Mahon, and seeing the two hideous sheds which the Messageries Impériales and the Arnaud-Douache Company have run up to warehouse their goods, turned to the Governor-General and said, "Is it thus you intend to embellish the beautiful quays built for you by Sir Morton Peto? *Otez-moi tout ça.* Take it away." The

sheds—I hope Sir Peto was not the contractor for them—are to come down in a hurry; but the *gobemouches* persist in asserting that the fact of their being an outrage to good taste was not the sole cause of the decree which ordered their demolition. The Emperor, they whisper, is about to grant a concession to a new steam navigation company. I don't know how many similarly far-sighted intentions have been ascribed to Cæsar. He is about to build a new cathedral for Monsignor Pavy, and give back the existing basilica to the Mussulmans, to be reconverted into a mosque. He is about to order the construction of a new boulevard right through the Moorish quarter. He intends to remove the equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans from the Place du Gouvernement to the Jardin d'Essai, and replace it by a statue of Napoleon I., who is said to have "dreamed" (*rêvé*) of the conquest of Algeria, although the English gave him, from 1802 to 1814, too much work to do to enable him to carry out his idea. Finally, it is reported that his Majesty intends, ere he returns to France, to create his son King of Algeria. Flaming placards, with "*Vive le Prince Impérial, Roi d'Algérie,*" decorate the principal cafés; cards bearing the same inscription are thrust into your hands by discreet Arab runners. These, and scores more schemes as elaborate, are thrust upon the sagacious but overworked gentleman who is endeavouring to combine a pleasure trip with a visit of official inspection, and who is expected to solve in a

month that problem which has been puzzling the wisest heads in France for five-and-thirty years. And this eagerness to make the wish the father to the thought, and to saddle Cæsar with both, springs, I am afraid, from the utter abasement in which the press of Algeria is sunk. *Akhbar*, *Courrier de l'Algérie*, *Journal des Colons*—in not one of these sheets shall you see one vestige of sensible comment or manly discussion. If the Emperor desires to learn anything of the real condition of the country from the columns of the local press, he will be wofully disappointed. The newspapers dare not call their souls their own. They are afraid not only of metropolitan, but of provincial wrath. To be a slave in a proconsulate is worse than being a slave in Rome. The papers content themselves with licking the feet of the Emperor, just as they licked the feet of Louis Philippe, and as they would lick the feet of any ruler who was paramount. In short, the newspaper editor, cowed by the Administration, has become a functionary; and in no nation in the world are underling functionaries so unutterably base as in France. While the journals here are fawning upon a sovereign who, wise and clear-headed as he is, must despise their adulation—while they are calling him "the arbiter of the destinies of the world," and declaring that his presence in Algeria was the one thing needed to ensure the eternal felicity of the colony—the Press is miserably enslaved and gagged, not by central, but by local influences. An English gentleman, the

secretary of a company who have purchased some extensive cork forests at La Safia, near Philippeville, was lately admitted to an audience with the Emperor. His Majesty received him, as he invariably receives Englishmen, with the greatest affability and condescension. The Englishman was naturally desirous that the mere fact of the interview should be made public, and forwarded a paragraph to that intent to the *Akhbar;* but he was politely informed that, although the editor was "desolated" at being obliged to refuse, the barest mention of the incident could not appear without a direct authorisation from the Prefect of Algiers.

And Cæsar's policy in causing that mimic bombardment to take place so very close to the quays of Algiers? It did not perhaps differ very widely from that avowed by the dragoman in "Eothen," when Mr. Kinglake asked him why he abused the camel-drivers and *chaoushes* without cause. "To inspire terror and create alarm," quoth the dragoman: which is the only way of getting on in the East. Call everybody sons of dogs; it will produce a very good effect. Fire your pistols out of the windows every morning; it will clear the moral atmosphere wonderfully. If you have an old Freemason's certificate with a big seal upon it, slap it fiercely, and declare it is a firman from the Padishah. If ever you are in a difficulty, commence your expostulation with "Do you know who I am?" People will begin to think you are somebody, and in the end will fall down and worship

you. Well, I may be growing as great a *gobemouche* as my Algerine neighbours, but the bombardment to my mind had a purpose, and a clever one. The Sultan wishes to show his Arab subjects what those big black ships can do. In a perfectly genial and amicable manner, he thinks he may as well excite a little terror and create a little alarm. Now, an Arab believes implicitly in a gun. It is a positive and tangible entity. It is no mere sleight-of-hand or hocus-pocus trick, like Robert Houdin's, but a something which *is* something, and out of which something comes—to wit, a ball. A little bullet will kill a big man; but what multitudes would not the thundering ship guns of the Sultan slay? There are middle-aged Moors in Algiers who can remember very well when Bourmont's cannon were first heard at Sidi-Ferruck; but there are aged Moors whose recollection will carry them still further back, and who have a distinct remembrance of the year 1817, when Lord Exmouth rained shot and shell from the British fleet into Algiers. The conquest by the French did not take place until thirteen years later; but there is no doubt that the assault made by Lord Exmouth broke the neck of the piratical power of the Barbary States. The scare in Algiers was awful. The terrified mob forced the Dey to come to terms, and the Janissaries strangled him shortly afterwards for having come to them; but the object of the British was accomplished, and all the Christian slaves were given up. To this day the exploit of

the English fleet is a subject of conversation in the Moorish cafés. An Englishman who speaks Arabic with fluency told me that the natives had frequently asked him why the terrible Lord Bombarda does not come again, wrest El Djezzaïr from the French, and give it back to the Algerines. There is still, I am informed, among some old people a droll kind of uncertainty as to why the English should have knocked the city to pieces without sacking it and murdering the inhabitants. They can't understand why the Ingliz should have gone away. "How much did it cost your nation to bombard my forts?" asked the Dey of Lord Exmouth when the treaty of peace was signed. The gallant sailor gave him a rough estimate of the number of thousands of pounds sterling the expedition would probably cost. "Allah is great!" exclaimed the Dey. "If you had only told me beforehand and given me half the money, I would have saved you all this trouble and bombarded the town myself."

Very peaceful and innocuous, however, was this afternoon's cannonading. Still, it may prove a lesson, and a salutary one, to the natives. There are Arabs here from the far interior—Kabyles from the mountains, Bedouins from the plains, Berbers from the desert, dark strangers from Morocco and Fez and Tunis and Tripoli—all phases of nationality fused beneath the all-convenient burnouse, which is as a white domino in a great African masquerade. Merchants and pedlars, jugglers and

story-tellers, minstrels and morris-dancers, pilgrims and marabouts, will go back to strange and remote lands—further off, perhaps, than the Royal Geographical Society in its wisdom dreams of—burning plains perchance no Bombonnel has trodden, no Berbrugger has explored—and will tell their countrymen of the fearsome things they have seen among the Franks at El Djezzaïr—of the Caliph from beyond the sea, who goes about without javelin men or musketeers; who landed in a little shallop, but who has in his train huge black ships like floating elephants—ships that vomit fire, and the sound of whose voices shakes the city to its foundations. Policy or no policy, I think the Arabs will attach much more credence to the rough magic of a broadside from La Gloire or La Couronne than to all the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle glamour of Robert Houdin.

Eighteen hours will bring the Emperor to Oran, for the sea is smooth as glass. His Majesty has certainly not allowed the grass to grow under his feet since his arrival here on Monday morning, the 1st of May. To work "as hard as a nigger" has become a proverbial locution; but, so far as actual hard work goes, I think Napoleon III. might, with great advantage to his muscles and brain, have changed places with some of the ugly and lazy black varmints who have been prowling about the town during the Baïram, thumping the tom-tom, and cadging for coppers. Baïram, forsooth! they are as much Mahometans here as they

are Christians in the United States. Religion of any kind to a negro means a drum, and some money to buy rum with. That faith is to him the most orthodox which affords him the greatest opportunity for kicking up a shindy, and howling forth his savage anthems. "Bismillah," or "Hallelujerum," it is all the same to him as long as he can howl. You have been told, doubtless, that the reason why the free negro gets on so badly in America is because he is despised and looked down upon on account of his colour—because no road of social advancement is open to him—because, through the cruelty and injustice of his white brethren, he is plunged in an abyss of degradation as bad as, if not worse than, involuntary servitude with its accompaniments of cotton-picking and the cowhide. You have been told that, with education and equal political and social rights, the free negro will in process of time rise to the level of the white man. Some amiable fanatics go so far as to maintain that Sambo is, in all respects, about thirty-five per cent. better than his fair-skinned brother. Well, the free-nigger experiment has been tried by the French in Algiers, not dogmatically, but almost unconsciously, for five-and-thirty years. Sambo in Algeria is held by authority to be as good as any other man. The Europeans, the Arabs, the Jews, and the negroes all enjoy equal rights. The Moors often marry their negresses. The French have not the slightest prejudice against the negro on account of his ebony skin. They never have had. Among the

ladies Sambo is even popular. He is "*un beau noir*." The Zouave walks arm-in-arm with the Turco; negroes and negresses ride in the same omnibuses and carriages as white men; and there seem to be as many negroes in Algiers—full-blooded, black niggers—in comparison with the population, as in any considerable city of the North. I am quite certain that if a deserving colonist were recommended to the Emperor for the cross of the Legion of Honour, his Majesty would not withhold the decoration from him on the ground that he had a black face. I don't think the community would offer the slightest objection to a negro sub-prefect or a negro commissary of police. Why should they? The negro is a French subject, and all Frenchmen are equal before the law. Thus, without civil disabilities, without the stigma of belonging to an abhorred and contemned race, one might imagine that enfranchised Sambo would have done something for himself by this time. The State provides gratuitous education for all races, classes, and creeds; and there is plenty of work, and money to be made, for those who are sober and industrious. The end of all which is, that Sambo goes to sleep in the sun, waking up to refect himself with "abundant pumpkin," or plenteous plantains—you may buy a bunch of them for twopence—and devouring, preferably, another man's pumpkin to his own. He does a little fishing—that avocation affording him plenty of time to swing his legs over a bank, crooning forth songs of the tom-tom kind, and taking short dozes between the

bites; he does a little gardening; he peddles a few baskets, calabashes, and bead rosaries, and higgles also fowls and eggs. This is all. He works, perhaps, two days a week. He is very Catholic in his creed, keeping with much scrupulosity, and as the closest of holidays, the Mahometan Sabbath, which is Friday, the Jewish, which is Saturday, and the Christian, which is Sunday, with very likely a little Saint Monday of his own. And whenever there is the slightest excuse for an extra festival he begs or steals an old cocked hat and a pair of worsted epaulettes, to surmount his turban or his shoulders withal; he sticks spangles and tinsel over his caftan, and with Pompey, and Quashie, and Quimbo, his brethren, he perambulates the streets, thumping the tom-tom, clanging the castanets, howling the chants of his country, and demanding sous. In the whole of Algiers there is not a single reputable negro shopkeeper or artisan. You never see the negroes, now that they are free, carrying heavy burdens, or doing any kind of arduous manual labour; that they leave to the Arabs. Sambo prefers to loaf and "slosh around."

The negro women officiate as shampooers in the Moorish baths, as peripatetic bakers of *galettes* or pancakes, as nurses, prostitutes, and sorceresses. On the first Monday after the feast of the Nissam they have a grand Obeah festival at the Ain-el-Abiad (the White Fountain), distant about three miles from Algiers on the sea-shore. Then they have their Derdebas, or private festivals, in their own particular quarter near the Kas-

bah or citadel of Algiers, in the streets of Darfour and Kattaroudjil. There, in their beastly dens, the women throw off the striped blue mantles in which they muffle themselves abroad, and appear in every variety of barbarous finery. The *tam-tam* and *karakob*, or castanets, then come into play, and the women go through those dances of which it is enough to say that they resemble the orgies of the Ghawahzee and Almé of Egypt or the Nautch girls of India dipped in a vat of lampblack. There are always low-class Arab touters hanging about the hotels to entice tourists into putting down so many francs ahead to get up a Derdeba in the Kattaroudjil. If you decline to witness the disgusting gambadoes of a "dignity ball," they will offer to organise a Mauresque fandango for you, *chez Fathma*. Fathma is the Ninon de l'Enclos of Algiers. She does not belie her name, and is enormously fat. She is supposed to be very rich, and to carry most of her wealth in gold and jewels about her person. She goes about as closely veiled as though she were a respectable woman; but you may know her, the adepts say, by her wearing scarlet stockings. Of course she has rivals and imitators who also wear red stockings, and would fain make believe that they are each and all of them the real Fathma. Anonyma, Synonyma, it does not matter much. A pair of red stockings in one country, and a paletot made by Poole, with a phaeton and a pair of piebald ponies in the other, and see to what a common tune the world wags. Fathma at Algiers is a

personage. She has been sent for, it is rumoured, by great people, to palaces, to be paraded as the most perfect—that is to say, the fattest—specimen of a Mauresque extant, although her non-admirers declare that she is not a Mauresque at all, but the offspring of a negress and a Biskri. She boasts of gold chains and diamond rings, given to her by the illustrious ones of the earth. She is the only veiled woman who has been known to enter a European café, and every morning, about eleven, you may see her sipping her *demi-tasse* at a particular marble table, her bracelets, chains, and ouches glinting through the thin folds of her *haick*, and exhibiting her red stockings with conscious superiority to a throng of whispering admirers. She is a shrewd jade, and Jules and Adolphe think she is an Odalisque—a sultana. She is only a Mauritanian Doll Common.

Fathma never condescends to give a ball unless a minimum sum of one hundred and twenty-five francs is brought to her as a peace-offering by one of the low-class Arab touters. These balls, or ballets, or nautches, which are as stupid as they are revolting, serve, however, one useful purpose. Without the facilities offered by these balls you would not see on the walls of the Royal Academy or the British Institution, or the Water-colour Societies, those brilliant representations of "The Light of the Hhareem," or "Moorish Maidens Dancing," or "An Eastern Lady playing on the Mandolin," or "Life in the Seraglio," which seem to argue so amazingly intimate an acquaintance with the

inmost penetralia of Oriental life. Fathma and her colleagues in Algiers, as in Tunis, as in Stamboul, as in Cairo, are lay-figures in ordinary to the worshipful guild of painters in oil and water colours. The meanest Moorish women, not being of the *Rikat* sisterhood, would disdain to sit to an artist as a model. A few photographs for backgrounds, a few visits to the Bazaars, and a good stock of odds and ends of wearing apparel and frippery from the curiosity-shops, and the painter may go to work. Of putting a real Moorish lady from nature on canvas he has about as much chance as of drawing the portrait of the late Queen of Sheba from the life. In connection with these "balls" gotten up by greedy adventurers for the hoodwinking of ingenuous Europeans—young Harry Foker, travelling in the East after having been jilted by Blanche Amory, is passionately fond of seeing "a real Moorish fandango, sir, by Jove"—and returning to my old friend Sambo, I must not omit to mention the *Issaoua*, or fire-eaters, who are supposed to be a religious sect, but are in reality only so many swindlers and impostors. They are negroes, and profess to swallow live coals, to lick bars of red-hot iron, to devour scorpions, the rind of the prickly pear —which is certainly very tough eating, let alone the prickles— ashes, chalk, and clay, always with a pious intent, and for the greater glory of Allah. The red-hot poker and live-coal swallowing are clever tricks, which the late lamented Ramo Samee might have explained, and which I have seen before now

performed at country fairs in England; but as for the natural capacity of the negro for gobbling up earth there is no reason to doubt it. The parliamentary blue-books will tell you that the frightful disease common in the West India Islands, and called "*Le mal d'estomàc*," was brought on by the invincible propensity of the blacks for gorging clay; and "dirt-eating" was one of the recognised offences punishable by the slave laws of Jamaica. An "Jssaoua" is, as I have hinted, a swindle. The sole object of the fervid religionists is to extract the greatest possible number of twenty-franc pieces from the visitor. They will begin their performances and then suddenly stop, declaring that the police are at the door, but that if ten francs more be advanced, they will eat a peck more dirt and a bushel more prickly pear. Then the poker cannot be heated under an additional fifteen francs, or swallowed without an extra twenty. In short, it is a continual round of "Twopence more, and up goes the donkey."

There is another ceremony, or *funcion*, among the Algerine negroes, more closely connected with the rites of Obeah, but which is also made to serve the purposes of cheating and extortion. On Wednesday morning in every week, on the road from the faubourg of Bab-el-Oued to St. Eugène—which last is distant about four miles from Algiers—you may meet groups of Moorish women and children, on foot or on muleback, followed by servants, carrying live fowls under their arms. They halt on

the sea-shore, at a spot called Sebâ-Aïoun, the Seven Fountains. Here the good and the evil genii of the Mussulmans are to be invoked and exorcised. The good genii are white, green, blue, and yellow; the bad ones are red, black, and brown. The exorcisers are all negresses, who, when they conjure, tell fortunes, or sell love-philtres, are called *guizzenates*. The audience being grouped on their haunches round one of the fountains, the performances commence. An old black woman lights a fire under a brazen incense burner, on which are some grains of benzoin. The person who wishes to propitiate the genii inhales the vapour of the gum. Then the old black woman takes the fowls prepared for sacrifice, cuts their throats half through, and throws them on to the sand. If these unhappy birds, partly slaughtered, half flying and half staggering, can contrive to drag themselves as far as the sea, the sacrifice has been propitious—the sick person will be cured, or the dearly-cherished wish fulfilled. On the contrary, if the fowl dies at once under the knife, the genius invoked is displeased, and the whole thing has to be done over again. It need scarcely be said, that the sable sorceress contrives to make a good many failures ere a half-killed fowl reaches the briny ocean, and that the abortive sacrifices are her perquisites. Sometimes a sheep is sacrificed instead of a fowl, and on very grand occasions—that is to say, when the touters can beat up a sufficient number of sight-seers from the hotels in Algiers—a

bullock is slaughtered. In this case, however, a buck negro officiates as sacrificing priest, and the bullock is allowed to expire on the sand without being expected to put out to sea, like Jupiter running away with Europa. There is a great deal more manœuvring of the "twopence more, and up goes the donkey" order before the act is accomplished. The bull is either too sacred, or not sacred enough; he has been smitten by the evil eye—*your* eye, it may be;—the priest has been warned in a dream not to slay him; will you give twenty, fifteen, ten, five francs more to see him slain? and so on in a *diminuendo*. Finally it is urged that "the police are coming," which is the most impudent lie of all; the sacrificial bullock being actually provided at the cost and charges of a paternal government, which, under the erroneous but good-natured impression that the bestial and fraudulent mummeries of the Sebâ-Aïoun are really religious observances, generously makes the nigger sorcerers a periodical present of a bullock from the commissariat stores. Now, won't this tempt you, lady and gentleman tourists, to come to Algeria! Think of

> "The priest who slew the slayer
> And shall himself be slain."

Think of the Bull-Sacrifice at the Seven Fountains,—Flamens and augurs, and all within eighty hours' journey from Charing-Cross. "The priest who slew the slayer" may be seen all alive

and grinning, with an old gendarme's cocked hat on his woolly cocoa-nut pate, and a pair of cast-off dress boots with red morocco tops on his spindle-shanks. It would be unjust too severely to blame the French authorities for thus subsidising Obeah to the extent of a rather skinny bullock. For many years the British Government in India greased the wheels of the Car of Juggernaut at an enormous expense.

XV.

AT ORLÉANSVILLE.—POSTING UP THE LEDGER.

Le vaillant coq gaulois
  Grattant sur le fumier,
A fait sortir le roi,
  Louis-Philippe premier ;
Qui par juste reconnaissance
L'a mis dans les armes de la France.

I RESTED at Orléansville, and the name of the place recalled the savage epigram I have placed at the head of this chapter. What has become of the Gallic cock ? Alas ! the eagle has ousted him from the French scutcheon. How hard did poor Louis Philippe strive to stamp his dynasty into the soil of the country which his sons had helped to conquer for France ! All over the three provinces you may find traces of this painful, strenuous striving. Orléansville, Philippeville, Aumale, Gastonville, Jemmappes, Joinville, Nemours, Ponthièvre, St. Eugène, St. Ferdinand, Ste. Amélie :—if names given to new cities alone could fix a family on the throne, the monarchy of July would be still flourishing in Africa, Orleans, Aumale, Nemours, Join-

ville, Montpensier:—they were brave boys; but Cæsar has swallowed them all up, and the reign of Louis Philippe premier would be as forgotten as the shadow of the shadow of smoke, were not the pear-shaped head of Jacques Laffitte's nominee still extant on so many five-franc pieces. Why didn't he make a fight for his crown? Why did he run away so meekly?—without his wig, and under the pseudonym of Smith. The women of his house were pluckier than he. The good Duchess of Orleans, when she confronted the Chambers with her little son, or when, all being lost, she walked grandly to her carriage, leaning on the arm of Ary Scheffer the painter, this true wife and mother was not afraid. Old Louis decamped like a discomfited burglar. There was something of Nemesis mingled with his flight; for he kept murmuring all the way to England, "*Comme Charles Dix! comme Charles Dix!*" The memory of the half-witted bigot who had been kicked out to give him place clung to him like the shirt of Nessus.

But I have something else to do at Orléansville besides moralising upon the overthrow of Louis Philippe. I am sadly in arrear with certain accounts. I have a ledger to post up. To conduct an extended correspondence with an English newspaper, while undergoing the agonies of a journey in a diligence through this *tierra caliente* of Algeria, is, to say the least, as onerous, if not so perilous, a task as to pen despatches on the

hinder stomach of a sixty-four pounder; for no doubt you remember how Junot began his fortunes, by volunteering to write a despatch from Napoleon's dictation while under fire. Perhaps the hardships here are even more terrible to confront. You have not washed, so it seems to you, since last January twelvemonth; the last time your hair was combed, or your clothes were brushed, was in the reign of Queen Anne; every time you grind your teeth with weariness and woe, you find that you have something gritty between them to grind—to wit, dust. You are all white and pulverous, like a miller, and have returned to dust before your time. You have been unable to procure a seat in the *coupé*, and are mewed up in the *intérieur*, which resembles the prisoners' van painted yellow and with the cellular bulkheads knocked away, which contains ten persons—three Jews, one negress, two Arabs, a captain of Spahis, a commissary of the *intendance*, a Lazarist friar, and yourself; to which add an Arab conductor, who *will* poke his head in at the window, and who is redolent of gales anything but spicy, emanating from an Araby the direct reverse of blest. Allah be praised! we have no babies with us. I am sure if we had, I should be tempted to do a turn of King Herod's handiwork; but we have any number of bundles, and a box of dried sardines which the negress holds on her lap, and from which every now and then when she feels faint she selects a handful to munch, as the sailor's wife in *Macbeth*

munched the chestnuts. The Jews play backgammon. The captain of Spahis is a cousin of Lord Hawkesbury, and his expectoration is fearful and Transatlantic to hear; the Lazarist friar, I am afraid, is troubled either with bronchitis or a bad conscience, for his slumbers are uneasy, and he barks in his dreams; and the two Arabs alternate guttural squabbles in their incomprehensible lingo with lugubrious duets, of which the invariable and interminable chorus is "*Waa, laa; laa, aoua, waa!*" We only want a *tam-tam* and the brazen *karakob* to complete the charms of the *intérieur* and go raving mad. Everybody smokes, the negress included, which is fortunate. Otherwise syncope must long since have supervened from the mingled stench of stale *kouscousso*, burnouses that have not been washed since Baba-Mohamed-Isacalli reigned at El Djezzaïr, and garlic, the fumes of which, like the Egyptian darkness, can be felt, and could be cut, I think, with a yataghan. When you halt to change horses, when you snatch half-an-hour for breakfast, or three-quarters of an hour for dinner, or two hours for stretching your legs generally, as at Milliana, or nine whole hours for rest, refreshment, and sleep—derisive word!—as at Orléansville, there is your little correspondence to be thought of. You are travelling post to Oran, but you have to think of that other post travelling backwards to England. There is no use in grumbling. You have to do it. Remember Junot. You can write on a drum, on a

saucepan lid, on the table of a cabaret, on a mattress thrown on the floor, on a piece of carpet, on the Jews' backgammon board, on the crown of your hat—unless it happens to be a wideawake. You can begin a sentence at one stage and finish it at the next; the which reminds me of a gentleman I once met in a railway carriage on the North Kent Line, and who, excited by bottled stout, sang a comic song which was five miles long: that is to say, he began it at Woolwich Dockyard and finished it at Erith. Your writing materials consist of two sous' worth of tissue paper you bought at Milliana, a halfpenny bottle of ink, and a pen you stole—there is no other word for it—from the café at Blidah; for of course you have lost the key of your despatch-box, or it is packed up in your trunk, or you never had one—what does it matter? Remember Junot. *Your* despatch-box is a little bag at your side, containing your stationery, a pipe, some tobacco, lucifer matches, a piece of soap, half a sausage, a crust of bread, a handful of dates wrapped up in a piece of old newspaper, a phial of laudanum, and a volume of Arabic dialogues—which last are not of the slightest use to you, seeing that all the Arabs with whom you come in contact speak French after a fashion.

I am sure that I cannot have given anything like a coherent narrative—nay, nor even a consecutive summary—of the proceedings of the Emperor since he has been in this country. I do not think Samson, with Briareus for a secretary and Argus

as an assistant, could have done it. I have thought it worth while, however, to transcribe from my diary the briefest abstract of Cæsar's movements. Such gaps as must necessarily occur in it may be easily filled up. The Emperor, then, landed at Algiers on the morning of Wednesday, the 3rd of May. He received the constituted authorities and the foreign consuls, and at night there was a grand dinner of sixty covers at the Palace of the Government. The whole town was illuminated, as you have heard. On the 4th his Majesty took a drive to the villages of El Biar and Chiragas, and paid a visit to the monastery of the Trappists at Staouëli. Here, on what is termed in Arabic the "Plain of the Tents," took place, in 1830, the first regular engagement between Bourmont's invading army and the Turco-Arab forces of the Dey. The Turks were of course routed, and the way to Algiers thenceforth became easy. For many years following this sanguinary conflict, the fields about Staouëli were strewn with cannon balls, dinted sabres, and fragments of shells. But in 1843, a concession of the field of battle was made by Louis Philippe to a community of Trappists. In the month of August of that year the sombre and laborious ascetics of La Trappe erected a little hut near the clump of palm-trees where once had been pitched the golden pavilions of Ibrahim, the son-in-law of Hussein Dey, and the tributary beys of Oran and Constantine. The next day the good monks solemnised a mass for the repose of the souls of

those who had fallen at Staouëli, and then tucked up their sleeves and went to work like beavers. They have never ceased to work, to pray, to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry, ever since; and they are as much respected by the Muslim as by the Christians. They had a hard time and a rough work; but their handiwork has prospered, and they have succeeded in transforming the sandy waste of Staouëli into a smiling garden. They now possess a well-built abbey, several farms, a large flour-mill worked by water-power, several workshops for turning, sawing, tailoring, weaving, and dyeing, an orchard, a vineyard, and many hundred head of cattle. They are bee-masters, floriculturists, and fishermen; they make capital pickles and preserves; they shoe horses, and make wheels, and dispense corn-plasters and eye-water to all who need those medicaments. They are exceedingly hospitable to strangers; and you may eat as succulent a dinner at La Trappe de Staouëli as at the best restaurant in Algiers. Among themselves, labour and silence and prayer—prayer, and labour, and silence—form the unvarying round of life. These are the "lazy monks" one reads about sometimes. They seem to take to their convict's life very kindly, and are sturdy and fresh-coloured friars, although the soup they have for their own dinner seems to have been made from a paving-stone boiled with a few pot-herbs in plenty of water. They solicit no alms from strangers; but, as you leave this house of work and prayer,

you may buy if you choose a medal or chaplet from the brother gatekeeper, which need not cost you more than half a franc. The dole is not enormous, my Lord Archbishop. The last medal of the kind I bought was from the Grey Nuns of Montreal, in Canada—as charitable and hard-working *religieuses* as these African monks. Am I inconsistent in speaking thus of the African Trappists? Do I forget that which I set down in an earlier chapter, respecting Bullet-head and his race? the wretched, dense *Frères Ignorantins*, with their unwashed feet and their cat-o'-nine-tails brandished over shivering urchins:—

Hommes noirs, d'où sortez vous?
Nous sortons de dessous terre,
Moitié renards, moitié loups;
Notre règle est un mystère.
Vous savez pourquoi l'on nous exila.
Nous rentrons: songez à vous taire,
Et que vos enfants suivent nos leçons.
C'est nous qui fessons,
Et qui refessons,
Les jolis petits, les petits garçons.

I go with Béranger to the utmost, but only against Bullet-head. There are monks and monks; but the Trappists are monks who *work*.

"If it be sad to live in the Trappe, how sweet it is to die there!" Thus runs the inscription on the lime-whited wall of the infirmary at Staouëli. I was reminded of the "Dieu vous

voit," "God sees you," on the walls, as white, of the American nunnery. And this grim existence of the monkish labourers goes on under the deep blue southern sky, with the laughing Mediterranean laving the foot of their fields, with the vines trailing round the very bars of their cells, and the big bunches of grapes peeping and pouting in at the embrasures with a "come, kiss me" look, and with the air heavy and sensuous with the perfume of orange trees and the choicest flowers. They never heed the sights and sounds and odours of a world which is rich and gay and luxurious. It is their business to produce, and not to enjoy. What does the grocer's boy care for figs? Do you think you could tempt that young lady at the pastrycook's with Bath buns or strawberry creams? Steadfastly and sadly the Trappist toils and moils and trudges on towards his goal and his reward—that inestimable guerdon of the grave, the infinite solace of death. When he dies they put him, cassock, cowl, hempen girdle, and all, into a hole, and with brief orisons cover him up, and leave him there in peace. Why not? Bourbon or Nassau cannot sleep more soundly under their hearse of porphyry and brass. When you are tired of wearing a periwig and red-heeled shoes—of envying your brother because he has got the Cross of the Legion, and when you have got it yourself, pining after the Golden Fleece or the Black Eagle—when you have eaten and drunken, and loved and fawned enough—you might do worse than come to this

African convent, tuck up your sleeves, go to work, and end so. The abbot will get something in the way of usefulness out of your old bones, ere you die. As for society, there are beggars who come to the gate for relief. As for recreation, there are matins and vespers. All depends on habit. I dare say St. Jerome in the desert found the lions very good company.

On the 5th the Emperor, on foot, and accompanied only by Marshal MacMahon and an aide-de-camp or two, visited the lower part of Algiers, the artillery barracks, the Admiralty, and the *bassin de radoub*—or graving dock, I think it is, in English—at the mole. He also paid a visit to the permanent Exhibition of Algerian Products and Manufactures, to which has just been added a very gratifying exhibition of pictures in oil and water colours. Madame la Maréchale MacMahon is herself a contributor to the fine arts gallery, which boasts several works by English lady-artists resident in Algiers. On the 6th the Emperor went, *vid* Blidah, to the Agricultural Show at Bou Farik, returning by Oued-el-Aleug, Kolea, and the Daouaouda. The next day, after hearing at the Cathedral, formerly the Great Mosque, a "military mass," solemnised by Monseigneur Pavy, Bishop of Algiers, and which mass was of the conveniently brief duration known as a Saint Hubert or "hunting" mass, his Majesty started, passing through Blidah again, and halting for a short time to be "mayorised," for Milliana. He visited La Chiffa,

Moujaia, Bou-Roumi, El Assoun, Bourkika, and l'Oued Vesoul-Benia. Milliana is supposed to be the Malliana of the Romans, and until lately there were ruins, unmistakably Roman, in the very centre of the town; but these interesting remains have been demolished piecemeal to make room for the *alignement* or straightening of the streets. Bas-reliefs, columns, capitals, and fragments of statues without number, buried in the courtyards or built up in the walls of old Moorish houses, have also disappeared before this ruthless *alignement*, and very few relics, it is to be feared, have found their way to the gallery of antiquities under the hotel of the sub-division. There has been plenty of fighting here, of course. Indeed, almost every square foot of ground which the French possess in Algeria has been won by so many thrusts of the bayonet. Milliana was besieged a quarter of a century since by Abd-el-Kader, and relieved by General Changarnier. How strangely significant is the sound of those two names in 1865! The hostile Emir is a pensioner of France; the reliever of Milliana died in Belgium a banished and proscribed man. But there have been stranger turns of Fortune's wheel in this strange clime. Those gallant sons of the House of Orléans I spoke of just now were basking in viceregal splendour in Algiers, when there came a swift steamer with the news that their father had fallen from his throne. They had to sail away from the shores of that France henceforth shut against them, and past the Englishman's fortress-rock at Gibraltar, to

the land of exile. And strangest of all is the story told of the famous captain who conquered this country for the last Bourbon king of France. His son had been slain in battle, and, returning to Marseilles, he brought with him his heart. The corpse of the young man had been already landed, and the custom-house officers at Marseilles had the unspeakable ruffianism to open the coffin, and search the body for the gold and jewels which they believed to be concealed in it. The conqueror was not permitted to pass through France; he was forbidden even to take passage in a French ship. He got to Italy somehow, and the story runs that, wandering one day into a café at Leghorn, he sat down at the same table with a venerable old Turk, with a long white beard and a turban of the shape and dimensions of a pumpkin. "Surely I have seen you before," remarked this ancient Osmanli, pausing between the puffs at his chibouk. "It may be," the other replied, unconsciously paraphrasing Mr. Macready in *Werner:* "I was a soldier, and am a beggar. I am Marshal Bourmont." "Allah is great!" remarked the venerable old gentleman, taking another pull at his pipe; "*I was the Dey of Algiers.*" He made rather a jovial end of it, this savage old Dey; for he took away plenty of diamonds sewn up in his baggy inexpressibles. He was rather too fond, however, of inflicting the bastinado on his numerous wives, and one of them ran away and became a *dame de comptoir* at a coffee-house in Naples. Of the Bourmont

story it may truly be said, *se non è vero, è ben trovato*. A Bourbon to-day, an Orleans to-morrow, a Republic *par-dessus le marché*, and a Bonaparte, like Jemmy in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" "tops off;" but I never look upon the statue of the ill-fated eldest son of Louis Philippe in the Place du Gouvernement at Algiers without thinking upon Nemesis, and the old King, heart-broken, murmuring—"*Comme Charles Dix! comme Charles Dix!*"

On the 8th the Emperor returned to Algiers by way of Marengo, an agricultural settlement founded in 1848—a large and prosperous village at the foot of the Beni Menaur Mountains. In the vicinity is the Lake of Halloula, where there is much good duck and swan hunting to be had. It is full, besides—so the Arabs say—of leeches, which must be slightly disagreeable to the ducks. As the swans, however, have black legs, the leeches, perhaps, take them for brothers, and are unaware of the plump and succulent white bosoms above water; on the whole, I would rather not be a swan on the Lake of Halloula. On the 9th the indefatigable and august sight-seer visited the Library, the Museum, the Cour Impériale, the Hametite and Maletite mosques, and the Franco-Arab College at Algiers, where French professors who speak Arabic do their very utmost to convince a perverse generation of little Mussulmans of the blessings of centralisation and civilisation. Whereupon the little Mussulmans go home to their papas and

mammas to play about the courtyard and eat rice, and are informed—frequently with a slipper smartly applied by way of enforcing the argument—that the Christians are sons of dogs and protégés of Eblus. The efforts which the French have made to get hold of the rising generation of Mahometans have been prodigious, most laudable, but mainly unsuccessful. They treat the pupils who come to them kindly, never striking them, whereas their own parents thrash them like sacks; they give them an excellent education; but the little Mussulmans, or rather their parents, are as shy as the ducklings were in responding to the invitation of Mrs. Bond, when, with the endearing appellatives of "Dilly, dilly," she conjured them to come and be killed. In the interior the case is still worse. The Arabs have a notion that their children should be taught in their own schools, by their own masters, and in their own fashion. To all the mosques there are attached Mussulman colleges, called *Zaouias*, and in every village there is a *Derrar*, which answers to our dame schools, only the teacher is of the male sex. *Du reste*, the pupils are boys. The girls, as a rule, never get any education at all. The economy of an Arab school is a very simple affair indeed. In a room with plastered walls and an earthen floor, something between a back kitchen and a cow-shed, several little boys in red caps and baggy breeches squat in a semicircle on their haunches, occupied in a languid pursuit of knowledge and an indefatigable search for

fleas. Between the horns of the juvenile horseshoe is enthroned, likewise squatting, on a ragged scrap of carpet, a dirty old man with a long stick. He says something in Arabic, in a sing-song tone, and his pupils repeat the words after him. If one of the pupils manifests greater assiduity in flea-hunting or in skylarking with his neighbours than in droning out sing-song, the preceptor hits him over the head with the long stick. Should that fail to make him a scholar and a gentleman, the ligneous venue is changed to the soles of his feet, and not unfrequently recourse is had to the ministrations of the never-failing slipper applied in a succession of *staccato* movements to that part of the person which "nature has intended for such exercitation." The writing exercises consist in tracing Arabic characters in a box full of sand, the attempts at caligraphy being rendered interesting by a shower of raps on the knuckles of the student—the whole reminding the spectator of a search for eels in a basket where there are no eels. This is a *Derrar*. The pleasantest part of the thing is when the youngsters come tumbling out of school at the hour of prayer. They are ragged and filthy, but oh! they look so happy! In the *Zaouias* or colleges a higher class of tuition is dispensed. The master is quite a Don. He may leave something to be desired on the score of facial cleanliness, but he wears at least a clean turban. The boys or youths are taught, purely by rote, to get certain verses of the Koran by heart; and he who knows most Koran

at the age of adolescence is Senior Wrangler in the schools of Islamism. The course of instruction does not, however, stop here. Scorn and hatred of Christians in general, and of the French in particular, are a branch of ethics sedulously instilled into the alumni of the *Zaouias*. They are taught that the power of France is only transitory; that the successes of the French arms are due simply to the will of Allah, who for some wise purpose desires to chastise his elect. They are informed that patience and resignation are the ordeals through which the Arab race is bound to pass until the Mahometan Messiah—the Moula-Saa, or "Lord of the Hour"—comes, as he may come at any moment, to vindicate the true faith, and hurl the Giaours over the quays of El Djezzaïr into the sea. I wonder whether any doctrines similar to these are ever taught by oily olive-coloured men in turbans and waist-cloths to little Mahometans in British India. When masters or *Talebs* for these schools are not to be found in Algeria, the Arabs send for them to Morocco and Tunis, which countries may be considered the Maynooth and Douai of French Africa. These Moors and Tunisians, who have never lived in the neighbourhood of Christians, are—a parrot knowledge of Al Coran apart—crassly ignorant, bigoted, and superstitious; and they, and the Marabouts, are shrewdly suspected of having stirred up the late and still smouldering insurrection among the Babors of Kabylia. These Babors must not be confounded with the inhabitants of

the Djudjura, or Great Kabylia, the key of all whose mountain-passes is held by the French in their tremendously strong strategical position of Fort Napoleon. These Great Kabyles are quite loyal and friendly to the French—as loyal as the inhabitants of Baltimore are under the guns of Fortress M'Henry, or as the people of Coblentz might be supposed to be when the commandant of Ehrenbreitstein had given the word to prime and load.

The French are at their wits' end to know how to combat the passive resistance to their rule inculcated in the Mahometan schools. One ingenious bureaucrat, fired by the theological initiative set by the Emperor in his proclamation to the Arabs, has proposed that a Franco-Arabic commentary on the Koran shall be published, in which it is to be proved, I suppose, that Paris is Mecca, and the Hotel of the Prefecture at Algiers Medina, that the sainted Fatima belonged to the Gallican Church, and that the Chasseurs d'Afrique and the Zouaves are angels; in a word, that the Emperor is Allah, and Marshal MacMahon his prophet. There are again some zealots of the administration, and in high places too, who would boldly wrest education altogether from the hands of the *Talebs*, abolish the *Zaouias*, place the *Derrars* under strict surveillance, and appoint only schoolmasters certificated by the government, to expound the Koran according to French administrative views. "Half measures," writes M. Brosselard, Prefect of Oran, "are

impotent as palliatives. Tolerance is culpable when we compound with a foe. This is a question of life or death with the young Mussulman generation." It is likewise a question of life or death with the old French party, and a question which is universal. It is a question which as much as any other troubles us at home, and makes the unhappy island of Ireland a perpetual battle-ground of discord and evil passions. No doubt the French might sweep away the *Zaouias* and the *Derrars* did they respect nothing but the law of force; but they are irrevocably pledged to leave these institutions intact. They have engaged to respect the religious observances of the Arabs, and these schools are as much a part of their religion as the mosques and the *koubbas*. I took the liberty lately of suggesting to General Fleury that there existed a precedent for the employment of means by which a wild, warlike, and insubordinate people might be curbed and made quite loyal and docile. Shortly after the Scotch rebellion of 1745-6, the British Parliament, as is will known, passed a solemn act by which the Highlanders were forced to wear breeches. Feudal tenures were abolished at the same time with the kilt; but there is no doubt that the enforcement of pantaloons on the Highlandman broke the neck of Jacobitism. The man who wore small-clothes soon wore a coat, a cocked hat, and a wig, for conformity's sake. Ten years afterwards the Highland dress could, without peril, be revived; but the Act of 1747 extinguished it as a national

costume. The picturesque garb of old Gaul is now worn only by a few regiments of soldiers, by gamekeepers, and by a few country gentlemen on rare occasions, or by those who are as ambitious of singularity as a duke in England who wears top boots and leathers. The Bedouins of 1865 are just the Highlanders of 1745, as wild, as noble, and as refractory. Their feudal tenures are almost precisely similar to those which obtained in the Highlands of Scotland before the great Rebellion. The Emir is the Chevalier, the Aghas are the chiefs, the Oued is the clan; the Scotch *dhuine wassel* was bound to do *corvée* and yeoman-service for his chief, just as the Bedouin is bound to grind the corn in his chieftain's mill, to bring him eggs, or meat, or poultry when he entertains strangers, and to follow his *goum* when he goes forth to war. To abolish the feudal tenures of Algeria would be following one part of the precedent of '47; to suppress the burnouse and bare legs with the men, and the *haick* and baggy trousers with the women, would be another and the most vital. Force the Arabs by Imperial decree to wear boots with heels to them, and in a very short time the mosques would be deserted, and the practice of squatting on the haunches abandoned. Put the Arab men into round hats and sixteen-franc trousers, and make the Arab women go unveiled and wear hoop skirts, Balmoral petticoats, and high-heeled boots, and in half a dozen years Al Coran would be a dead letter. Of course I put all this to the general as a

reductio ad absurdum. Of course the thing could not be done. "*Mais la religion,*" he said, shrugging his shoulders. In the cardinal difference of religion lies the root of the difficulty. Burnouses, turbans, bare legs, squatting on the haunches, veils, baggy trousers, bare feet, laziness, eating with the fingers, and sleeping on the floor, are as integral parts of Mahometanism as a faith in the Divine legation of Mahomet and his intimate personal acquaintance with the angel Gabriel. I have known a good many Turks in my time, but I never knew one who ate with a knife and fork and wore gloves who believed in the Koran or its concoctor.

I noted that the Emperor visited the Cour Impériale. I may set down briefly what the Cour Impériale is like. It is held in a roomy old Moorish mansion in the Rue Bruce—as queer a vagary of nomenclature, I think, in this Franco-Morisco town, as is the Calle O'Reilly in Havana. There is a dark entrance-lobby or vestibule to the court, as there is in all considerable Moorish houses. Nothing of the interior is visible from the lobby. Its only furniture is a stone bench, where clients or suppliants sit or squat, and confer with the master of the house when he deigns to give them audience. It is "the gate," in fact; and in such a gate, perhaps, sat Mordecai. The vestibule of the Cour Impériale is very cool and dark, and is floored and partially walled with arabesque tiles. It is the Salle des Pas Perdus, the Westminster Hall of this Algerine

Palace of Justice, and the same curious people—though on an infinitesimal scale as to number—who hang about courts of justice all over the world, hang about this lobby. They have the same half-eager, half-listless, weedy, mildewed look common to their brethren in Lincoln's Inn and Westminster. Some come because they have causes pending; others for the sake of the coolness and darkness of the place. There is a man asleep in a corner, and a veiled woman with a baby; a drunken Biskri cobbler, the only intoxicated person whom I have yet seen in Algeria, whom a discreet huissier is endeavouring to elbow out of the precincts without raising unnecessary scandal; and a little old Frenchman in a blouse, a pink and white striped nightcap, and a violent passion, who has gotten his advocate into a corner, and is, while vehemently detailing his grievances, punching him all over the ribs and thorax with a roll of papers, as though he, the advocate, were a pincushion, and he, the client, were tattooing "Welcome little stranger" upon him. Enter the court, and you will find the coolness and darkness gone. It is the usual interior of a Moorish house—a square courtyard, like a Spanish *patio* or the *cortile* of an Italian palace, surrounded by a colonnade with horseshoe arches. The French have "utilised" the open space and spoilt it. The area has been covered in with an ugly glass roof, and now forms the body of the court. The lateral arches have been filled up by unsightly wooden screens; the beautiful arabesques have been

badigeonnés with yellow; while a great floundering eagle and a bust of the Emperor in plaster choke a graceful little niche, where once perhaps was an inscription from Al Coran cut in most delicate tracery. The plashing fountain which once occupied the centre of the court has been replaced by the *greffier's* desk, and the whole of one side of the area is occupied by a long green-baize covered table, at which sit the judges in their gowns, square *toques*, and long bands. If you have ever seen the beautiful chapter-house at Westminster cumbered and disfigured by the hideous wooden presses of the Record Office—presses where swelter and moulder thousands of dead-and-gone writs and judgments out of date from the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas, you will at once understand the mournfully incongruous appearance which the Cour Impériale makes in a whilom Moorish palace.

I never could understand a French trial at law. Everybody seems in a rage, including the President, and the only collected person in court seems often to be the plaintiff. The suit I heard pleaded was, I think, about a *mur mitoyen*, or party-wall; but into the merits of the dispute between Ali Ben-Jiorga-ben-Djemel of the Oued-el-Khramsa, and Zephyrini Doudouchon, *limonadière* at Bordj Setti-Talekiet, I am not qualified to enter. I think Ali Ben and the rest of it got the worst of the case, for at the conclusion he gathered up the skirts of his burnouse, and stalked out of the court in a huff, and with

looks full of infinite disdain. The Arabs, although in criminal cases they are bound to submit to the provisions of the Code Napoléon, have the right to settle their civil causes in their own courts, where the Cadi is, and Al Coran the only text book. They are, I am told, as fond of litigations as those inveterate Peter Publeses, the Normans, and very frequently bring their long-protracted civil suits before the French tribunals. The result is, that legal oyster-culture receives a large impetus, that the litigants are enabled to devote themselves to the study of conchology, and that the gentlemen of the gown and *toque* find out that "'twas a fat oyster."

On the evening of the 9th, the Emperor went to a splendid ball at the palace of Mustapha, near Algiers, given in his honour by Marshal MacMahon. At night the whole city and the ironclads in harbour were illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks in the garden of Mustapha itself. On the 10th, Cæsar gave audience to a number of native aghas and chieftains, and decorated some of them with the Cross of the Legion. He also received a deputation from the Agricultural Association of Algiers. In the afternoon he went to the Garden of Acclimatization, or Jardin d'Essai; and at night he attended the theatre, where there was a gala performance.

On the 11th His Majesty made a trip to Medea, and breakfasted in the renowned "Valley of Monkeys." They are said to rusticate here in thousands, to have their laws, their police,

their military force, and their aristocracy—to love, quarrel, make it up again, steal, grin, and caper, very much after the fashion of human beings: save that they do not lie, or tear each other in pieces about religion. On the occasion, however, of the Imperial visit, the Barbary apes, wise in their generation, were shy, and did not put in an appearance. Tourists, it must be explained, who breakfast in the Valley are in the habit of bringing Devisme's fowling-pieces with them, and "potting" the monkeys by way of a *chasse-café*.

On the 12th of May, Napoleon III. returned to Algiers, and on the 13th he left again, for Oran, amidst the thunders of that mimic bombardment of which I have spoken in the previous section. He has been received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm; and roving up and down the country seems to do him good, for he is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

XVI.

OLD SPAIN IN AFRICA.

ACCORDING to the historian El Bekri, the actual city of Oran dates from the year 297, when a certain Mohammed-ben-Abi-Aoun came over from Spain with a band of Andalusian fishermen, and patched up a sufficiently amicable alliance with the Beni-Mosguens, the original holders of the soil. The neighbouring tribes burnt and sacked the place, or were repulsed from it for four or five centuries or so,—the only light thrown on the "dark ages" being that of internecine conflagrations,—then, in 1086, the Almoravides conquered all this part of Africa. The Almoravides were succeeded by the Almohades, and these again by the Merinides; until, in the middle of the fifteenth century, there came to Oran a refugee from his revolted subjects, the famous Muley Mohammed, surnamed the Lop-sided, King of Granada. At this period the historians declare Oran to have been, as the Yankees say, "quite a place." Elephants' teeth and ostrich feathers, tanned hides, gold-dust, negro slaves, and corn were the staple of exports, and made the

Oranese very rich. They excelled also in the manufacture of rich stuffs and weapons of war. The Venetians, the Genoese, the Marseillais, and the Catalans came in great numbers to trade with them, bringing looking-glasses, silks and velvets, and hardware in exchange. Alvarez Gomez says that in 1437 there were six thousand houses in Oran, many splendid mosques, colleges as learned as those at Cordova and Seville, quays cumbered with merchandise, and the most sumptuous "stews" or baths in the world. Unfortunately, wealth seems to have brought luxury, luxury excess, and excess the most alarming depravity; since we find a holy man named Sidi-Mahomed-el-Haouari lifting up his voice, in this epoch, against the city, and crying out, "Oran, city of innumerable adulteries, the stranger shall enter into thy gates, and abide there until the day of meeting and of dispersion;" by which is meant the day of judgment.

El-Haouari died in 1439, and, seventy years afterwards, his ominous prediction was fulfilled by the capture of Oran by the Spaniards. The expedition which subdued it was a sort of fragmentary tailpiece to the Crusades. In 1506, Ferdinand of Spain, Emmanuel of Portugal, and Harry of England entered into a compact to Christianise all heathendom by force of arms; but they soon fell out among themselves, and then Emmanuel and Ferdinand had to go to the assistance of his Holiness the Pope, who, not for the first time in history, had fallen out with

the Eldest Son of the Church in France. An edifying spectacle: the mediæval Pontiff. He was either cursing Christendom all round, or blessing some prince with a view to persuade him to batter another prince's brains out.

But Cardinal Xímenes, the King-Cardinal of Spain, had set his heart upon a crusade of some kind, and persuaded Ferdinand to fit out an expedition to the African Main. The Spaniards knew little of the geography of the country, and contemplated a landing at the little town of Honçin, on the frontiers of Morocco. Then they were told that Mers-el-Kebir was the richest point on the coast; for plunder, as well as proselytism, was part of Ximenes' plan. Then the Spanish treasury—likewise not for the first time in history—was found to be empty. But the Cardinal, in his religious and filibustering zeal, agreed with his sovereign to pay for the crusade out of his own pocket. Finally, Mers-el-Kebir was attacked and captured, and General Don Gonzales de Ayora wrote home, quite in the Spanish fashion, "We have conquered half Africa." And the Desert of Sahara, and the country of the Touaregs, and that great white patch upon the map, the Region of the Utterly Unknown! Oh, thou most wall-eyed Don! Then occurred once more an abhorrent vacuum in the exchequer of the most Catholic King, but the indomitable Ximenes came to the rescue again. An army of fifteen thousand men sailed from Carthagena for Mers-el-Kebir. His Eminence himself accompanied the crusaders,

performed high mass on the shore, and headed the troops, crucifix in hand. So many millions of the children of humanity have in all ages been smitten to death by those who arrogate to themselves a peculiar property in the symbol of our salvation, that I wonder it has never occurred to ingenious small-arms manufacturers to contrive crucifixes with spring-bayonets in the arms, or to cast cross-shaped rifle-bullets. They might hurt as sorely as conical ones.

The Spaniards marched upon Oran, and took it with but the loss of thirty men. The new era was at once inaugurated by the pitiless massacre of eight thousand Muslim prisoners. Public buildings and private houses were alike sacked, and the treasures accumulated in Oran by three centuries of industrious trade and half a century of piracy on the high seas were divided among the Christian officers and soldiers. The great filibuster X. was himself too highly placed and too proud to enrich himself by vulgar booty. He took nothing but a few Arabic manuscripts and rare objects, which he presented, on his return to Spain, to the Cathedral of Toledo and the Convent of San Ildefonso at Madrid. Before Ximenes went away, however, he ordered all the fortifications to be rebuilt, and the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition to be established.

The Spaniards kept possession of the place for two centuries; but in 1708 the Regency of Algiers, profiting by the distracted state of the Peninsula, in which the War of the Succession was

then raging, sent Moustafa-bou-Chelar'em, Bey of Maskara, to besiege Oran. He besieged it; accordingly the city fell, and the Turkish janissaries ruled in the place of the captains-general of Philip V. But Oran was still to be a challenge cup. The Peace of Utrecht having been signed, the King of Spain began to make preparations for the recovery of Oran, and a few years afterwards wrested it from the Turks. The new lease of Spanish rule lasted from 1732 to 1790, when, as I have said, came the great earthquake and the final evacuation by the Spaniards. The Turks, once more masters of the city, strove to rebuild it *à la Turque*—that is to say, in a pleasing intermixture of strong castles and blind alleys full of mud hovels; but this style of architecture was equally disgusting to the tasteful Moors and to the Spaniards who remained behind. The Turks governed by means of a Bey, a Khralifa or Finance Minister, and two Aghas. The scheme of administration was of the simplest. The Bey ordered a certain sum to be raised by way of revenue. The Khralifa, with the assistance of the Aghas, proceeded to squeeze it out of the natives. He got it out of their backs, their stomachs, or the soles of their feet, to all which parts of the body the great persuader, the bastinado, was indifferently applied. He got it out of their fingers by means of thumbscrews and lighted matches, and out of their heads by the skilful superposition on their skulls of nightcaps of heated copper. When the money was raised the Bey took as much of it as he chose,

and the Khralifa and the Aghas stole as much of it as they dared. The remainder was carried by the Khralifa to Algiers as tribute to the Dey. If the sum was not sufficient, his Highness caused the financier to be soundly beaten. Sometimes he had him bowstrung, as, according to Voltaire, Admiral Byng was shot:—*pour encourager les autres.* So that everything was very nice and comfortable. The natives of the province of Oran are not at all grateful to the French for having put an end to this state of things. When have you found Orientals grateful to Europeans for having given them an "administration" in lieu of an out-and-out despotism? Perhaps the natives thought that an occasional dose of the bastinado assisted the circulation of the blood and helped to kill the fleas. It is certain that when a Bey or a Khralifa vexed them too sorely, some one managed to strangle him for the public good, and the new broom, or Bey, swept clean for awhile. In 1830, the French, not having any quarrel with the Government of Oran, were constrained for a period to let them alone. Then Marshal Clausel assigned the city to Sidi-Ahmed, Bey of Tunis, who was to pay to France an annual tribute of a million of francs. Sidi-Ahmed sent his Khralifa, Keir Edden, to Oran, but the natives would not obey him; the French Government refused to ratify the convention between the Marshal and the Bey of Tunis, and in the end, almost in their own despite, the French had to annex the province. Among the French governors who have

ruled here you may find the famous names of Delmichels, Létang, Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, Pélissier, Montauban, Martinprey, and Walsin-Esterhazy.

There are no Turks in Oran now, and but very few Kouloulis or sons of Turks. The noise and bustle of the French system has been too much for these sleepy Orientals. They have gone to Tunis or to Morocco, where they can still enjoy the privilege of having their heads chopped off comfortably, or of dozing cross-legged, with their chibouks between their lips, on their carpets, and, as they count their beads, thanking Allah that they have escaped decapitation yet another day. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but, in certain phases of the human mind, postponed disaster maketh the heart glad. "*Petit bonhomme vit encore!*" Mayor Bailly used to say, rubbing his hands, every morning that his name did *not* appear in the executioner's list. It appeared there at length, and they guillotined him; but to the last moment he who is holding on to life even by the skin of his teeth may comfort himself with the hope that the Deluge, or the Millenium, or an earthquake may come to avert his doom.

The Moors of Oran are very much fairer than their brethren at Algiers. You may even see red and auburn beards among them. This is explained on the ground that they are not Moors of Mauritania, or Morocco proper, but descendants of the Moriscoes of Spain, who fled there before the conquering

arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. They rarely wear the domino-like burnouse of the Bedouin, the flowing white garment which conceals the whole costume, however rich it be, but go clad in a comfortable though somewhat sombre splendour—something like Zouaves of the Imperial Guard without the accoutrements and the yellow leggings. The well-to-do Moors at Oran all wear shoes and stockings, and, save that they are more given to corpulence and are less demonstrative in their manner, are nowadays, and to an unpractised eye, scarcely to be distinguished from the Jews.

These Israelites are certainly, next to the Arabs, the most interesting and the most picturesque of the inhabitants of Algeria, and I must be pardoned for recurring to them so often. To keep them in the background, however, would be to suppress the most glowing tints of the picture which spreads itself before the tourist. At Oran, so far as costume goes, there are Jews and Jews. There are the old Jews, who cannot forget days when the Turks forced them to wear a peculiar and degrading dress, and who from habit still adhere to the dark Levite robe, the black turban, and the loose trousers with stocking-feet attached thrust into yellow slippers, which is still the distinguishing garb of the Jews of Morocco. To these must be added the Jews of the interior who come to Oran on business, and who wear the *haick* or over-burnouse, but with a bandage of camel's hair dyed black round the head. To these

must be added the affluent Hebrew merchants, bankers, and shopkeepers, who adopt the Moorish dress in all its details, save that they are rather partial on the Sabbath to shoes with heels and of patent leather. Their turbans are of the whitest and amplest, and curiously crimped in diagonal lines to the folds. Finally, there are the young Jews, who of late years have shown a predilection for the European style of dress. I had the advantage of the society of one of these young gentlemen for three days and a half in a diligence, and it was very amusing to mark the supreme contempt with which he was regarded by two other Jews in the diligence, respectable old parties with full beards, enormous turbans, voluminous sashes, and baggy knickerbockers. This young dandy was evidently very ill at ease in his new clothes. He had a tall shiny hat, which was always tumbling off; he had shaved his chin, and preserved only a tiny moustache, and he was continually putting his hand to his lips to make sure that he had not swallowed it; and he evidently did not know what to do with his legs, which were imprisoned in the newest Parisian pantaloons of the most violent stripe. Watching the two elders, with their handsome caftans of purple cloth with sugar-loaf buttons of gold, their rich sashes and roomy nether garments, I could not help thinking of the story of the old Turk at Cairo, who, passing a European exquisite lounging from Shepherd's Hotel, plucked his little boy by the wrist, and said, "My son, if you do not

obey the commands of Allah and the Prophet, you will come some day to look *like that.*" I am not treading, I hope, on anybody's toes by hinting that in an Eastern country my young Hebrew friend would have acted wisely in sticking to the Eastern garb. The French have had the common sense to acknowledge its utility in this climate by adapting the old Janissary dress into the uniform of their Zouaves and Spahis. Even the European civilian wears the *caban,* or short white Algerian jerkin, the veil for the head and neck or *nuquière,* and the roomiest of shoes in lieu of light boots. The Jews, moreover, are foolish to pine over the tailor's goose fripperies of Paris, for the Eastern costume becomes them admirably. They, every tourist must have remarked, are the handsomest people, both in face and figure, in all Algeria; tall and muscular, and shapely in form, with regular Roman features; with beards, black, glossy, and flowing, and with complexions not sallow as the town Arabs, or dusky red like the Bedouins, but clear and fair. As a rule they are pale—probably from incessant smoking; for the women, who are comely, but not nearly so handsome as the men, are ruddy to sanguineousness. I can conscientiously say that, out of that regiment of our Horse Guards who are said to be recruited exclusively from a Dacio-Roman colony settled since the year one in the county of Durham, I have never seen finer men than the Algerine Jews. Their children are exquisitely beautiful, but, in the

majority of cases, of Saxon fairness. Their hair darkens as they age.

Indeed, the striking comeliness of the Hebrew community in Algeria presents more than one curious ethnological problem. One of the surest effects of slavery—so, at least, it has been usually assumed—is the degradation of the physical as well as the moral status of its victims. In Poland and Lithuania they will tell you that the abject appearance of the dreadful Israelites—who hang about the posting-houses and entreat you to buy tea, tobacco, almanacs, and even brandy—is due to the miserable social obloquy which for centuries has been their lot. Whence arises another problem: Why do they swarm most densely in the countries where they are most scandalously treated? In Constantinople, where they have always been reviled and spit upon, they have always abounded; whereas in the United States, where they have never laboured under any civil disabilities, they are rarely to be found. But the Jews of Algeria, it is certain, show no signs of having been either morally or physically degraded by the long ordeal of contumely and maltreatment they have undergone at the hands of the Turks—the rudest, the most bigoted, and the most intolerant of all the Mahometan races. Indeed, the Jews make no very grievous complaints of hardships inflicted on them by the Moors. There is much even now in the sedentary Moors of Africa to remind the student of what he has read of the mild, polished, learned,

and ingenious Moriscoes of Spain; and there are many old Spaniards who maintain that the Moors and Jews are substantially of the same stock—that they are brothers in blood, though not in creed, thus bearing out Mr. Disraeli's idea of the Mosaic Arab. When Granada fell, and the Arab dominion in Spain was destroyed by Ferdinand and Isabella, Moors and Jews were involved in a common ruin, and shared in many instances a common exile. They lived without any serious molestation from their Mahometan neighbours on the African littoral for many years; but it was when the Turks subjugated the country that their sufferings began. It was the children of Osman, and the ruffianly soldadoes of the Porte, the cruel and fanatical *Jenitcheri* or Janissaries, who were their real persecutors. They became the *Djifa-ben-Djifa*—carrion and the sons of carrion. They were confined to a particular quarter, like the Ghetto at Rome, which is now represented at Oran by the suburb called La Blanca. At six o'clock at night they were bound to be indoors. If they wished to remain abroad after sunset, they were compelled to ask permission of the police, who gave them a strip of bull's-hide, by which they might be known if met by the patrol going the rounds. If the night was dark, instead of carrying a lantern like the Moors, the unhappy Israelites were expected to carry a lighted candle, which the merest puff of wind might extinguish. Every time they passed the Kasba, or citadel, they were required to fall on their knees,

and then withdraw rapidly, the head bent and averted. They were mercilessly beaten for the slightest offence, and—as there was until the other day in Morocco—a female officer of justice was appointed, whose special duty it was to flog Jewesses. They were bound to wait with their pitchers at the fountain for the last turn—that is, until every blackguard little Arab boy or every smutty negress had filled his or her jar. If a Jew insulted a Mussulman, he was put to death. If a Mussulman killed a Jew, he only paid a certain fine; if a Janissary slew one, he was only mulct in a pound and a half of tobacco. For offences which in a Turk would have been visited only with the bastinado the Jew was burnt alive. These oppressed people could not leave the Regency without giving enormous bail for their return. In addition to the innumerable extortions practised on them on the slightest pretext, they were bound to pay a heavy weekly tribute, which every Thursday evening, before sunset, the chief or king of the Jews—for these bondmen were allowed a king—bore himself to the Kasba. And, finally, if driven to desperation by these tortures, the Jew wished to apostatise, he was obliged as a preliminary measure, and with a fiendish refinement of insult, to turn Christian before he could become a Mussulman. I have dwelt on these facts with thus much particularity for the reason that the Jews of Morocco—in whose cause Sir Moses Montefiore so nobly exerted himself—are, in the year 1865, very little better off than their brethren

in Algeria in the days of the Janissaries. Treaties with European Powers and Imperial firmans notwithstanding, they are barbarously abused; and the latest advices from Tetuan speak of an energetic protest on the part of the foreign Consuls against a most wanton outrage on twenty of the most respectable Israelites in that place.

And yet, amid all this intolerable misery, degradation, and oppression, the Algerian Jews throve. That they gathered wealth is no matter for wonder; they have enriched themselves in all countries. It is, however, their having kept their good looks and gallant bearing that excites astonishment. Their vitality under so many cruel wrongs must have been prodigious. We have been too much accustomed in Europe to study only the Shylock type of the Jew,—the sallow, cowering, browbeaten Hebrew, in his dingy gabardine and badge of sufferance. Go to Algeria—and I think every traveller will bear me out—and you will see the robust and bellicose-looking Jew, as you read of him in the Book of Maccabees, the Jew of martial mien and haughty port; aye, and the Jewess, tall and stern, and well-knit as she who slew Holofernes in the night.

Alignation and Cæsareanism and earthquakes and conquests and reconquests notwithstanding, Oran is still much more a Spanish than a French town. Two hundred and fifty years of Castilian rule are not so easily shaken off. The Château Neuf and the new or French town rise in an amphitheatre to the east

of the bay, and are encroaching more and more every day on the Moorish and Jewish sections; but the lower town is half Spanish and half Maltese. The most indelible traces of the Spanish occupation are, however, in the long lines of bristling forts with which the town is girt about, and which make of Oran a kind of Mediterranean Cronstadt. One French writer, struck with the solidity of all these bastions, ravelins, curtains, redoubts, and demilunes—a solidity which has defied earthquakes and cannonadings without number—qualifies them as "an orgie of masonry, a debauch of stone and lime." They were all built, the histories say, by convicts. The Spaniards were capital taskmasters: witness the colossal paved roads they made in Mexico, and which forty years of civil war have been powerless to destroy. Nor do their public works, at Oran at least, seem to have been very expensive, for at the eastern end of the Kasba may still be read this remarkable inscription:

EN EL ANO 1589
SIN COSTAR A SO MAGESTAD
MAS QUE EL VALOR DE LAS MADERAS
ESTA OBRA
DON PEDRO DE PADILLA-SO CAPITAN GENERAL
Y JUSTICIA MAYOR DE ESTAS PLAZAS
POR SO DILIGENCIA Y BUENOS MEDIOS.

"In the year of our Lord 1589, Don Pedro de Padilla, Captain-General and Grand Justiciary of these parts, caused

this edifice to be constructed, without any other expense to his Majesty than the cost of the wood employed for scaffolding." The convicts got the stone from the quarries, and then they built the Kasba. This inscription is, to say the least, edifying. How Joseph Hume would have hugged Don Pedro de Padilla to his heart! Only fancy an analogous inscription on the breakwater at Cherbourg, or on a drawbridge at Portsmouth!

Oran was for years the great bagnio or penitentiary of Spain. Thither the corregidors sent Guzman de Alfarache and Lazarillo de Tormes, rogues both, to mind their morals and build forts. And yet, according to some accounts, the rascals had not such a bad time of it in Africa. The Kasba must have taken a good many years to build, or the convicts must have persuaded the Arabs to do their work for them. There was a garrison of seven thousand men, and about an equal number of *puridarios*, or felons. Of Spanish inhabitants there were about three thousand. Between the soldiers, the convicts, and the townspeople there reigned the most charming *entente cordiale*. The soldiers let the thieves do pretty well as they liked, and when there was a captain-general who turned rusty and talked of the cat-o'-nine-tails, the rogues took themselves off gaily to Morocco, where to this day there are whole towns peopled by their descendants. Moreover, the Spanish Government were in the habit of banishing to Oran such *hidalgos* and *caballeros* as were in disgrace for political and other reasons. Many of these exiles

had plenty of money, and Oran became one of the most jovial, most rollicking, and wickedest places it is possible to imagine. It gained the *sobriquet* of *La Corte Chica*—"the Little Court." Night and day there was nothing but balls, collations, and festivities, wine-quaffing, cigarette-smoking, guitar-strumming, bull-baiting, love-making, and cock-fighting. It was a *presidario* of pleasure; but every now and then the Arabs or the Turks would come thundering at the gates, and there would be a bloody fight by way of diversion.

XVII.

ORAN.—HOW A BARBARY LION HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A FRENCH POODLE.

THE town or city of Oran is not half so handsome, architecturally speaking, as Algiers, nor, from a purely Oriental point of view, nearly so picturesque. There is a Moorish quarter, but the roadways are more inclined to the European horizontal than to the African perpendicular, so gloriously vindicated at El Djezzaïr, where, when you have toiled up two score steep flights of stairs bordered by stone packing-cases facetiously called streets, and sit down on anybody's doorstep to rest and gain a little breath, you find yourself listening to the gentle twanging of mandolines from the interior of the stone packing-cases aforesaid, and involuntarily humming that once popular but now nearly forgotten melody which recalls the allegro days of Ethiopia, when there was "sich a gittin' upstairs and sich a playin' on the fiddle." The Moors of Oran are content to dwell on a comparatively level surface, and when they roost high take at least the precaution of having a plateau

of ground as foothold before their houses. In the upper town of Algiers, for want of this table-land, you run the risk of breaking your neck every time you quit your dwelling, and going out of doors very much resembles pitching yourself out of window. In fact, living in an Arab house at Algiers must be very like perching in the belfry of a church; only, the natives not being provided with wings beneath their burnouses, a series of inclined planes have in process of time been constructed to enable them to reach their eyries.

The French—who since the memorable extension of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris have gone stark staring mad on the subject of the *alignement*, or lengthening and straightening streets, and who, in the persistence of their prolongation mania, seem anxious to try whether they cannot disprove the mathematical axiom that parallel lines continued to infinity will never meet—have sacrificed most that was Oriental and quaint and interesting in Oran on the shrine of architectural novelty. Our gallant allies trouble themselves very little about restoration. Once in a while they may restore a Sainte Chapelle, or, in reconstructing a Halle Centrale, leave standing a tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, bereft of its nave and aisles; but in utter demolition they take much greater delight. "Down with the old," is their motto; down with it, root and branch; sow that site with *poudre de riz* when you have shaved it quite close, and then up with the brand-new building of the composite

poodle order. This rage for annihilation and re-creation is very afflicting to those who love old houses, grotesque carvings, and out-of-the-way combinations of light and shade; but the most ardent admirer of the romantic is forced to confess that these narrow streets and antique dwellings are apt to harbour fleas, dirt, spiders, fever, bad smells, and worse characters. Social economies, progress, sanitary reform, are not to be frustrated for the sake of a few artists and antiquaries. In all the cities I have seen, I cannot recollect one thoroughfare more admirably picturesque in its lines and play of *chiaro oscuro* than Wych Street, Drury Lane, on a bright summer's morning before the vile shops were opened; yet every social economist must rejoice at the fact of one-half Wych Street being already pulled down for the erection of part of the ugliest hotel in the known world, and of the other half being doomed to speedy demolition. For the construction of the new law courts scores of charmingly old houses, rare old carved porches and lintels and pilasters, must be destroyed; but who save puling sentimentalists, dare regret the dear and dirty nooks and corners which remind us of old Lord Clare and Denzil Hollis, and Nan, the blacksmith's wench, that became a duchess?

Yes, certainly the French are quite right in having pulled down more than half of Oran about the ears of the astonished Moors, and in having substituted for the stone packing-cases, with their blinking, wall-eyed little casements, any number of

pert, staring, six-storied houses, as full of windows as a cullender is full of holes. They have undeniably produced lightness of effect, brilliant contrasts of colour, a general glare and glitter of new shops, new frames, new carpets, and new people, and a strong current of air. One curious result of the *alignement* has been experienced by the present writer in every one of the eight or ten cities and towns, great and small, in which he has sojourned during the past five weeks. Every new boulevard has given him a fresh cold in the head. A whole city as well as a single room will materially affect one's organisation. A walk through Brussels, for example, on a Saturday afternoon, when they are sousing the shop-fronts, is equivalent to a fit of rheumatism. I will back half a hot day at Cologne to give you as fine a bilious attack as you need desire; and whoever passed a night at Burton-on-Trent without dreaming that he had been out to dinner with a two-bottle man, or had had a tasting order for the docks, and had not dissuaded the cooper from thrusting the gimlet into that other cask of peculiar sherry?

Let the old quarters go, then; let us photograph the cherished remnants of the past, and then surrender them for ever. Only, in the interests of æsthetics and good taste, one may be permitted a mild protest against dingy but various antiquity being replaced by clean and monotonous ugliness. The French have certainly made no advance in constructional taste under the

Second Empire. Of Gothic architecture, its principles and practice, they have continued utterly ignorant since the revolution of 1789, when they broke the noses off the monumental effigies of their kings, and smashed all the stone altars in France. Neither those kings nor those altars, nor the monarchy, nor the faith of which they were the symbols, will ever recover the smash of '89. In classical architecture of a grandiose but somewhat ponderous kind they have, of course, done wonders. The architects of Napoleon I. left plenty of plans behind them, and Napoleon III. has had, in many instances, only to complete the edifices which his uncle began. The new Louvre, the completed Palais Royal, the interminable arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, are very gigantic and splendid performances; but when, fresh from the mean and dingy streets which smother the public buildings of London, we fall into ecstasies of delight over the architectural glories of Imperial Paris, would it not be as well to ask ourselves the question whether, after all, much of the astounding effect produced is not due to quantity rather than quality? An abundance of Ionic and Corinthian columns, mansarde roofs, enriched friezes, ornate cornices, and niches filled with statues disposed round a vast area, must in its entirety appear magnificent, the more so when you make every gate and railing of bronze, and gild all the lamp-posts, and pop a *jardin anglais*, as bright as a drop scene at the opera, in the centre, and place any number of

sentinels in handsome uniforms round about. But is this new Louvre, all colossal and sumptuous as it is, entitled to much higher praise than that there is a great deal of it, that it is built according to Palladio, with a dash of Jean Goujon, and that the stone of which it is composed is quite new, and not likely to be defaced by the filthy smoke of sea-coal? If we could only clean the outside of St. Paul's from lantern to base, and give it a blue sky for a background, where would be St. Peter's? Nowhere I trow. If we could only knock over the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and multiply the façade of Goldsmiths' Hall by twenty, we should have less need to feel a spasm of shame every time we look at the new Louvre. As for the domestic architecture of the Second Empire, I venture to think it detestable. It consists solely of storeys piled one atop of another, pierced with ten times too many windows, and overloaded with the most meretricious decorations—hunchbacked caryatides, with their tongues hanging out, acanthus-leaves growing from the pits of their stomachs, and groaning under the weight of nothing at all; festoons where there should be flat surfaces, and string-courses where there should be mouldings; heads in high reliefs of men with beards, and women with jonquils sprouting from their ears—heads which have not even the grotesque merit of a gothic gargoyle, but are simply idiotic and without signification. But there is plenty of this unutterable trumpery—miles of it, acres of it; wherever an

open space occurs the architect fills it with plate-glass; wherever there is an iron bar he sticks some gold leaf on it. The result is of course gorgeous; the result is Imperial Paris; the result is the Boulevard de Sebastopol, de Magenta, de Malesherbes, du Prince Eugène, du Diable—anything you like to mention. With an interminable arcade on the ground-floor, the result is the Rue de Rivoli, the barrenest, unsightliest range of arches, to my mind, in all Europe, but which the French imagine to be twenty times finer than the Piazza del Popolo or the Procuratie Vecchie. But the inside of these Imperial palaces! Well, you have seen the Grand Hôtel and the Hôtel du Louvre, the Grand Café and the saloons of the Jockey Club. A thousand nimble decorators have cribbed the ornaments from the Galerie d'Apollon and the state apartments of Versailles, and stuck them thick as peas all over the walls, cornices, and ceilings. The result is a combination of Madame Tussaud's Napoleon Museum, the Kursaal at Hombourg, the Hampton-Courtism of Verrio and Laguerre, and a nightmare vision of the Court of Lions in the Alhambra. And then we are bidden to fall down and worship the Golden Calf of Imperial Paris! In the whole of renovated France, in all this dazzling *mayonnaise*, this incredible salmagundi of scene-painting, stone-chipping, mouldings and bosses, columns and curtains, carvings and gildings, arcades without end and composite poodle columns, I state a conscientious belief that there has not been erected during

the last fifteen years one new or original public building which can vie with the Royal Exchange, London, with the Bank of Ireland, or with St. George's Hall, Liverpool. I put our Gothic and Tudor triumphs—our Westminster Palace, our Margaret Street Church, our Lincoln's Inn Hall—quite on one side.

It is a far cry, I admit, from the Boulevard de Sebastopol to Africa; and you may ask what on earth this diatribe against the barren copiousness of Parisian architecture has to do with the *travaux de l'alignement* at Oran. I answer, everything. I cannot at this distance recollect in what English historian occurs an eloquent passage describing how the ancient Roman, wherever in the confines of the huge empire he might be, met at every moment, and at every turn, with something to remind him of Cæsar—of the universality of his power, the might of his influence, the terror of his name. The whole world was one vast picture to him with *Cæsar fecit* in the left-hand bottom corner. Modern Imperialism seeks to be equally ubiquitous. You may mark the meanest potsherds in a pyramid branded with the ibis or the scarabæus; those who in centuries to come delve among the ruins of French Imperialism may find the very bricks of a sewer stamped with the letter "N." The Cæsarean boulevards, the Cæsarean six-storeyed houses, the Cæsarean cafés, hotels, columns, curtains, festoons, faces with jonquils sprouting from their ears and caryatides with nothing to carry,

are being repeated on a gradually diminishing scale all over the French provinces and all over Algeria. Go where you will, you shall not escape from Cæsar. He is everywhere. Enter a little café in a country town, say at Blidah, look up at the ceiling, and there is Cæsar, in the guise of an Imperial eagle, clawing his thunderbolts and winking his left eye with an expression of command. Stroll into a marionette theatre and pay your five sous to see the puppets, and Cæsar's arms are glowing over the proscenium. The old world of France had grown obsolete; its new birth has been accelerated by the Cæsarean operation. The Mayor of Milliana conspires with the engineer of the *Ponts et Chaussées* to drive a street through a Moorish bath-house, a mosque, a *fendouck*, and a congeries of hovels, inhabited since the last earthquake by five hundred true believers with never a shirt among them. The new street becomes the Boulevard de l'Impératrice; the open space at the end is christened the Place Napoléon, and forthwith surrounded by cafés, *cercles militaires*, and *hôtels de la préfecture*. Louis Philippe, I have already remarked, did his best to Orleanise Algeria. Numbers of places with Orleanist names remain to attest the existence of his transitory dynasty; but his efforts were faint and futile with what Imperialism has accomplished. Poor L. P. had not enough money, or, at least, he was chary of disbursing his five-franc pieces, and unsuccessful in persuading other people to spend theirs. But despotism, backed by a

Crédit Mobilier, has a wonderful potency in procuring the running up of new buildings. The Crédit Mobilier and its offshoots have been my landlords for five weeks. The Crédit Mobilier or its succursals have charged me a franc a day for the service I have not enjoyed, and seventy-five centimes for the bougies I have not burned. Wherever I have gone in France or Africa, I have found a joint-stock hotel, or one with a bogus proprietor, who has borrowed his capital from somebody, who has got it from somebody else, who has got it from the Crédit Mobilier. The Algerians have got a little assistance from a little Crédit Mobilier, but not enough. They ask for more, like Oliver Twist. They would like to cut Emile Pereire into so many hundred pieces, like the eyes of potatoes, and sow him broadcast all over the Tell and the Sahel. With judicious administrative manure he might come up nicely even in the Sahara. If they had more Crédit Mobilier—or Crédit something or another—the Algerians urge, they would not be obliged to borrow from the native usurers, who charge ten per cent. a month, a hundred and twenty per annum. The real question for solution is, whether the indiscriminate multiplication of new buildings is really conducive to prosperity. It is a curious fact that a miscellaneous race of traders do seem to follow the army of masons and carpenters and decorators, just as camp-followers toil in the wake of an Indian army, and set up a bazaar so soon as ever the tents are pitched. No sooner

are the new boulevards finished, and the new shops ready for letting, than they are tenanted by a tribe of vendors of sparkling rubbish—queer people of disciplined Zingari mien, the Bohemians of retail commerce; prodigious old women with yellow handkerchiefs round their heads, swarthy men in fur caps, pale-faced lads in blouses, gawky girls dangling their legs over stools, and reading the *Petit Journal* as they wait for custom. Go through one series of articles, and it is repeated over and over again, *ad infinitum*. There is no variety. It is Boulevard de Sebastopol, Boulevard de Magenta, and Boulevard de Malesherbes; and then Boulevard de Malesherbes, Boulevard de Magenta, and Boulevard de Sebastopol—the same glass cases full of two-franc jewellery, the same scarlet dog-collars, stereoscopic views of the Rue de Rivoli and the Nouveau Louvre, photographic *cartes de visite* of Marshal Magnan, the Prince Imperial, M. Emile Ollivier, Mademoiselle Theresa, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the Emperor Maximilian, and "Skittles." I bought a pretty large collection of photographs of Arab costumes at Algiers; but the shopkeeper became quite downcast when I refused to purchase the effigies of the Bishop of Orleans and "Skittelle," *charmante Miss Anglaise*. The same looking-glasses, bad cutlery, papier-maché blotting-cases with pictures from Sir Edwin Landseer's deerstalkings on the cover, electro-plated inkstands, sham bronze candlesticks, ormolu clocks, toy guns, sabretasches and shakoes, poodles that bark when their

pedestals are squeezed, flashy lithographs, coloured sheets representing the uniforms of the *vivandières* of the Imperial Guard, histories of Madame Croquemitaine and La Belle au Bois dormant. "La Religieuse," "Le Maudit," and "Le Moine," and "Le Consulat et l'Empire" in three sous numbers—these are at the bookshops. The same twenty-five centime lottery tickets of the Musée Napoléon—the same fans, gloves, rattles, skipping-ropes, and martinets for the correction of naughty children. Who makes all these things? Where do they come from?—Birmingham? No, they are the inferior class of the *articles de Paris*. They are Imperialism, Boulevardism, Grand Hotelism, Sebastopolism, Magentaism, Malesherbism, adapted to the humblest perceptions and the slenderest purses. You are at Oran, but you shall still be able to fancy yourself under the beloved arcades of Rivoli. Walk in; there is *entrée libre*. You may buy a pocket-full of glittering *bric-à-brac* for a couple of francs. But ah! what a relief it is to quit this jejune and tawdry raree-show and plunge into a little sinuous shady alley, where Hassan the cobbler drones his drowsy song over the yellow slipper he is mending, or where at the corner Sidi Bou-Ali, in his great white burnouse, tattered and foul, but standing erect and haughty as the King Sennacherib, lays his brown and skinny hand on the shoulder of the itinerant fruitseller and cheapens dates in the name of the Prophet.

The Administration would like very much to get rid of Hassan the cobbler, and to convert the tattered man who sells dates into a respectable *épicier*—I beg pardon, a *marchand de denrées coloniales*. The *alignement* is pushed forward, the new boulevards are built, the tall houses are run up in such haste that their constructors, the *entrepreneurs en bâtiments*—I am not speaking, of course, of "Sir Peto"—are often bankrupt before they are finished; the pettiest towns are running into debt at lightning express speed; but the "future of the colony" is still enveloped in darkness and doubt. The people who sell the two-franc jewellery and the dog-collars are, after all, but a nomadic race; they are here to-day and gone to-morrow; their stock-in-trade requires no great outlay of capital; one prosperous cheesemonger in an English country town might buy the whole lot up. There is a want throughout Algeria of shops that bear the impress of solidity—of shops that look as though their owners were capable of doing some wholesale business. There is not even about them the homely, higgledy-piggledy, everything-shop look of the "stores" in Canada and Nova Scotia, whose proprietors advertise in the local journals that they have just received a consignment of moire antiques, Inverness capes, parlour harmoniums, Dent's watches, cod liver oil, Bagster's Bibles, Revalenta Arabica, photographs of the Royal Family, and patent blacking. Everything in the Algerian *magasins* looks bright and pretty, but

has a thin, brittle, and unsubstantial allure. In a word, you might fancy that trade was done here exclusively by members of the celebrated Veneering family. Nor do the customers possess more than the dealers the genuine colonial look. I speak of the French inhabiting the towns. They all look as though they had landed from Marseilles by the last steamer, and were going back by the next. The large garrisons in all the towns save them outwardly from being dull, just as the number of strange native costumes render them, in despite of the frenzy for demolition, continually and kaleidoscopically picturesque; but you perceive at once among the French the want of a fixed, homely population, who will beget children that shall afterwards point to Algeria as their native land. Those milliners' girls are not *enfants du peuple*. They have been imported in a batch from an *atélier* at Paris or Marseilles. Those schoolboys racing about and making faces at the little Arabs, who return the grimaces with interest, are not the children of settlers. They belong to *employés* of the Administration, or are *enfants de troupe* from the regiments in garrison. If Asmodeus could be your companion during a stroll in the Rue Kleber or the Place Napoléon, he would point out to you so many wives of *juges d'instruction* and *commissaires-priseurs*, so many daughters of *chefs de bureau*, so many nieces of *substituts du Procureur Impérial*, but very few who have made Algeria their home for good. The smallest town is an official

world in miniature. Everybody is something, as in some petty German principality. But the people—the multitude—are lacking, whereas they abound in Germany; or rather the real people are here represented by Hassan the cobbler, or Sidi Bou-Ali, with his skinny brown hand, who sits apart, and curses the Giaour under his breath. I don't see how that "civilisation" of the Arabs, to which supreme authority vaguely points, is to be helped out by the new boulevards, or the tall houses, or the veneering shops. The Bedouins will certainly never be regenerated by means of bad cutlery, photographs of "Skittelle," and scarlet leather dog-collars, for they hold artistic portraiture in general to be an abomination, and in the way of *bric-à-brac* they beat the French hollow in the confection of trifles in Morocco leather; whereas the Kabyles manufacture swords and razors of which Sheffield would not be ashamed. There is one section of optimists among those who study the Algerian question who would leave everything to railways. Give Algeria plenty of iron roads, they say, and in twenty years' time the Arabs will be civilised. Railways, in British India, they point out, are rapidly undermining the prejudices of caste. Railways in Algeria, they reason from analogy, will not fail in the long run to abrogate Mahometanism in Africa. The theory is a plausible one; only thus much is certain—if the Mussulman abandon his own religion, *he will never take up ours;* and a nation of atheists could scarcely be called civilised. Of the

ignorant and savage idolater the Christian missionary is, happily, able to make an interesting and exemplary convert; but what are you to do with a man who is already in possession of a detailed and formulated scheme of religion—who has his recognised traditions and his authorised Scripture—who pits his saints against your saints, his miracles against your miracles, his prophets against your prophets, and who, when you begin to tell him—say, about Abraham and Isaac—tells *you* with a grave bow that he knows the story very well, and believes it implicitly, only that you have fallen into error with respect to one of the names, and that it should be Abraham and Ishmael? No one can accuse the Roman Catholic clergy in any part of the world of a want of zeal in proselytising; yet, with the exception of a stray nigger now and then—and the negro will join any church that will give him *couscoussou* for nothing and facilities for hammering the *tam-tam*—the results of missionary labour in Algeria since the conquest have been virtually *nil*.

Alignation is doing its best to spoil Oran structurally; but it is powerless to prevent its being, from its mixed population, about the most curious gathering of humanity possible to conceive out of Constantinople. The town is about two-thirds as large as Algiers, and has about half its population; but of its twenty-three thousand souls only seven thousand are Arabs. The number of French may be about the same; the rest are

Jews, Italians, Biskris or anybodies from anywhere, and especially Spaniards. Many of these last are the descendants of Spaniards settled here for centuries, and others are emigrants who are continually flocking over from Old Spain, the nearest point of which to Oran, Carthagena, is but a day and a half's steaming. It must not be forgotten that for centuries Oran has been a kind of political challenge-cup. Half-a-dozen nations have in turn fought for it, conquered it, lost it, conquered and lost it again. The French are the present holders, and their grip is a tight one; but there is no knowing to what vicissitudes this town of strange fortunes is yet destined. Roman medals, belonging to different epochs, have been found in abundance in the neighbourhood; and the archæologists are at issue as to whether Oran stands on the site of the Quiza Municipium of Antonius, or the Quiza Xenitana of Pliny. All, however, are agreed that the modern village of Mers-el-Kebir is the ancient Portus Divinus, and that the little stream called by the Arabs El Oued-Malah, and by the Spaniards El Rio Salado, or Salt River, is the Flumen Salsum of the Romans. But the archæologists here, as at many other points of interest on the littoral, are necessarily thrown all abroad by the frequent recurrence of earthquakes in and about Oran, which have mixed up the soil like a salad, altered the levels, and torn down all the landmarks. There was a stupendous earthquake in 1790, consisting of twenty-two distinct upheavings, which continued with

but brief intervals for nearly a month. This capped the climax of catastrophe so far as the Spanish supremacy at Oran was concerned. A third of the garrison, and a vast number of the inhabitants, perished amidst the ruins; provisions ran short; the fortifications tumbled to pieces; hearing of which, the Bey of Maskara cunningly marched an army of thirty thousand men along the coast, and laid siege to the unhappy city. Spanish reinforcements were hurried over from Carthagena and Majorca, but in the meantime the Regency of Algiers made peace with Spain; and one of the provisions of the treaty was that Oran should be evacuated, the Spaniards being allowed to take away their artillery, their goods, and as many Christians as chose to follow them, but leaving intact such of the fortifications as the earthquake had spared.

XVIII.

CÆSAR AT ORAN.

In that same opera of *L'Africaine*, which has already given me more than one treat for a sermonette, the French papers tell us there are, between the acts, four intervals of three-quarters of an hour each. The audience grumble, gossip in their stalls, repair to the neighbouring *cafés*, or saunter in the *foyer;* but these interregna are, it is said, indispensable to the proper conduct of the piece. Everybody behind the scenes requires breathing-time. A ship has to be built and subsequently demolished; Vasco de Gama needs repose and voice-lozenges after the exhausting task of setting the world (on Mercator's projection) to music; all the fiddle-bows have to be re-rosined, and all the leaves of the fatal *mancenillier* rubbed with *coculus indicus;* finally, *L'Africaine* herself must have her complexion rebronzed with the proper pigments. Ah! if the grand melodrama of human life could only be divided into so many acts, with say half-an-hour or twenty minutes' pause between them! If the world would only stand still a little!

But the world won't. The huge ball persists in revolving on its axis with unvarying and eternal punctuality. In the good old times, it is true, there was something like a surcease between one day and the next. The act-drop fell at sunset, and rose again, with the lark and the sun, next morning. People really went to sleep between the acts; they were rocked with the ding-dong lullaby of the curfew, to be wakened by the sprightly alarum of cockcrow. But who goes to sleep nowadays? Who is not a king or a president, a member of parliament or an editor, a compositor or a journeyman baker, an electric telegraph clerk or a night porter, a policeman or an officer of the watch, a railway guard or a market gardener? The world has such an immense amount of business to get through, that the whole of humanity is divided into gangs, working by relays, and taking their spell of night duty in turn. There is always somebody up; there is always something going on. Does the railway whistle ever go to sleep? Do the cab wheels ever know slumber? They say we live faster in these times. Yes, it is of the fastest, this fierce and frenzied hurry-skurry of events and interests and passions. The Human Comedy has come to resemble, not a staid five-act performance of the orthodox type, but one of those interminable spectacles of the Théâtre du Châtelet, in which the act-drop plays no part, but there is an unbroken succession of tableaux, each one more astounding than the other: while some especially

elaborate transformation is in preparation, the cunning carpenters run on a cottage or a chamber scene close to the footlights, in front of which the ferocious tyrant and the comic servant of the piece play antics or propound conundrums till the splendid "effect" behind is ready. Or the rather, while simile runs on in a dramatic groove, may not the World's Theatre, just now, be likened to one of those music halls which the London managers, with the left-handed assistance of the Lord Chamberlain, are striving in a purblind manner to put down? Garish decorations, much blazing gas, sensational entertainments, overflowing audiences of the most miscellaneous kind. Dancing and tumbling and shrieking; women half-dressed and men half-drunk; no rest, no halt; comic songs, spangles, mutton chops, gauze petticoats, "Slap, bang! here we are again, for jolly dogs are we;" cigars, selections from *Tannhäuser*, the Lancashire clog hornpipe; "Come into the garden, Maud;" devilled kidneys, pork-pie hats, the *Stabat Mater*, boiled potatoes, and brandy-and-water hot; all the fun of the fair, grandest entertainment in the metropolis, and any number of servant-maids ruined. Such an *olla podrida* as I have set down may appear grotesque and overcharged, but it is not a whit stranger or more heterogeneous than the daily group of telegrams which Mr. Reuter sends us; and what are those telegrams but the programme of twenty-four hours' performance of the Human Comedy?

The late Andrew Ducrow, observing in the orchestra at Astley's a trumpeter whose clarion rested idly on his thigh, asked him sharply what he was about. "If you please, sir," replied the musician, pointing to his score, "I've got forty bars' rest." "I don't pay you for resting; I pay you for blowing," quoth Andrew Ducrow, "and blow you shall." Forty bars' rest! If the course of circumstances could only have been persuaded to take forty bars' rest during the last six weeks. But fate, sterner and more exigent than the Astley's manager, has sat in the orchestra, and the trumpeters have been forced to crack their cheeks in incessant blasts. There are none of us so exalted, and few so humble, but might have been grateful lately for the very briefest interval in the torrent of incidents.

Taking the last first, I should have been infinitely obliged to the Emperor Napoleon if he had travelled with a little less celerity—if he had sojourned a few days longer at Algiers, at Oran, at Fort Napoleon, at Constantine—if, in short, his movements had been a little less like those of an Imperial whirlwind. The art of instantaneous photography is making, I am told, most gratifying progress; but, notwithstanding the antiquity of the sister science of phonography, instantaneous caligraphy is still one of the triumphs of the future. To keep pace with modern rapidity, both in history, thought, and locomotion, a journal composed in short-hand and printed by lightning, to

be read by people with no less than six eyes apiece, might, perhaps, be a desideratum.

And Cæsar? and the master of so many legions, the disposer of so many events, the hero of so many blazes of triumphs, the *Père Noble* of the Imperial French drama? Might not he, too, have gratefully appreciated forty bars' rest—not in his own immediate part of the drama, for he has been indefatigable, and has been borne, so to speak, on the wings of the sirocco without turning a hair—but on that considerable section of the political stage which he left behind him? In something like the irony of the unseen, just before the Emperor went away the submarine cable between France and Algeria broke. It seemed determined beforehand, that he whose boast it is that he holds his entire empire in the palm of his hand should find a broken link in the chain of centralisation, and should experience, like ordinary mortals, some delay in the knowledge of what had occurred in his absence. It may not be generally known that the managing director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, happening to be in Paris when the news of the disaster to the Algerian telegraph arrived, and having a large quantity of extra cable on hand, most courteously placed a thousand miles of it at the disposal of the French Government. For divers occult reasons, the generous offer could not be accepted; but it was, as I have reason to know, acknowledged in terms worthy of the spirit which prompted it. This was

contretemps, number one. Telegraphic communication could be had through Spain to Carthagena, nearly opposite Oran, whence the passage from Europe to Africa is but of eighteen hours' duration. A special service of swift *avvisos* was therefore organised for the conveyance of despatches between Oran and Carthagena, and a considerable amount of time consequently gained; but the loss through the unlucky snapping of the cable between Algiers and the French coast was still most serious. The foreseeing sovereign had made every arrangement for things to go on comfortably during his absence. The Empress was Regent; Prince Napoleon was Vice-President of the Privy Council; Mr. Bigelow had delivered his credentials as Minister from the United States, and the most amicable assurances had been interchanged between France and America; the chiefs of the Parliamentary opposition were to be asked to dinner at the Tuileries, and made much of by the Empress Regent: everything, in short, was to go merry as a marriage bell, only much more quietly. And away sped the Emperor in triumph, and when that awful collision between the vessels of the Imperial squadron took place in the port of Marseilles—the collision in which Le Solferino all but sank Le Daim, but of which the papers have been permitted to say scarcely anything—his Majesty never lost his presence of mind, but is reported to have said to the rear-admiral in command, "*Partez à toute vitesse*," put on steam and

go ahead—the modern translation of "*Quid times? Cæsarem vehis.*"

But that pestilent world would not stand still, and there was to be no breathing time between the acts. There came to Paris the secretary of the Emperor Maximilian, evidently—all official pooh-poohings to the contrary—with news that affairs in Mexico are in a bad way, and would be worse so soon as ever France should get tired of maintaining 35,000 men in the country. Concurrently with M. Eloin's arrival came the news of the Mexican recruiting movement in the Northern States; a movement which, as yet, possesses scarcely any significance—the time for mass meetings to vindicate the Monroe doctrine and filibustering expeditions to Sonora being not ripe yet by many months. This was *contretemps* number two. Then M. Thiers, deputy for the department of the Seine, that wonderful little old man who at 70 years of age is still as eloquent and vivacious as when he stung the Bourbons to death in the columns of *Le National*, must needs start up in the tribune of the Legislative Assembly and deliver one of the most crushing exposures of the prodigality and mismanagement of the French finances ever heard within those walls. Adolphe Thiers has been a Minister of Finance himself, and there is a story that, entering a café once to take some refreshment, he left, on departing, his purse on the table. "And this, forsooth," cried the *garçon*, contemptuously picking up the ministerial portemonnaie, "is the

man who takes care of the national strong box." It is needless to say that the *garçon* belonged to the Opposition. And then the fourth, the worst of all. His Majesty's attached and devoted cousin, his Majesty's loyal and trusty Vice-President of the Privy Council, the President of the Commission of the Exhibition of 1867, the prince of the blood, the lord of the Palais Royal and the Pompeian house—his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, in fact—went to Ajaccio and made that dreadful speech. How it must have astonished the Corsicans, if those worthy islanders of Italian descent understood it! But how the prefect must have been stricken dumb, how the mayor of Ajaccio must have looked blank, and the *adjoint* paralysed! When you come to read the speech there does not appear, at the first glance, to be anything particularly dreadful about it. Aspirations for the liberation of nationalities have been attributed to Napoleon I. before this. The memoirs of Benjamin Constant are full of the promises the great man made, just before and just after Waterloo, to govern constitutionally and grant entire freedom to the press. Waterloo, and the courage of the late King Jerome thereat, are painted in roseat tints; there is an allusion to St. Helena, and a slap at the memory of the late Sir Hudson Lowe, which might be warranted to "bring down the house," in an Imperial sense, without obviously offending the powers that be. But when you read the speech attentively, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, and word by

word—as the present writer did on shipboard, the agitated state of the Mediterranean Sea preventing him from writing—you may without much difficulty discern what it contains, or does not contain, of a nature calculated infinitely to vex supreme authority, and, in particular, those who are more Imperialist than the Emperor. With the exception of an allusion in the opening paragraph to the fact of his Majesty having given the bronze for the monument at Ajaccio, there is not, from beginning to the end of that long and elaborate harangue, one single allusion by name, and scarcely one by implication, to Napoleon III., or the great things which he has accomplished. To endeavour to whitewash the fame of Jerome Bonaparte was a filial and a pardonable act; but to leave without allusion the deeds of him who has restored the fallen fortunes of the Bonaparte family was more than an offence of *lese majesté;* it was an act difficult to understand, or to associate with the official position of the actor. Thus the Imperial cushion during this progress, now approaching termination, has been tolerably well stuffed with thorns, and in the laurel wreath of triumph a few spiky leaves have asserted themselves to warn the wearer that he was mortal. All of which, I take it, must be entirely attributed to the fact of the world refusing to stand still, and of there being no three-quarter-of-an-hour intervals between the acts.

In my last summary of the Emperor's movements I left his

Majesty at Oran. He has since returned to Algiers, and made an excursion to Fort Napoleon, in Kabylia. Then he returned to Algiers, and then took his departure for Philippeville, whence he proceeded to Constantine, and to Batna and Bistra, on the extreme verge of the Desert of Sahara. After this I have lost count of the Emperor Napoleon. The last I heard of him he was on his way, by sea, to Stora, otherwise Bona, and ere you receive this letter his Majesty may have returned to France.

Respecting the Emperor's sojourn in Oran itself, it was the sojourn at Algiers on a somewhat diminished scale, and there is little more to be said on the subject without repeating the ten times told tale of official receptions, official speeches, and official dinners. On the excursions, however, in the vicinity of the city made by the Emperor during his stay, I may dwell a little more in detail. Let us say a few words about Mers-el-Kebir. It may also be hinted that, of all the atrocious nests of piracy which, from the days of Tasso to those of Marshal Bourmont, made the Barbary coast a nuisance to the civilised world, this Mers-el-Kebir was the worst. It was a little place, but awfully wicked. They say that the stings of the tiniest mosquitoes are the most to be feared. Even the Portuguese, who have in most ages been a peaceable kind of folk, lost their patience at the incorrigible piraticisms of Mers-el-Kebir, and bombarded it once pretty smartly. Bombarded it! the Mers-el-Kebirines

were accustomed to bombshells, even as the hardened little Pickle of a public school grows accustomed to the birch, and counts that day a dull one on which he has not been flogged. The French blew it up in 1830, even before they had made up their minds to occupy Oran. Nature has given it surprising strategical advantages; that is to say, it looks precisely the sort of place that ought to be bombarded, being a mere rugged tongue of rock, jutting out into the sea and covered with forts, more or less ruinous, while the trumpery little town behind scrambles down a mountain, and hooks on by the tail end to the fortress. Seen from the summit of the mountain, Mers-el-Kebir, thrusting its tongues like a thirsty soul into the blue Mediterranean, is very like Monaco, that naughty little gambling den on the other side of the Mediterranean, which would be likewise, I take it, none the worse for some moral bombardment. The resemblance is increased by the old Spanish road, with nothing but a six-inch parapet between it and the precipice, running along the scarp of the mountain at a height of 400 feet above the level of the town. A false step of your mule, and you might be hurled headlong on to the minarets of the mosque of Mers-el-Kebir, or into the sea. The French, however, who are certainly the best topographers in the world, have cut a new road out of the living rock, close to the shore; and the old Spanish track—a miniature *chemin de la corniche*, like that between Monaco, or rather Mentone,

and Nice, joining the grander one to Genoa—has fallen into disuse.

The Emperor was seemingly wishful to remind the inhabitants of Mers-el-Kebir that their immunity from shot and shell depended solely upon their good behaviour, and that if they deserved the punishment they might be bombarded again. A sham fight on a grand scale was gone through in the little bay. The ironclads belched many broadsides, luckily harmless, at the forts, and the forts, manned by French artillerymen *bien entendu*, were allowed to emit responsive thunders. It was settled by authority that the forts were to be supposed to have the worst of it, and the fleet withdrew in triumph; thus settling, it is to be inferred, at once and for ever, the great question of the superiority of iron ships over stone walls. Mers-el-Kebir *en était quitte pour la peur;* but she may know what she has to expect should M. de Girardin's wishes ever be gratified, and, "Algeria being restored to the Algerines," Mers-el-Kebir return, as she surely would in such a conjuncture, to her old piratical ways. Imperial excursions of a far different nature were those to the towns of Sidi-bel-Abbis and St Denis-du-Sig. Sidi-bel-Abbis is a considerable town, 82 kilometres from Oran, and in the midst of a district which is one mass of olive and mulberry trees. The combination has a romantic sound; but, alas! is there a much uglier sight anywhere than a plantation of olive trees? In the interest of the picturesque,

give me, decidedly, hops. Sidi-bel-Abbis is of about the same calibre as Blidah or Milliana, and scores of similar towns, more than half French, formerly picturesque, but now undergoing the ruthless metamorphosis of the *alignement*. There is a theatre where the good old stock vaudevilles of *Passé Minuit*, *Le Sourd*, and *La Chambre à Deux Lits*—our "Two in the Morning," "Deaf as a Post," and "Box and Cox," are not yet thought obsolete, a *café chantant*, several tolerable hotels, and a military club. The *cercle militaire* in Algeria, and indeed in France, is quite a modern institution, and has not yet become very popular among military men. Rag-and-Famishism is decidedly not one of the characteristic elements of the French army, nay, nor Senior nor Junior United Serviceism. The natural club of the French officer, his second home, is the café. There he smokes his halfpenny cigar, plays his twopenny game at piquet, and reads the *Moniteur de l'Armée*. He is not horsy, even when in the cavalry—he has had too much of horseflesh at Saumur—and never bets. He is not literary, and does not thirst after *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, or *Le Mémorial Diplomatique*. He twists his moustache so fiercely, rattles his long sword on the floor and clinks his spurs so aggressively, that he frightens the *pékins* or civilians away from the café which he frequents, and has it, *de facto*, to himself. What does he want with a club? Moreover, there is no social equality among the officers of the French army. There is more between officers and sergeants, or

even privates, than between the captain and a lieutenant, between the gros major and a subaltern. "*Je vous flanque aux arrêts*" is a monition very frequently heard by a junior, to remind him that as yet the bullion of his epaulettes is incomplete. The officers do not mess together. Even if they are *en pension* at the same hotel, the officers, superior or field and staff officers, take their meals in one apartment, the captains in another, and the subalterns in a third. Discipline, military authorities declare, would suffer were the system otherwise. I have had considerable difficulty in persuading intelligent French officers that the president of an English regimental mess may be a junior ensign, and that at table, and, in fact, anywhere out of the orderly-room and the parade-ground, there is no social difference between the colonel and the subaltern. Those French officers, however, who have been in the Crimea understand our regimental system and its working perfectly well. It is admirable, they admit, but it would never do in France. "Your officers," they say, "whatever their difference of military rank, all belong to the same class of society. *Ils sont tous 'gentlemans.'* Promotion from the ranks with you is rare. With us, although by no means the rule—for at least fifty per cent. of our officers come from St. Cyr—it is frequent. If you had, say 12 out of 40 officers at table who had been private soldiers, you would very soon find social equality in military life a chimera and an impossibility." From which it is to be

concluded that there is much that is good in both systems, and that each is equally adapted to the requirements of the country in which it is followed. For instance, such a case as that which we have just read in *Galignani*, that of the impracticable and cantankerous Colonel of the Guards, would be impossible of occurrence in the French army. An officer of high rank may make himself as disagreeable to those beneath him as ever he pleases. His subalterns have but to obey. Moreover, he can only annoy them in matters of duty. With their social enjoyments and domestic concerns he has nothing whatever to do. On the other hand, if he be a subaltern and given to quarrelling with his fellows, his irritability will very speedily come to an end by means of the inch and a half of daylight which will be let through him by a broadsword in one of the 20 duels to which he is sure to be challenged. But I cannot for all this see what the French officer can want with a club.

Sidi-bel-Abbis enjoys the inestimable advantage of having no history worth speaking about. It is a creation, in fact, of the day before yesterday; but it has a mayor, an adjunct, a conseil municipal, communal schools—an administration, in fact—and it greeted the Emperor with the triumphal arches, the speeches, and the *vivats de rigueur*. Stay, there is one little romantic incident on record touching Sidi-bel-Abbis. There, just twenty years since, took place the desperate encounter known as the Attempt of the Fifty-eight. It must be premised that the town

takes its name from the Marabout or *koubba* of Sidi-bel-Abbis, one of the innumerable holy men of Algeria, whose shrine adjoins the redoubt or block-house erected for the defence of the place. In the month of January, 1845, this redoubt was manned only by a company of military invalids, the main body of the garrison having marched on an expedition against the Oulad-Sliman. Early one morning the sentry on duty saw a band of Arabs, clad in rags, and carrying only the *matragurs*, or long sticks, which all classes bear when travelling, approaching the redoubt. They began to recite prayers in a very fervent manner, and the sentinel, thinking them merely pilgrims desirous of visiting the shrine of the holy Marabout hard by, allowed them to pass. Suddenly the foremost ragged man of the band up with his stick and knocked the sentry into the ditch of the redoubt. The rest made a rush at the gate; guns, pistols, poignards, and yataghans were produced from beneath the ragged burnouses. For a short time the fifty-eight were masters of the redoubt; but the military hospital club rallied the most valid of the convalescents; the tables were turned, and the fifty-eight were, to the last Bedouin, exterminated. The history of the conquest of Algeria is full of charming little episodes such as this. Nor must the sequel be omitted, to the effect that it having been discovered that these half-hundred and odd fanatics belonged to the tribe of Oulad-Brahim, and had been incited to their attempt by the preaching of a certain

Marabout, also a member of that tribe, an expedition, otherwise called a *razzia*, was organised against the Oulad-Brahim for the purpose of "chastising" them. For such a chastisement as a razzia nothing but scorpions will serve. The chastising column burn up the country of the offending tribe right and left, drive off their flocks and herds, seize their chattels wherever they can lay hands on them. There are two sides to every question. Hear both of this. Had the fifty-eight succeeded in capturing the redoubt of Sidi-bel-Abbis they would have massacred the entire garrison, sick or whole. They would—as is the invariable and fiendish custom—have mutilated the corpses in a manner too cruel and revolting to be more than hinted at here. Give and take is the law in Algerian warfare; that is, give no quarter and take none. Still bearing in mind the mutuality of merciless slaughter in this conflict, which has now been going on with but brief respite of tranquillity for upwards of thirty years, one may be entitled to doubt the probability of anything of a really friendly understanding springing up between the vanquished and the victors. The Emperor put the question very logically the other day in his proclamation to the Arabs. "We, the French," he pointed out, "are forty millions against two millions of Arabs. The odds are twenty to one. *Une lutte insensée.* Can't you see that you had much better submit?" But were the odds five hundred instead of twenty to one, may not, from time to time, fresh fanatics arise to despise disparity of numbers,

and to surmount obstacles even more formidable than these? Algeria is at present quiet. The Babors of Kabylia, of whom I have spoken more than once, and who were lately in revolt, have tendered their submission. I really believe that the Emperor's visit, fruitful as it has been in evidence of his material strength, his strong will, and his desire to act fairly by the natives, has done an appreciable amount of good. It remains to be seen whether that good will be of a permanent character, or whether, when the Sultan has taken his departure, the old hallucinations about independence will not arise. I really believe that the French are actuated by no wish more earnest than to deal justly and generously with the Arabs and to live in harmony with them. Their razzias, massacres, and cave-smotherings have been, after all, so many acts of retaliation against a savage and implacable foe; but there is no knowing whether more razzias, more "exterminations," more "executive measures," resembling those of the cave of Dahra, may not be called for by the stern exigencies of a war necessarily predatory, sanguinary, and vindictive. There has been lately a revolt in Tunis. There is a rebellion in full swing in Morocco, which the Sultan has called out his famous "Black Guards" to quell. The Algerian pulse vibrates in sympathy to every throb felt in a neighbouring Mahometan country. Without telegraphs, without posts, without carriages, without roads, political news travels with amazing rapidity among Mussulmans. A beggar is the *mobacher*, the

"bringer of tidings;" a pilgrim is the carrier-pigeon; a leaf, or a few grains of seed, are a despatch. The interior of Algeria may be as quiet as Kennington Oval to-day, and all in a flame a month hence.

The Arabs, say the French with a sigh, are not to be trusted. Whenever, in this world's history, were one's deadly enemies—men who have not the same blood, who do not speak the same tongue, who do not hold the same creed—to be trusted? They must be civilised, say the optimists. They must be exterminated, say the pessimists. But they won't be civilised, thinking their own civilisation quite sufficient and quite good enough for their needs; and they cannot be exterminated. Two millions of hardy, industrious, sober, warlike people are not to be swept off the face of the earth like the miserable aborigines of Van Diemen's Land. We have not been able to exterminate the Kaffirs. We have failed either to convert or to kill off the New Zealanders. In North America the Indians have gone to the wall, simply for the reason that their number was scanty compared with the vastness of the territory over which they were scattered, and they had to contend against a numerous and continually renewed European emigration. But three centuries and a half of Spanish administration, cruelty, and oppression in Mexico have failed to extirpate the Indians there. They are, with all the gaps made in their ranks by slavery and disease, five millions to one; nay, they have in part absorbed

the conquering race, and peopled the cities with half-castes. And yet the Mexican Indians are infinitely inferior, both morally and physically, to the Arabs of Algeria. There is but one mode by which the Arab nationality could be fused into the French—there is but one way by which to civilise them—the destruction of the Mahometan religion. And to destroy that religion, whether by force or by persuasion, were about as arduous a task as to reduce Mount Atlas to the level of the plain of the Mitidja.

XIX.

ENVIRONS OF ORAN.

I HAVE not quite finished with the environs of Oran. A few lines must be devoted to the Emperor's trip to St. Denis-du-Sig, a town of purely French creation, and, next to the oft-cited Bou Farik, the most prosperous agricultural settlement in Algeria. The French have a traditional and commendable veneration for the memory of St. Denis—the holy man, you will remember, who was wont to go about with his head under his arm, and who shares with St. Geneviève the honour of patronising the good city of Paris. To old Anglo-French travellers, likewise, there is still something comforting and refreshing in the bare name of St. Denis, putting his headlessness and his beatitude altogether on one side. That squat and dirty little town, the home of the grand old abbey church where the bones of the kings of France tranquilly mouldered from century to century till the economical patriots of '93 dug up the leaden coffins to cast into bullets, and scattered cranium and clavicle, humerus and femur, far and wide, was the last

post on that long and dreary diligence journey from Calais to Paris in the days when the Chemin de Fer du Nord was not. With our clothes an inch thick in dust, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes and dislocated limbs—ah! how happy we were then when the sorry jades were for the last time accoutred with their rope harness at St. Denis, and the *conducteur* began to hint that if we meant to present him with a gratification, now was the time to be generous. How little we cared for the abbey church, and the tombs of the kings of France; but how sweet was that draught of beer at the post-house of St. Denis—the beer which tasted like soft soap whipped into a froth and flavoured with ipecacuanha lozenges. That dear but dreadful old diligence journey, sixty hours long, with its dust, its beggars, its steep hills, when the *conducteur* used politely to request you to alight from the *coupé* and walk for half a mile or so; its *table d'hôte* dinner at Abbeville, at which you never had time to eat anything, but from which, determined to have something for my four francs, I once carried off an entire water-melon, not much smaller than the Saracen's Head on Snow Hill. Don't think that I am needlessly digressing when I descant on diligences in connection with St. Denis-du-Sig. The little Algerian town is precisely the place for the memories of the old Calais and Paris journey to press thick upon you. St. Denis-du-Sig has its Messageries Générales, and in front thereof are still visible, arriving and departing, those fine old

yellow structures with the gouty wheels, the dropsical bodies, and the hydrocephalous luggage-piled roofs, which of old made the name of Laffitte and Caillard famous. The diligence, half-beloved and half-abhorred machine, is fading away in Europe from the face of civilisation; but in Algeria it still flourishes in all its quaint discomfort. They never scrub it, they never brush its cushions; oh, no! Last year's mud is on its wheels, last year's dust on its leathern tilt. There seems to be a special breed of horses, the flower of the knackers' yards, affected to the service of diligences. The drivers have a special language, an exclusive vocabulary of execrations to be applied to recalcitrant steeds. For instance, I have often heard a French hackney-coachman call his horse a pig, a cow, and a *crétin;* but I never heard any but a diligence-driver address a jibbing wheeler as an Ostrogoth, or a kicking leader as a Chinese. What will become of the diligence-drivers when the railways are made from Algiers to Oran, and from Constantine to Algiers? They will never come to driving engines, for they are too old to study steam; and, besides, it is a waste of words to call a locomotive an Ostrogoth. The *conducteurs*—the genuine *conducteurs* as we knew them in France—the consequential but good-natured functionaries with the silver badges, the caps with military peaks, and the gaily-braided jackets—have already quitted the scene in disgust. They have become railway guards, or found places in the administration. The

conducteur of the Algerian diligence is a lean and haggard Arab boy, pockmarked and ophthalmic, clad in a fez cap, a shirt, a pair of baggy knickerbockers, and nothing else, who hangs on to the hinder part of the *rotonde*, or perches on the iron step of the *intérieur*, or crawls along the pile of luggage to the *banquiette*, or by way of diversion runs barefooted in the dust by the side of the vehicle. The old *conducteur* was in authority over the driver, and reined him up, on occasion, pretty tightly; but the Arab guard is in no way esteemed by the coachman, and is cuffed and kicked by him on the slightest provocation. It is some relief to the monotony of an Algerian diligence journey, when, as happens about four times a day, there is a row overhead. Such bumping and pounding and scrambling! You expect every moment to see the Arab guard's bare legs protruded between the hat straps; but anon his brown and skinny face is grinning at the open door, and he tells you in his Sabir jargon that the *Francez* overhead is "*no bono*." To an Englishman the Arab usually says, "*bono Ingliz;*" but this I take to be mere humbug, meant to curry favour and get a few coppers. If we were their masters we should be "*no bono*" to-morrow. In speaking of the Arab "cad"—an epithet which in the diligence case can be applied to him without any afterthought of slang—I must not forget to mention a striking peculiarity in the style of French affected by the Arabs when they can speak French at all. They always

tutoyer you, or rather they "thee" you, after the manner of old-fashioned Quakers. "*Toi boire café?*" Wilt thee drink coffee? "*Toi colère avec moi?*" Art thee angry with me? "*Toi descend ici?*" Dost thee alight here? may be taken as samples of this odd style of locution: which I was hasty, perhaps, in ascribing solely to Quakers, since it is very extensively used by the humbler classes throughout the North of England—for example, "Be'est thee foughten; then get thee foughten." An Arab gentleman, when he wishes to be very polite, addresses you in the feminine of the third person singular: "*Elle a crainte?*" Are you afraid? "*Elle me fait honneur,*" You do me honour. This is the fashion, I believe, when you address Majesty on the Continent, and in which the savage Highlanders of Scotland used to speak of themselves two hundred years ago. Frequently, however, the most dignified native will find his tongue sliding into the more familiar *toi*. The commander of a *Bureau Arabe* told me that an agha who was his neighbour, and who piqued himself on the nicety with which he followed all European observances, once gave a dinner to a large party of French people, among whom was a lady. There was a table-cloth, there were knives and forks, there was champagne, there was claret; in short, the best restaurant at Oran could not have done the thing better. At the conclusion the lady complimented her host on the admirable style in which she had been entertained. "*Ah, madame,*"

replied the worthy agha, with a low bow, and laying his hand on his heart, "*tais-toi, donc.*" He ought to have said, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi,*" or something genteel of that sort.

There are no hotels, properly so called, at St. Denis-du-Sig, although there is a mayor and a *conseil municipal;* but grand-hotelism has not yet found its way thither. As a compensation there are two or three tolerable inns; and in the keeping-room of one of these, the *Auberge Wicq*, you may see a poor little photograph representing an entrenched camp with a blockhouse at each angle, situated in the midst of a treeless expanse of stones and sand. This is St. Denis-du-Sig in the year 1845. On the 20th of this month (June, 1865) the town will be just twenty years old. To the camp succeeded a commissariat *dépôt;* then a *justice de paix* was set up, and then a *commune* was organised. The French municipal system, frivolous and vexatious as it often is in practice, is in theory admirable, and a marvellous model of logical subdivision. No two institutions would seem to differ so widely in their actual results as those of France and the United States, yet when you study the patiently grooved and morticed and bevelled organisation of a French *commune* you really seem to be investigating the scheme of a New England township, with its assessors and its select-men, so inimitably described by Mons. de Tocqueville. And perhaps the more obvious difference is only one of degree. In New England the government is theocracy fused with

democracy; in France and Algeria it is democracy welded into bureaucracy.

The nomenclature of St. Denis-du-Sig seems an odd compound, but it may be explained that the Sig is a river running through the plain in which St. Denis is situate. The valley of the Sig has now become as fertile as the valley of the Mitidja. As in the Jardin d'Essai at Algiers, almost everything which can be quickened into fructification by the sun seems to grow there: olives, oranges, mulberries, dates, plantains, sugar, grapes, tobacco, cotton, and cereals. There is a market held here every Sunday morning, frequented by from seven to eight thousand Arabs, and a wild-looking lot, but remarkably shrewd in the art of taking care of Number One, they are. The streets of St. Denis-du-Sig are straight, broad, and built in rectangular blocks, and the side walls are planted with lime and plane trees, and that beautiful shrub called the *bellombra*. So white are the houses, so green the trees, so clean the thoroughfares, that, but for the crowd of burnouses on market-day, you might fancy yourself strolling through Hartford, Connecticut. There is plenty of water, too, in the town—a commodity which is sadly wanted in most parts of Algeria; and the numerous running streams give the place that indescribable freshness and cheerfulness which the neighbourhood only of that element beyond price can bestow on the face of a land. God bless the brooks, even to the tiniest rills that run on for ever! If you want to

see a town pinched, confined, gloomy, discontented, unhappy, you are sure to find it where the water supply runs short.

The most noticeable feature, however, about St. Denis-du-Sig, and the one which evidently excited the greatest curiosity on the part of the Emperor, is the thriving agricultural enterprise known as "*L'Union du Sig.*" The Agricultural Union of Africa, a joint-stock company, began operations here the year after the foundation of the town, with a Government grant of three thousand hectares of land. The Union of the Sig was started on the principle of the combination of capital and labour; in other words, it is a co-operative farm on a very large scale. By its statutes any working man, by taking a fifty-franc coupon, payable in instalments of one-fifth, becomes a shareholder in the undertaking. The shares, just before the Revolution of February, when co-operation, not yet developed into communism and phalansterianism, was exciting much attention, were eagerly taken up. Emigrants came out in considerable numbers. They had reckoned, however, without a certain unwelcome host in the person of the Emir Abd-el-Kader, who for two years after the settlement of St. Denis was careering about the province of Oran. This meant that when you had stocked your farm, the Arabs either houghed the cattle or drove them off, and when you had got in your corn the Arabs came and burnt your ricks. Finally, when you proposed to sit down under your own vine and fig-tree, the Arabs came and blew

your brains out. This is the invariable history of French settlements in Algeria; and it is very much to the credit of the settlers that they have been able, in so many instances, to surmount difficulties so terrible. I omitted to mention a supplementary feature—another farmer's friend. The French agriculturists in Algeria declare that there is a peculiar form of febrile disease arising from *les terres qu'on remue*—from the disturbance of marshy land which it is necessary to drain and plant. This, they say, was the Hanging-Well Fever, which decimated Bou Farik no less than four times. Curiously enough, I read lately in a Paris newspaper that a peculiar and virulent form of low fever had begun to prevail among the workmen employed in demolishing the old streets of Paris for the construction of the new Boulevards, and that some saturnine wag had proposed to give to this new disease, in honour of the Prefect of the Seine, the name of *La Fièvre Haussmannique*. Here is a peg on which Lord Derby and the other anti-railway lords might hang most eloquent arguments in favour of leaving the poor in possession of their pigstyes. I am not doctor enough to determine what fevers may be bred by pulling down old houses, but I am certain there are a good many which flourish apace through leaving old houses standing.

Against the Bedouins and the fever, then, the good folks of St. Denis-du-Sig had to battle for many a weary month. To

build their houses they were compelled to bring masons, Spaniards for the most part, from Oran; and these masons would not touch chisel or trowel under two piastres, or ten francs, a day. Then the Administration insisted that, for the protection of the colonists against the Bedouins, each farm should be surrounded by a rampart, and guarded by bastions. A lively kind of life; but the undertaking has turned out in the end exceedingly successful. Cotton, tobacco, and corn are the three great staples of produce; and for drying and cutting tobacco St. Denis-du-Sig possesses one of the largest establishments in Algeria. There are flour-mills, and cotton-spinning factories, some quite on a Lancastrian scale, in the neighbourhood; and in the factories it is pleasant to see Arabs and Europeans working together at the mules, and in the lobby the burnouse and the blouse of the workpeople hanging side by side. Your great harmoniser and humaniser, after all, is the machine moved by steam power—your "melancholy mad elephant," as Mr. Dickens called it. You can't get hold of the man of flocks and herds: he is here to-day and gone to-morrow; he strikes his tent, and is off. Try to civilise him, and he is scudding over the desert on a dromedary. He will sell you an ox, or buy a bale of cloth from you, but half-an-hour after market he will cut your throat. The Factory, however, brings men together, keeps them together, teaches them what they are worth, and what they are fit for among themselves. I have seen in

Havana a comic periodical printed at a lithographic press in the corner of the great cigarette manufactory of the Honradez. It was a Spaniard who set the type and transferred it to the stone. The comic drawings were made by a Frenchman. Then an *Asiatico*, as the Spaniards call the Chinese coolies, carefully gummed and sponged the stone, and adjusted the paper to it. Then the great rollers revolved; and it was a nigger boy aloft who took the wet sheet from the cylinder, and grinned from ear to ear as he looked at, perchance, a caricature of himself on the front page. Let me not omit to state that the press—to judge from its embossed inscription, "Jabez B. Slygo, Pittsburg, Pa.," or words to that effect—came from Yankee-land. When I saw the paper next day in the hands of an English lady, I could not help thinking on the five nationalities which, not remotely, but directly, had been brought into requisition for the production of a Tom-fool's joke; and yet how deftly and harmoniously their several handicrafts had dovetailed; and how, in one way or other, every one of them was the better for working in unison, and putting his shoulder to the same wheel. And so it is, and will be, I fancy, all over the world. If ever the lion and the lamb are to lie down together in Algeria—if ever the Moslem and the Giaour are to become friends—the alliance will be cemented in some tall-chimneyed factory.

Look here. Here is one of those carpets of Mascara of which

I told you. Survey it well. It is very pretty, very quaint and tasteful, but it shows not in one stitch a sign of the civilisation which brings people together. You have seen the Arab who wove it, toiling at his rude loom on the earthen floor of a hovel in which one gap serves both for door and window. You have seen his pattern, pricked on a coarse piece of canvas—the pattern which has been handed down from father to son, and from tribe to tribe, for innumerable generations. You know how he buys his wool in the rough, by the pound; how his wife cleanses and spins it; how it is dyed in a pipkin after some recipe as old as Solomon's Temple, and with hues extracted from the nearest vegetables. The carpet is a beautiful work of art when finished; but it is no more indicative of any kind of organised and disciplined labour than the wampum belts which the Indians embroider, or the clubs and canoe-prows which the New Zealanders carve. As the carpet is now, so was its forerunner five hundred years ago, and the maker has varied no more than the manufacturer from the primeval type. But look again at this twopenny-halfpenny portrait of the winner of the Derby on a Manchester pocket-handkerchief. Coarse and tawdry and trashy if you will, it is a deliberate combination of co-operative skill—of labour, and capital, and ingenuity. It is a product of civilisation. You know that sleazy calico was made in a mill, and by steam-power. You know it has gone through bleaching and dyeing and glazing works, and that it

has been entered in big vellum-bound books by clerks with regular salaries, and warehoused, and ticketed, and docketed, and sold wholesale before it reached the retail shop in Tottenham-court-road. You know that a draughtsman has been employed to copy the picture of the horse and the jockey; that the design has been engraved on a metal plate, and transferred, by a process which is in itself a miracle of ingenuity, to a steel cylinder; and that the cylinder itself has been forged and turned, and tempered, and softened and hardened, and polished by skilled workmen, regularly apprenticed to such crafts. Then you know that it has been endued with ink made in chemical works by astute professors, who can squeeze and cajole and coerce all the colours of the rainbow out of the refuse of a sewer. You know finally that the colours have been fixed, and that the tawdry handkerchiefs have been packed by hydraulic pressure into bales, and dispersed to the ends of the earth by means of railways and steamships; in short, you know that hundreds of hands and brains have been at work, each in his separate department, to produce that square of printed calico, worth only twopence-halfpenny, but which could not have been produced without the association of many approved workers and many wealthy capitalists.

In bidding adieu to St. Denis-du-Sig, I may mention that the co-operative system has run the same career there which in most civilised communities it ordinarily runs. It has been

a substantial success, and the shareholders have drawn good dividends; but for a co-operative undertaking it is an old one, having had nineteen years of existence. Thus, as inevitably happens, many of the small proprietors have gone away, and disposed of their interest in the concern. In a few hands many shares have become accumulated. Round about St. Denis there are a score and more of wealthy proprietors—lords of the soil—capitalists, in fact, not through any feudal tenure or exceptional privilege, but because they have acquired so many shares; and this is the natural end of most proprietorial things. They say the New River Company belongs to a fishmonger in Billingsgate, a deaf old lady at Clapham, and a Doctor of Divinity. In process of time, I suppose, the Marquis of Westminster will own all London; and when a man has got all, and can say with the Tura hidalgo, "*Soy señor de todo el mundo*," the Goths and the Vandals come and take everything away from him.

A paragraph devoted to Mostaganem, and I have done with the people of Oran. Mostaganem is a day's diligence journey from Algiers, about ninety kilometres, and on the direct sea-coast road from Algiers. It was an Arab town, and one of the most curious, they say, twenty, ten, five years since; but it has experienced the ordinary fate of Arab towns under French rule, and its few Moorish streets can now be counted on the fingers. The European quarter is broad, clean, smart, pert, distressingly

well ventilated, monotonous, and—well, the word must out—ugly. Mind, I am not grumbling; I am not for one moment about to deny that clean, and well-paved, and well-lighted streets are, on the score of social economy, infinitely preferable to narrow lanes, tumble-down tenements, and no lamps at all. Yet for once in a way it may be pardonable to bid economy, both social and political, go to Jehanum—to let one's picturesque sympathies get the upper hand—to bewail the genteel barbarisms with which the French are sweeping away every vestige of Moorish architecture in this country. We have grown so accustomed to look upon the French as an artistic and tasteful nation, that we are apt to forget sometimes that the artists and the men of cultivated taste form, after all, but a single class, and not the most numerous, in France. Now, next to that monument of contented stupidity the French bourgeois, the French functionary, municipal or prefectorial—the *employé*, in fact—is about the most tasteless and narrow-minded personage to be found anywhere. In Paris and in the large provincial cities, the press, the caricaturists, and the higher members of the Government keep him within due bounds; but beware of him in the small towns. He will restore the most exquisite relics of antiquity by tearing them down bodily, and erecting Père-la-Chaise-like cenotaphs on their site. He will convert a cathedral into a barrack, or a Lady-chapel into a tallow-melting factory; he is, to sum up, the surviving

brother of that English churchwarden of the last century who, after hacking priceless mediæval frescoes from walls, or rolling half-a-dozen clustered columns into one with repeated coats of whitewash, used to stick up a panel with his name in gilt letters, and an assertion that under his churchwardenship the church had been repaired and beautified. In England the great conservators of ancient art are the Established clergy. As a rule they are cultivated gentlemen. They have leisure to bring to light, and taste to admire, that which is old and beautiful around them; and their influence with the neighbouring gentry brings what funds are required for the restoration of the relics of the past. In the last century it was otherwise. Gothic architecture was at a discount, and Parson Trulliber was a type of clergyman by no means uncommon. The churchwardens had things their own way, and "beautified" the churches to the utter obliteration of all that was beautiful in them. In France the clergy have very little power, and very little inclination, to act as conservators of ancient art. Archæology, encaustic painting, or glass staining, are not branches of art cultivated in the seminaries; as a rule the clergy do not belong to the class of gentry; they are good and pious men, but unlearned; male devotees are rare, and the donations of pious ladies tend rather to the purchase of a new set of vestments, or the commissioning of a painter from Paris to paint a staring altar-piece full of sprawling angels, than

towards the restoration of a chancel or the staining of an oriel window. This is the state of things in France; in Algeria it is ten times worse. There is no resident gentry at all. The clergy are laborious parish priests or toiling monks, who regard what is left of ancient times either with indifference or with horror. As for the military, they would eat *couscousou* out of a sarcophagus, and tear up a tesselated pavement to dig a hearth, for their *pot-au-feu*. Everything is left to the Administration. The Administration means *l'alignement*—that is to say, demolition and reconstruction after the boulevard type. I believe that M. Berbrugger, the estimable curator of the Museum at Algiers, suffers acutely from that disastrous administrative passion for pulling down—the more so as the iconoclasts frequently contrive to kill two birds with one stone, destroying not only an old Moorish house, but rooting up the foundations of a Roman villa. M. Berbrugger is always flying about the three provinces to rescue encaustic tiles, encrusted bas-reliefs, and curiously carved pillars from destruction; he is, however, only a single antiquary against a legion of destroyers.

But there is another feature in this lamentable history that adds bitterness to the overbrimming cup. It would be something if some beneficent genius would only persuade the French to build the new edifices which they persist in erecting in the Moorish style. They have no need to send to London for a

copy of Owen Jones's Alhambra. They have, or rather had, an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite models of Moorish architecture at hand. That architecture, all but idiots will admit, is most eminently suitable to the nature of the climate and the wants of the natives. The dark and shady vestibule, the open courtyard, with its trees, its flowers, and its cool plashing fountain in the midst; the colonnades of horse-shoe arches, where you can saunter and chat, with your back against a pillar, or squat on a bench and take your coffee, or spread your carpet and say your prayers till you go to sleep; the rooms opening on the trellised gallery; the woodwork to which you can hang cages full of singing birds; the flat terraced roof with its little kiosque in one corner, where you can smoke, or play chess or the guitar, or gaze lazily upon the blue sea: these are the elements of a real Moorish house—all else is impertinent sacrilege. By putting doors to the rooms, carpeting the staircases, and glazing the little peepholes in the outward walls, you may Europeanise a Moorish house enough to suit most reasonable people.

I will even make a further concession. If it be absolutely necessary to economise space, as in a public office, I have no objection to the courtyard being covered in by a glazed roof; although the result is to make the area as stiflingly hot as an oven. But, for mercy's sake, don't substitute for the courtyard and the colonnade, the horse-shoe

arches and the trellised balconies, the encaustic tiled pavement and arabesqued walls and sculptured niches, that gaunt and garish structure, with its *entresol* and its *sous-sol*, its *premier* and its *second* up to its *sixième*, its attenuated oaken staircase with skinny balustrades, its slippery floors and gingerbread *consoles* and yawning fireplaces—where you don't want a fire five times in a year, and if you do, what is there more convenient than an iron brazier full of live coals stuck in the middle of the room?—its staring wall-paper and imbecile Louis Quinze scrolls and mouldings, and its mirrors and great gaping windows, like shop-fronts with the stock sold out. To come upon a house like this in an African town; to see the shepherds and shepherdesses of Watteau staring and simpering from the walls; to hear the infernal ticking of gilt clocks and the abhorrent pattering of the paws of a French poodle over the pavement which should re-echo only to the musical jingle of the golden anklets of a fair she-Moor—these are enough to make you sick at heart. But the matter is not to be mended. It is too late. The French are incorrigible. They are not exactly a vainglorious or an offensively conceited people; they do not brag, or boast, or cram their institutions down your throat, like the Yankees; but they accept their infinite superiority in matters of taste to the rest of the world as a foregone conclusion. They are calmly, imperturbably, and smilingly convinced that they know more about architecture and decora-

tion than any other people existing. You talk about Moorish architecture. "*C'est joli, mais c'est du rococo,*" they say, and shrug their shoulders. When a Frenchman shrugs his shoulders there is nothing more to be said or done. It is his *dernier mot;* you must either agree with him and let him have his own way, or fall upon him and beat him. You don't want to do the latter, for a kinder, braver, more cheerful, and more generous creature than he is not to be found in a long day's march. Only, he has got Boulevard on the brain; only the New Louvre has blinded and deafened him.

In the reign of the Emperor Gallienus, it is recorded, the whole of this part of Africa was visited by a tremendous earthquake. One of these convulsions may account for the astonishingly bizarre form borne by the rocks behind Mostaganem. They are of all shapes and sizes, and might have been studied with advantage by Gustave Doré for one of his sombre tableaux in the "Inferno." Anything more terribly abrupt it is difficult to picture, and, happily, the Administration have been impotent to improve these savage masses of nature's masonry into the vertical and the horizontal. The hot and salt streams which are to be found in the vicinity, among which the chief is Ain-Sinfra or Yellow Rivulet, are also ascribed to the earthquakes. The original Roman town port, lighthouse and all, and called Mitranaga, was what the Americans elegantly term "knocked into a cocked hat," or swallowed up bodily by the Mediterranean. The

Arab historians describe Mostaganem as a charming city, full of mosques, bazaars, and baths; but I am rather inclined to think that the Arab historians were not unfrequently given to the composition of fibs, and our old satirical friend, Ahmed-ben-Toussouf, of Milliana, has said of the Mostaganese that they have added heels to their slippers in order to be able to run faster after their prey, and away from their pursuers. In slippers without heels, of course, you can only shuffle. I should like to resuscitate Ahmed-ben-Toussouf, and make a collection of his smart sayings applicable to the Algeria of the present day. He would be rather hard on the French, I fancy.

The town was seized by the French in 1835, to prevent its falling into the hands of Abd-el-Kader; but it was allowed to be governed by a native bey until so recently as 1840. Gradually, however, French institutions were introduced; and the town, which has now nearly nine thousand inhabitants, is thought considerable enough to be the seat of a sub-prefecture. There are many Jews, and a very large and handsome synagogue. The great mosque—whose beautiful octagonal minaret is as much out of the perpendicular as the leaning tower of Pisa, but, in worse case than that architectural whimsey, is swaying more and more every day until it threatens to topple over—has been converted into an infantry barrack. There is also a Franco-Arab school here, and a Masonic Lodge, with the odd title of the "African Trinosophists." The Arabs, as you

may have heard, are great at freemasonry; but they will never enter the French lodges, and very rarely even will consent to communicate masonically with a Christian. I have been told of instances of their so doing, but they are few, and not well authenticated.

XX.

FRENCH OCCUPATION.—A DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT.

NAPOLEON III., it has been loudly proclaimed, went to Algeria for the purpose of seeing and studying things for himself, and on the spot. The intention was a most laudable one, and his Majesty deserves every species of credit for the assiduity with which he has endeavoured to carry it out; but it is not given to mortals—even to those of the Cæsarean type of mortality—to command success in everything they strive to accomplish; and, all sagacious and clear-headed as he is, it is not probable that the French Emperor could have carried away with him anything beyond a very broad and general notion of this magnificent appanage of France—the genuine feelings and sentiments of its indigenous population, and the real wants and wishes of its colonists. Long and anxious hours the great schemer may have passed during his holiday at Biarritz, weaving and unweaving, Penelope-fashion, elaborate plans for converting Algeria into a trans-Mediterranean Department of the Seine, and moulding that impracticable Muslim into a *bon bourgeois de Paris* with

a burnouse above his *redingote*. The pigeon-hole or the waste-paper basket must be, I fear, the final home of most of those elaborate plans. What has become of Abbé Sièyes' constitutions?—like the amours of Don Juan, *mille et un*. Pigeon-hole entombed. Where is Jerry Bentham's Panopticon? Waste-paper basket sepulchred, Echo answers. Where even nine-tenths of all but perfect John Howard's suggestions for the amendment of Prison discipline? In Limbo, Echo says, again. Cæsar may "civilise" Algeria on paper, and add Commentaries to Al Coran till it grows to the bigness of that perpetually swelling Post Office London Directory; but Algeria may be, twenty years hence, as uncivilised as ever.

There are two kinds of people, it has been remarked somewhat paradoxically, who know nothing about a country—those who have been there too little, and those who have been there long. Belonging, by necessity—as every hurried tourist must do—to the former category, Napoleon the Third was surrounded by those who appertain to the latter. The "old Algerian" has become as familiar a type in French society as the "old Indian" was, before the Mutiny, in ours. Our withered, jaundiced, splenetic, intolerant, curry-loving Anglo-Indians, in whose heads there were but three dominant ideas—that a soldier was infinitely inferior to a civilian, that he (the civilian) ought to get so many more hundred rupees per mensem, and that the civilian immediately above him in seniority

was an unconscionable time in falling sick of liver complaint and dying—these tough old scribes of the H.E.I.C.S. are extinct, or ought to be found only in a fossil state in Bath, Cheltenham, and Upper Baker-street. They have been superseded by smart young men from the Universities, who go out smiling, and come home on leave with livers intact, and looking as fresh as paint —smart young men whom grumblers declare to be greater proficients in Latin, Greek, and mathematics than in Hindostanee, Sanskrit, Persian, and the Civil Law. But the old Indians have a large family of congeners in North Africa: The "old Algerian" is no colonist. He looks with as much contempt on a Provençal or Auvergnat farmer in the Mitidja as a Member of Council in Hindustan would have looked on an indigo planter. The colonists are, to him, only so many importunate and objectionable people who have to be "administered" somehow, and over whom a tight hand must be kept. If he had his way, there should be no colonists, and no civilians, save, indeed, the "administration," with a few shopkeepers to sell coffee and ices, and to curl the wigs of the authorities. Algeria, in the opinion of the "old Algerian," ought to produce everything and manufacture nothing—for European use at least. Burnouses, babouches, embroidered saddles, and Moorish lanterns the natives may be permitted to fabricate, in order that the authorities may purchase them as presents for their relatives and friends in France when they go home on leave; but anything approaching

the development of colonial industry must be regarded with suspicion. The cocked hats and the gold-laced coats, the tri-coloured scarfs and the lemon kid gloves, the stamped paper and the ruled paper, the absinthe and the chartreuse, the *chocolat de santé* and the *limonade purgative* of which authority or its dependents may stand in need, should all come from France. A few milliners may be tolerated in the colony for the confection of such ephemeral articles as bonnets and ball dresses; but the solidities of the toilette should always bear the mark of the *métropole*. In short, Algeria should be a land flowing with milk and honey; but the milk should always be forwarded to Paris, in neatly padlocked cans, there to be made into cheese or butter, and the honey should in due course of time figure in the most elegant sweetmeats in M. Siraudin's bonbon shop. It is but justice, however, to the "old Algerian" to admit that, although he is fretful, fussy, and pompous—although he worries and pesters those over whom he is set in authority in a hundred meticulous and vexatious details, although he has a horror of free speech, and looks upon printing, save when it is the preamble to an official form, as an invention of the enemy; and although he is to those above him in office inconceivably cringing and servile, and to those beneath him brusque and imperious, he is, as a rule, incorruptible. People in Paris have got hold of a notion that the departments of the administration in Algeria are filled with functionaries as unscrupulous in their treatment of the natives

as those old Nabobs of ours were said, and perhaps with equal injustice, to be in the days when "writers" went to India to shake the pagoda tree, and there were rich droppings of gold mohurs from its branches. There is no pagoda tree in Algeria to shake; you can no more get five-franc pieces off a desert palm than milk out of a paving-stone, or breeks off a Highlandman. The Turks, who were immensely wealthy, were foolishly sent away by the French at the conquest. The few Moors in the cities who are rich are as secure, through the strict equity of the French rule, in the enjoyment of their property, as a *bourgeois* of the Rue de la Paix is in his; and in the country those who have any money bury it, as Mr. Pepys did his savings, in a hole in the back garden. The taxes are few and light, and the collectors are too well watched to embezzle them. In the French administration eight quires of foolscap will not suffice to settle the pros and cons of a pane of glass, in a guardhouse window, broken by a drunken deserter; and the spilling of a bottle of ink may lead to rivers of gall and lamp-black being spread over notes, reports, and abstracts of the case. An Edmunds scandal would be impossible in any department of the French administration; or, did it occur once in a generation, would create as great a commotion and bring ruin as signally upon the guilty parties as did the Teste, Parmentier, and Cubières frauds twenty years ago. Moreover, the French official is not loftily ambitious; and ambition is, in a vast number of

cases, the mainspring of dishonesty. The "game" of the French bureaucrat, to use a familiar expression, is a very little one. He covets moderate promotion, the "approbation of his chiefs," the Cross of the Leigon of Honour—which is to him as the air he breathes; so that if he have it not, he pines away;—and in due time he expects his *retraite* and a pension, which shall enable him to play dominoes and drink little drinks in a café at all hours after nine A.M.—amusements from which he is diurnally debarred during his tenure of office. The French grenadier, it is said, carries a marshal's bâton in his cartouch box; but the French sous-prefet very rarely finds the portfolio of a minister beneath his blotting-pad. To rise to the head of his division, to the secretariat of a cabinet, or, haply, to a prefecture or a councillorship of state—this is the lot only of a favoured few. The official, again, retires—*rentre dans la vie privée*, at a comparatively early period; and at an age when the English merchant or functionary would still be desperately striving, although grey-headed and stiff-limbed, to attain the topmost rungs of the ladder, the Frenchman is calmly preparing to quit the stage and retire with his red ribbon and a couple of hundred pounds a year—a handsome fortune to him—to a country town or a Parisian suburb, there to cultivate his cabbages, or vegetate, a contented *rentier*, upon dominoes, sugar and water, and the *Constitutionnel*.

The hundred mayors, the five hundred members of the

municipal councils, the prefects and sub-prefects, the intendants and directors, the chiefs of this and chiefs of that who have been in due course presented to the Sovereign since his arrival, who have presented him with the keys of towns that have gates in number sufficient to set his Majesty up in business as a locksmith; who have harangued him and sung interminable variations in their official pæans on the solitary air "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Impératrice! Vive le Prince Impérial!* who have assured Agamemnon, King of Men, that he is Jupiter—who have declared that, now he has condescended to visit Algeria, the colony may go to sleep for ever in the slumber of beatitude; all these worthy folks belong more or less to the type of the "old Algerians" I have depicted. They are quite as much at home at Algiers or at Oran as at Tarascon or Arcis-sur-Aube. The Emperor hears the same elegiac odes, couched in the same verbiage, here, as he has heard, time and again, there. Apart from a mosque or a Moorish fountain, a palm, a date, or an occasional tree; abundance of cactus and prickly pear in the hedges; a few grasshoppers by day, and mosquitoes by night; a few veiled women; a number of ragged Arabs with bare legs and blankets over their heads, and from time to time a Bedouin chief stalking about in lordly dignity, and the Emperor might fancy himself in France. Oran is more than half Spanish, but it is not more Iberian than Bayonne. The sky is as blue, the houses are as white, and the weather is as hot at Toulon or

Marseilles as at Algiers. His Majesty passes under the same triumphal arches, gazes at the same balconies hung with tricoloured flags, inspects the same communal schools drawn up in double file, and reviews the same soldiers in blue coats and red trousers, he has seen and inspected and reviewed a hundred times before at home. Three things certainly he may have learnt since he has been here—that the littoral of Algeria to a depth of perhaps eighty miles inland from the frontiers of Morocco to the frontiers of Tunis is amazingly rich and fertile; next, that not one-fourth part of the land is under cultivation; and lastly, that nine-tenths of the indigenous population go without shoes or stockings—not because they are paupers, but because bare feet belong to their notion of civilisation, and they like it.

His Majesty has, it is true, an alternative in the society of those with whom he may take counsel. The civil administration, as a rule, can tell him nothing, and suggest nothing, save that he is the greatest Monarch with whom, under Heaven's favour, any country was ever blessed, and that if he could order or persuade MM. Rothschild, Talabot, or Emile Pereire, or any other European capitalists, to spend a few millions of francs every year in the construction of railways, boulevards, palais de justice, refectorial hotels, barracks, and docks, he would have additional claims to the national gratitude. If they know or can suggest anything more, they dare not so much as hint at it.

But the Emperor can appeal to those who have a profounder knowledge of Algeria, and who may claim by tradition some additional licence of speech. There is a host of military men, from the Marshal, Duke, and Governor-General, to the captain of infantry detailed from his regiment to superintend a *Bureau Arabe*—there are intendants of the *manutention*, commandants of garrisons and flying columns, colonels of Zouaves and Spahis, and *officiers d'état-major* without number, who could all give copious if not valuable testimony. I apprehend that the views of the gentlemen in epaulettes, although differing diametrically from those of the civilians, would not help the Emperor much towards the solution of the African problem. The civil official in Algeria dislikes the colonist, but bears with him for the reason that somebody has to be "administered," and that, as the native Arab in his reluctance to be "administered," very much resembles that tribe of gipsies who scampered from one parish to another in '51 to avoid the enumerators of the census, the European settler is the only person left on whom the blessings of "administration" can be inflicted. But the military man is more catholic in his dislikes. He objects to the colonist as an intruder, who is always getting into trouble, and to the civilian official as a *pékin* and a bore. His wish is to be left alone with the natives, and to "administer" them himself, and after his own peculiar military system; in the which, I need scarcely hint, powder, ball, and cold steel welded into a tri-

angular form are important elements. He claims that he knows the Arabs much better than the *pékins* can do; that he speaks and writes their language with vernacular fluency; whereas the French professors in the Algerian colleges have acquired a scholastic Arabic which *mollahs* and *talebs* may comprehend, but which to the wild Bedouin or the ragged fellow with the blanket over his head is so much Welsh. With plenty of *Bureaux Arabes*, plenty of forts built in strong strategical positions, plenty of troops and artillery, and from time to time an expeditionary column, a razzia, and the smoking out of a refractory tribe from the cave where they have taken refuge, the old Algerian officer thinks the colony can be administered well enough. Thus it *has* been administered under Clausel, under Bugeaud, under Pélissier, under Randon, with such men as Changarnier, as Lamoricière, and as Bedeau to help them, any time during the last quarter of a century. The Emperor has on his staff more than one veteran of the African campaigns —among them Mr. Kinglake's "resolute Major named Fleury," now a general and high in the Imperial friendship and confidence. I have very good authority for stating that in very influential military circles there is a decided wish to discourage European colonisation in the interior. In the towns of the seaboard the influx of settlers from France or other countries may be tolerated, and even fostered. Many more tradespeople are wanted as tenants for the shops on the grand new boulevard

which Sir Samuel Morton Peto is building, or to occupy the houses which, in their ruthless pursuit of *l'alignement*, the municipalities are running up on the site of the picturesque old Moorish mansions. In the model agricultural settlements also —such as those at Bou Farik, Marengo, and Blidah, in the Mitidja; or at Medea and Milliana; in the neighbourhood of Philippeville to the east, and at Sidi-ben-Abbis, Saint Denis-du-Sig, and Mostaganem, to the west—a numerous immigration of any nationality, French, Spanish, German, Irish, would be welcome. But all these settlements, the military critics maintain, should be under the shelter and the shadow of the French cannon. There should always be a camp round the corner. There should always be an appeal to Cæsar in a *képi* and epaulettes, twisting his moustache, and smoking his cigar over his tumbler of absinthe. Otherwise things will go wrong. What has happened, the martial critics ask, in remote regions, among the Berbers of Kabylia, for instance, where the colonists, like the pioneers of Western America, have pushed on ahead into the wilderness? The Berbers or the Kabyles have come down upon them, spoiled their goods, and chopped off their heads. To prevent these *regrettables sinistres*, the French colonist is bidden to keep well under the wing of the depôt battalion, and to ply his spade and hoe under the safeguard of the sentinel's musket and bayonet. It does not appear to strike any of these dogmatical gentlemen, military or civil, that no country was

ever yet colonised without the earlier colonists incurring, and that pretty frequently, the disagreeable risk of decapitation, or some other form of violent death. Let us take a town in New England, for instance—say Springfield, Massachusetts. How clean and pretty the town is; how trim the houses; how well planted the environs; what charming villas there are round about; how industrious and prosperous are the inhabitants! Well, all this had to be conquered once upon a time, first from the wilderness, next from the wild beasts, lastly from the Indians. How many of the earlier colonists had their heads chopped off, or, worse, were gashed in pieces or tortured at slow fire by the bloody savages? The other day the mayor of an Algerian town presented to his Majesty as a kind of phenomenal heroine a poor little girl of fifteen, whose parents had been murdered, and who herself had been shamefully maltreated by the natives. The Emperor received her paternally, and appeared horrified at the recital of the outrages committed upon her. "I knew nothing of these atrocities!" he exclaimed. "Nothing has been told me about them." Of course, "atrocities" do not enter into the official programme of ecstatic loyalty; but they are, nevertheless, among the commonest features of colonisation. In the smoke of how many thousand Indian wigwams have hung the golden-haired scalps of Anglo-Saxon women and children? No country was ever yet wrested by a civilised from a barbarous people without the burning

down of houses, the chopping off of heads, and the maltreatment of the feeble and unprotected; and in many instances the civilised have been guilty of atrocities as execrable as those committed by savages. "But," contend the dogmatists, "the Arabs, although barbarous in many of their usages, have a certain kind of civilisation. Moreover they are three millions strong, among whom can be reckoned, at the lowest computation, three hundred thousand muskets and yataghans with soldiers as brave as any Frenchman to wield them. We do not wish to extirpate them as the Anglo-Saxons have extirpated the North American Indians. We wish to live in peace with them, to civilise them, and to convert them into loyal subjects of the Emperor Napoleon." The theory is admirable, but how is it to be put into practice? What is meant by "civilising" the Arabs—that word which is perpetually in the mouth of every Frenchman you meet? Civilisation, from a French point of view, means hats, coats, boots, *table d'hôte* dinners, *cafés chantants*, masked balls in Carnival time, wigs, hair dye, kid gloves, bonnets, paintings in oil and water colours, quadrilles and polkas, overtures to *Sémiramide* and *pots pourris* from the *Africaine*, the *Pompes Funèbres*, dominoes and piquet, the novels of MM. Feydeau and Flaugergues, and the Code Napoléon. I am not aware of any other considerable elements in French civilisation, save, perhaps, grand hotels, the songs of Mademoiselle Theresa, rolls on the

drum, the *demi-monde*, and the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. What on earth is the Arab to do with French civilisation? He won't wear hats, or coats, or boots. He eats with his fingers. He has his *cafés chantants;* but then only one song, and that one 5000 years old, is sung night after night to the music of one lute, one tambourine, and one timbrel, all dating from the time when Miriam exulted in the sinking of the horse and his rider in Egypt's dark sea. The *Pompes Funèbres* concern him not. He observes no dark ceremonial of sorrow. You may see an Arab funeral every day in the cemeteries of Algiers. When a true believer dies, they dress him in his best burnouse, pop him into an open chest gaily painted, and cover all save his face with carpets, or silken stuffs, or dirty rags, according to the rank of the deceased; and then six sturdy fellows hoist this bier on their shoulders, and scamper away with it as fast as ever their legs will carry them to the burying-ground. Arrived there, the corpse is turned out of the chest on the ground and denuded. Then a professional person comes with soap and water, and a handful of flax, and scrubs the dead man all over, and then, uncoffined and unshrouded, he is hidden away in the bosom of his pitying mother earth, and the painted chest serves for somebody else who dies next day. To civilise the Arab in an undertaking sense, you must give him men in rusty black, with cocked hats and red noses, coffins, palls, and black velvet draperies, with his

cipher, nine or none, emblazoned thereon; to say nothing of wax candles, holy water, incense, cross-bearers, a priest, and two or three choristers. These undertaking paraphernalia are all more or less connected with the religion of civilisation, and that religion is Christianity. The Arab believes in his heart of hearts that the Christian is an infidel and a dog. Do you wish to civilise him with regard to marriage? His customs, which are his religion, enforce the inclaustration of women at home, or their concealment under a veil when abroad. There can be no courtship. The Mahometan girl is sold to a man she has never seen, and after the honeymoon the most strenuous efforts of the husband are directed towards the counteraction of that which he deems to be the predominant idea in his wife's mind—the desire to commit adultery. As for quadrilles and polkas, the only Moorish women who dance in public are public women. As for novels, the Arabs, not being priests, schoolmasters, or scribes, are not given either to reading or to writing, and their only acquaintance with fiction is derived from a few scandalous excerpts from the "Arabian Nights"—not more scandalous perhaps than the civilised "Fanny" or "Madame Bovary"—related by professional storytellers in the coffee-houses, or from the blackguard performances of the puppet-show called Karagheus, corrupted by the French into *Garagousse*—the Arab Punch. If you offer the Arab the Code Napoléon, he tells you that Al Coran is enough for him. He has a *demi-monde* of his

own; and in lieu of frequenting a grand hotel he retires to a caravanserai, where he sups off half a pancake, a draught of sour milk, and a handful of dates, and wrapping himself up in a camel's-hair cloak, goes to sleep on a floor of baked mud. This is what the Arab really is, and these are the alternatives which the French offer him. I leave you to draw the obvious deduction.

But there is another, a better, a purer civilisation, some kind-hearted people at home may think, which the Arabs would gladly accept, and from which they might derive inestimable blessings. The French, it may be, benighted foreigners and Papists as they are, can exhibit to the Mahometan mind only a garbled and imperfect Evangel. How would it be if we tried these Paynims with the genuine British article? We have tried the experiment in India, both among Hindoos and Mahometans, at the cost of millions, and with what success all the world and the missionary societies know. Could anything be done to civilise the Arabs from an English point of view—I mean by way of tracts, Sunday schools, tight-lacing, police reports, mother's meetings, penny readings, district visiting, the cane, savings banks, working-men's clubs, lending libraries, and Holloway's pills? The effort is worth making, at all events. The stern simplicity of the Protestant ritual might find more favour in the eyes of the Moslems than the gaudy and meretricious ceremonial of Romanism. Nothing

can be plainer than a mosque; a Dissenting chapel is gorgeous in comparison with its naked unadornment. Whitewashed walls, a few mats on the floor, a hole in the wall to hold the Koran, a pulpit like a washhouse copper with the lid off, and a couple of ostrich eggs dangling to strings from the dome, and this is all. Again, there is no indisposition among the Mahometans to examine the grounds on which their faith is built. Their sacred volume is no sealed book to them. All who can read do literally search their scriptures from morning till night, and those who cannot read have the Koran daily and hourly read and expounded to them. There is scarcely a camel-driver or a porter who has not more chapters of the Koran by heart than an English National school-child has verses. Wild, savage, vindictive, and debauched, no reasonable persons can deny that the Arabs are eminently religious. They believe unfeignedly in what their prophet has taught them; and, alone among the religionists of the world, they practise the precepts of their scriptures. Here, then, is a people predisposed, it would seem, for religious instruction. They are grave and courteous in controversy, patient listeners, and fond of long discourses.

When an affluent English colony is permanently settled in Algiers—when there shall be English chemists' shops on the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, an English City Mission on the Place du Gouvernement, and an English ragged school in

the Faubourg of Bab-el-Oued—great things may be wrought among a deluded generation.

As in a violent dispute between two doctors over a sick-bed the eminent Sangrado is all for phlebotomy, while the equally eminent Diafoirus is invincible in his devotedness to drastics, but neither think it worth their while to ask the principal person concerned, to wit, the patient, how he would like to be treated, so the Algerian controversy has hitherto been conducted without any reference to two parties most immediately interested in its settlement—the native Arabs and the French colonists. One need be no conjurer to predict that, were the natives polled, the all but unanimous expression of opinion, from his Moorish Highness Prince Mustapha down to the lowest donkey-driver, would be, "Get out of the country and leave us alone." Such a step, it has already been demonstrated, is impossible. The French can no more evacuate Algeria than we can evacuate Ireland; only Algeria in the reign of Napoleon III. very much resembles Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are Lords of the Pale, and Lords outside the Pale, friendly natives and hostile natives, and any number of "wild Irishes" or Arabs fighting occasionally among themselves, but all agreed as to the desirability of getting rid of the French. Even among the sedentary Moors, a most quiet, gentle, and inoffensive race, there prevails an impression that they have been somehow swindled or

cozened out of their country by the Gaul. "You took Algiers," they urge, "as an act of revenge because Husseen Dey hit your Consul in the eye with a fly-flapper. Bourmont Pasha landed at Sidi Ferruch, the Casbah capitulated, and the Consul was avenged. You drove away the Turks—that was well; it was a Turk who hit M. Dejean in the eye—a Moor would have been too well-bred to think of such a thing. Well, you concluded, having taken Algiers, to keep it. That was very well too; for the Janissaries were rude, swaggering creatures, and led us poor Moors a terrible life. But what right had you to go up in the mountains and worry the Kabyles? They never manned pirate ships; they never hit your Consul. They are sober and industrious folks, who have enjoyed their independence since the days of Iskander the Great, Sultan of the World. What business had you to seize Oran and Constantine, which were separate beyliks, tributary to, but otherwise independent of, Algiers?" The French can reply, as we do in India, that their gradual course of conquest has been forced upon them by the inevitable logic of circumstances. *Qui a bu, boira.* We English can only wonder the French have not annexed Tunis and Morocco by this time. But the Moors cannot be brought to see the force of the fatal exigencies of civilisation. They have gotten hold of a French word very forcibly expressing their sense of the manner in which the French have become possessors of so much of North Africa.

"*Mais ces Français*," they complain, "*ils nous ont ca-a-a-rrottis*." To "*carrottir*" any one, say an uncle or a creditor, is to "chizzle" or "chouse" or "do" him out of his property amidst assurances of highflown benevolence and exalted integrity. The Arabs persist in asserting that they have been *carrottis* by their present masters. In the towns they are not actively inimical to their rule, for they acknowledge perforce that clean and well swept streets, an efficient police, and strict security for life and property are preferable, even at the hands of giaours, to the filth, the disease, the bowstring, and the bastinado which flourished in the old days of their Turkish masters. If you take up any abstract of Algerine history, you will come, at about every other page or so, to a summary similar to the following: Ali-ben-Moustafa Dey, deposed; Moustafa-ben-Ali-Pasha Dey reigned three weeks, strangled; plague; grasshoppers; several fires; war declared against Hamburg. In fact, an epitome of the entire history of Barbary might be written with very slight variations of the foregoing scheme. But the natives, while they cannot but recognise the change for the better which has taken place since the conquest, are but faintly grateful for it. The benefits they have experienced have been the work of a people alien to them in blood, in speech, in manners, and in creed. It is not, perhaps, quite correct to compare the feelings which they hold towards the French with those which the Hindoos hold towards us. *They*

hate us, heartily enough, it is true, but they still admit our superiority; to Mahometans, Brahmins, and Buddhists we are alike the Sahibs, the strong, proud, dominant race in white linen jackets, who drink brandy and eat beef, and always booted and spurred, with tough whips and cruel curbs, to ride on the native back. They hate us, but, mainly, with a cowardly, cringing loathing—the aversion mingled with terror with which the dark-skinned man ever beholds the white. And the higher up they live, and the fairer they grow, the stronger they are, and the less do they hate and fear the Sahib. Moreover, this same Sahib has reigned in India for many generations; and, for a hundred years at least, has had the upper hand. But the Arabs are no soft and effeminate creatures, such as the Hindoos, whom a well-directed punch in the midriff may kill. The Kabyles have often been likened to the Sikhs—hardy and unbending mountaineers—but it is to the Moors and Arabs of the plains to whom I am alluding. There is, in the first place, no inferiority on their side as regards colour. They are dark or fair, swarthy or pale, sometimes a dusky red, sometimes a singular *mat* blonde; but they are dark or fair as Franks are, and are never to be confounded with niggers. No woolly heads, no "pigment beneath the epidermis," no blunt noses, blubber lips, splay feet, curved shin-bones, as negroes—no straight lank locks, high cheek-bones, pig's-eyes, teaboard simpering faces as Chinamen and Japanese have, no liver-hued, flaccid-muscled, Hindoo forms

do you find here. They are Men—Adam-like men, stalwart, and tall, and beautiful—fit to marry Eves, and beget Abels, and Cains, too, sometimes. Then, as to lineage. An Arab gentleman can trace his descent much further back than the majority of French marquises. The very horse he rides upon has a pedigree which dwarfs the genealogy of an Eclipse or a Coffin Mare to the proportions of that of a costermonger's donkey. He will not condescend to enter a horse for a race at which animals belonging to Europeans under a certain rank are permitted to compete. His greyhounds are of noble extraction and long descent. Then he is the strictest of Conservatives, both in politics and religion, and holds Democracy and Free-thinking alike in horror. Finally his subjugation to the Frank is but of yesterday's date; and it has been accomplished by a people whom for centuries his ancestors were accustomed to browbeat and despise. When it is remembered that there are, at this day, numerous elderly Moors in Algiers, of the highest respectability, who in their time have owned French slaves who worked in their gardens, built their houses, cooked their dinners, and filled their pipes—slaves whom they could scourge whenever they had a mind, within an inch of their lives—when it is borne in mind that, within the memory of men still living, noble European ladies have been the involuntary inmates of Algerine harems—very simple reasons may be found for the inexpressible bitterness with which an ancient and gallant race

behold the spectacle of the countrymen of their whilom bond-servants riding about on Arab horses, stretching their legs on the luxurious divans of the palaces of Moustafa and Hussein Dey, and professing to teach the true believers out of their own Coran that obedience and submission to the Caliph or the Infidels was one of the prime duties imposed on the Muslim by the prophet Mahomet.

THE END.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

00060399

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 05 October, 2018